Collier's

SEPTEMBER 9, 1944 TEN CENTS

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TWILIGHT IN GERMANY

A Report from Inside the Re

By KONRAD WARNER

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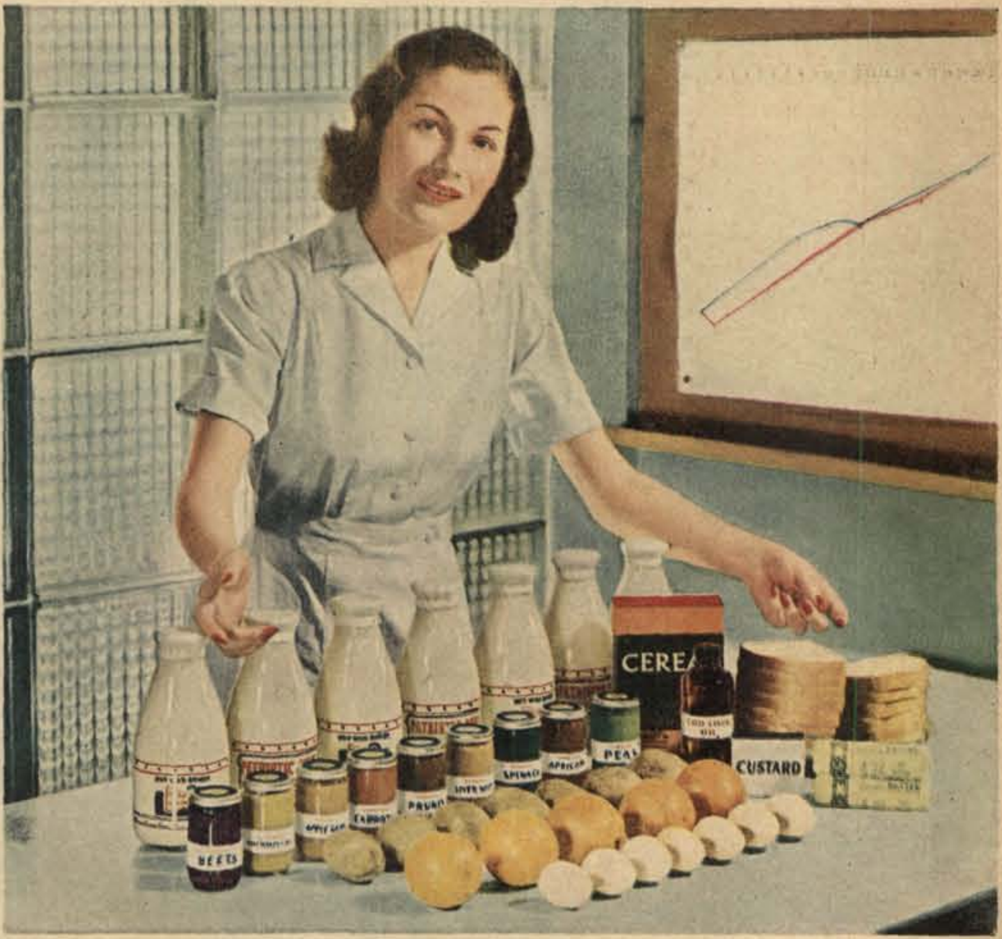
September 9-1944

INFANCY IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

"Teaching my baby to eat takes a lot of patience—but it's fun," says internationally known Metropolitan Opera star, Helen Jepson, of Teaneck, New Jersey. "Just to gain attention, he would sometimes refuse to eat. Our doctor showed us how to break this trick not by trying to force him to eat—but simply take his food away. He'd eat his next meal."



Food for one baby for one week! It's amazing how much even a tiny year-old infant eats. Babies, like grownups, usually appreciate variety. Today any number of individually packed vegetables, soups, fruits, as well as tasty combinations scientifically prepared to retain the utmost nutritional value are packed the modern way in handy glass jars. For infants, food is specially strained . . . for toddlers, it comes uniformly chopped for easy feeding and digestion.

"Everything looks so nice in glass!" Like everybody else these days, Helen Jepson carries her own packages whenever possible. "Each time I go shopping I get a thrill seeing the gleaming rows of food packed in glass on my grocer's shelves. And baby food, particularly, I like to buy packed in glass."

PEAS
CARROTS

"Leaving leftovers in glass jars is easy: Making sure baby gets variety—with minimum waste—is so easy when his foods come in glass. I take only a portion out of the jar—replace the original cap and simply put what's left back into the refrigerator!"

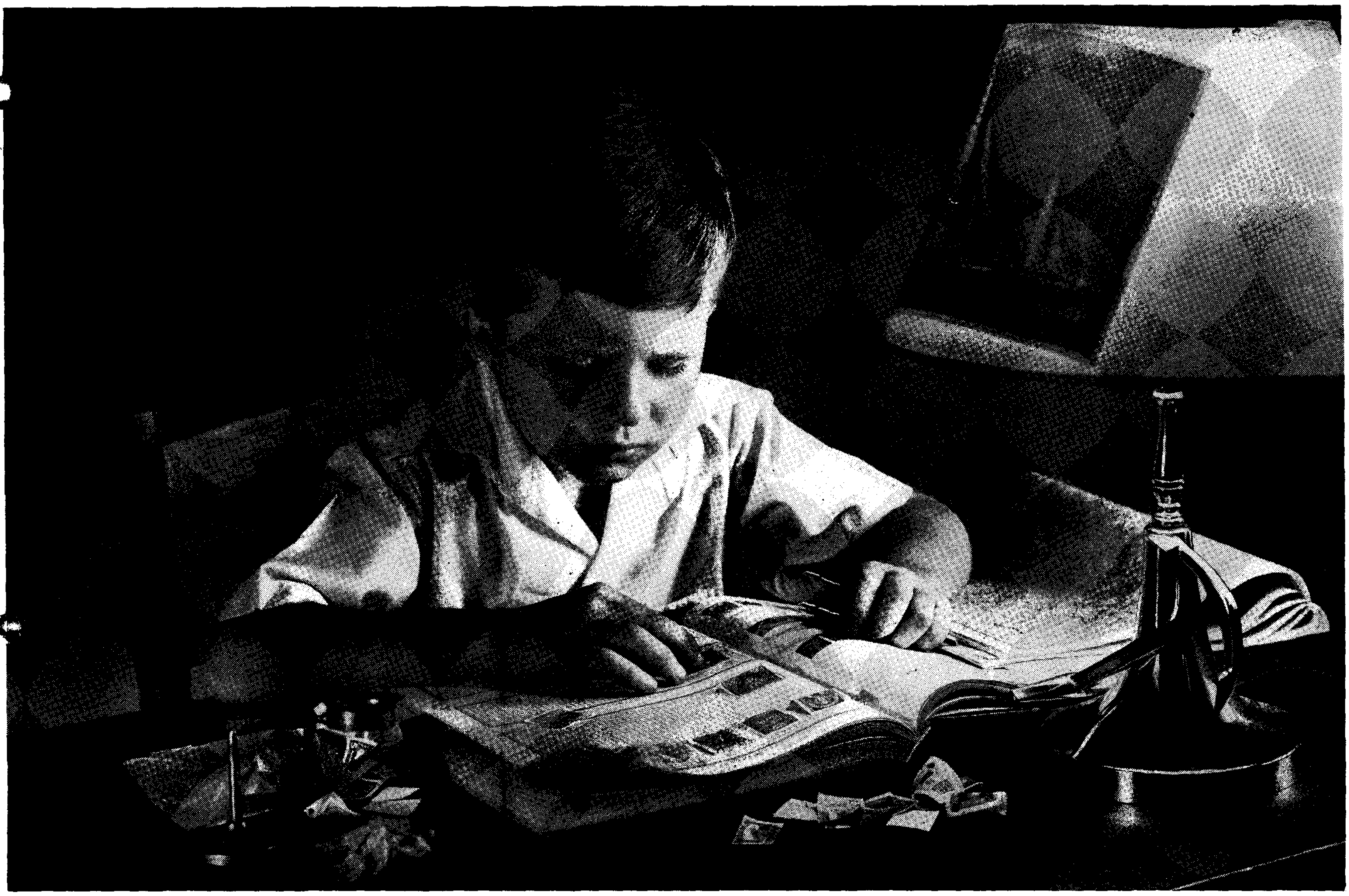
A name that helps you see what you buy!

Sand, soda ash, lime—that's all glass is. When we see how lovely glass containers look, we're apt to forget that they are made of some of nature's most abundant materials. This fact, plus the incredible rapidity of today's modern glass-making machines make possible glass containers at low cost.

Food Fights for Freedom! Food wasted robs the war effort of manpower. Conserve food . . . help shorten the war...save lives of fighting men.
OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY . . . Toledo, Ohio—manufacturers of containers that give "a lift to living."

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Boy finds in Stamps The Magic of Seven-League Boots. His thoughts stride Continents And touch Tomorrow's Shores.



We see him a Man—Gifted with Imagination and Talent—a Man whose Sparkling Smile owes much to Ipana and Massage.

PURSUE your hobby, son! Let it stir your thoughts and quicken your imagination. Let it reveal to you new horizons—bright with opportunity and promise.

For children such as you, devoted parents and teachers are doing everything to help you face your future—to face it with knowledge and confidence and *smiling*.

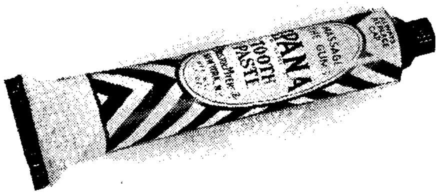
Yes, *smiling!* For today youth knows a lesson in dental health that many an adult has yet to learn. Right in the classrooms of thousands of schools, boys and girls are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These youngsters know that soft foods rob our gums of chewing and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become tender, sensitive . . . often signal their distress with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. It may not mean anything serious—but get his advice. He may say that your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Try Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!



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WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

OUR London correspondent, W. B. Courtney, advises us that a Yankee G.I. was complaining bitterly of the lack of heat in English houses. Presently an Englishman had heard enough and took the Joe on. "I suppose," scoffed he, "that in your miraculous country, the weather is never foul." Said the Yank: "Oh, sure it is—often. But we don't take it indoors with us."

SINCE we published that sword-swallowing piece, our mail has been increased by (a) people who want to know to what extent we're legally liable in the event that they try it and fail, and (b) people who have tried poking dull tableknives down their gullets and want to write about it. A Pfc. reports that he tried to swallow a bayonet and is, consequently, doing a stretch in the guardhouse. A waitress in Joplin, Missouri, says that her restaurant is full of sword swallowers every noon. A still hot New Dealer wants to bet that President Roosevelt can do it "without half trying." And our old friend Mr. Ludwig Consumo of Brooklyn, New York, Champion All Weather Eater of the Universe and whose letterhead also says that he will "Eat Any Man in the World for a Side Bet of Five Hundred Dollars," claims he has swallowed three icepicks at a sitting. Mr. Consumo wants to know, too, if "any of them gents can swallow a penknife open and bring it up shut." He says he can.

WE'VE been intending to tell you for some time that one of the more important topics arising at the Democratic Convention was the remarkably small amount of luggage carried by many of the delegates. This mystery was kicked around for some time. And then our associate George Creel was appealed to. Mr. Creel lost no time: "You must remember that these are Democratic statesmen. For many years the traditional equipment of a Democratic statesman has been a celluloid collar and a sponge."

A GENTLEMAN wished to know whether we will publish a picture of his wife—preferably on the cover. "I'm appealing to you," says he, "either to publish her picture or stop publishing the pix of other women. Every time you do, she gets sore. She says she's as good looking as they are, and I'm getting awfully tired of it. I don't care what you say about her, but please either publish her picture or write her telling her to shut up. Maybe she'll pay you some attention."

WE HAVE long shared with postmen their contention that they are too infrequently identified with romance. Therefore we sing of the fellow who delivers mail to Mr. L. L. Foreman and other writers who live in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This postman is a Mexamerican, *simpatico,* a man with sun in his veins. When he was new

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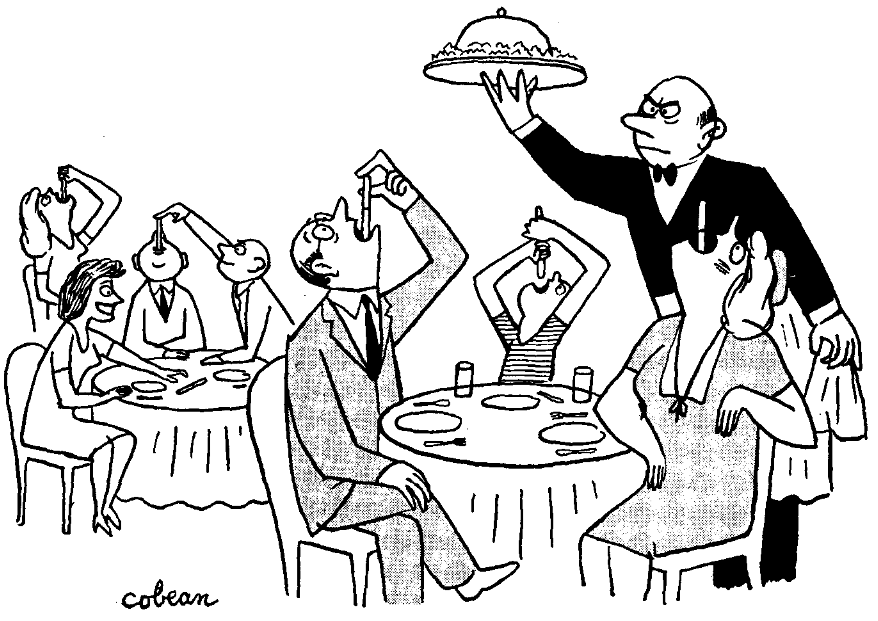

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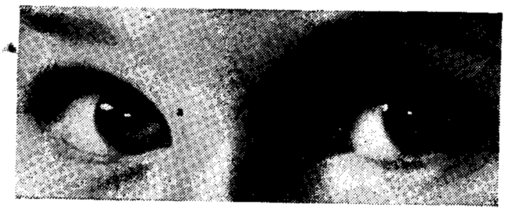
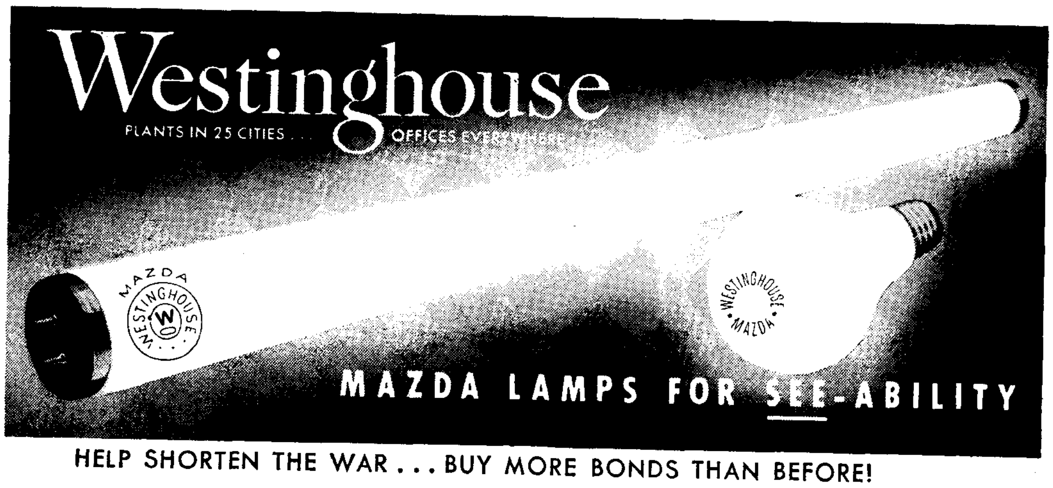
BRIGHT EYES... will they be bright TOMORROW?



Parents, guard well those young eyes so dear to you! They were meant for seeing in the bright, widely diffused light of the open sky—*not* for the close seeing indoors which they'll grow up to do. That's why it's so important that for all indoor seeing tasks—reading, studying, writing—they should have *good lighting.* "See-ability" is what Westinghouse calls it—the *right* light in the *right* place. No glare. No shadows. Instead, a flood of soft, well-diffused light on every work surface. And remember, for every home lighting requirement, you can get the *right* Westinghouse Mazda lamp bulb. It will provide brightness plus long lamp life. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, New Jersey.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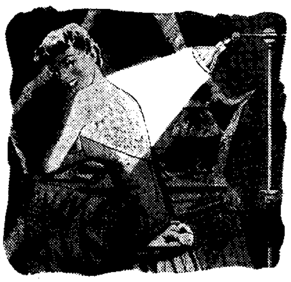

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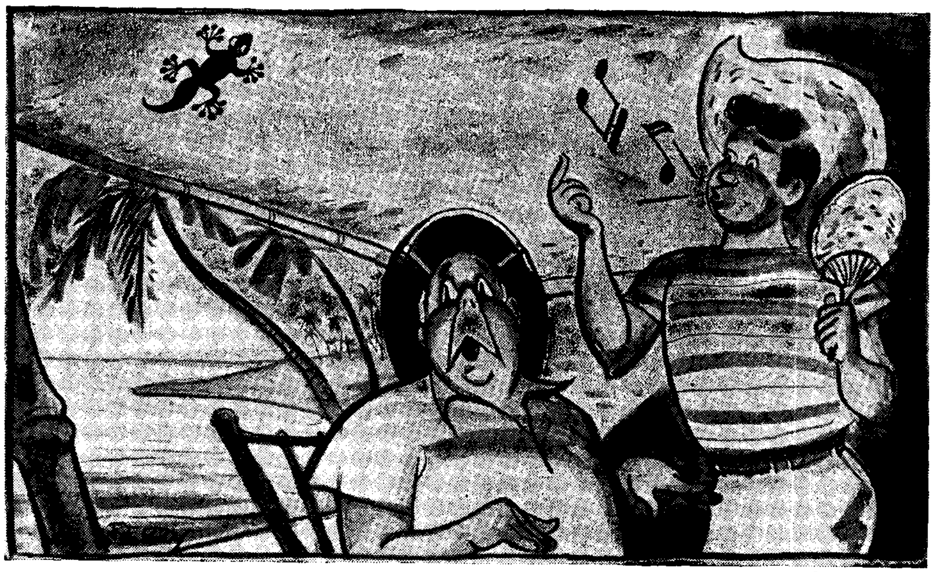

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The gecko, a three-inch lizard with an adhesive disk on each of its 20 toes, is the largest animal that can walk up and down walls and across ceilings. Inhabiting warm countries, these lizards are often kept as household pets because they are harmless, and useful in destroying insects.—*By Marion Holzhausen, Los Angeles, Calif.*

A cargo plane of the U.S. Air Transport Command is flown successively by ten different crews of six men each on every scheduled 23,000-mile, 180-hour round-trip flight between Florida and Karachi, India.

When a condemned man in Utah is to be executed by a firing squad, guards first tie a black hood over his head in his cell and then strap him in a chair in the prison yard. A physician then locates the man's heart with a stethoscope and indicates the spot, by pinning over it a red-rimmed, white-centered target.—*By Russell W. Strauss, Grand Junction, Colo.*

An expert piano tuner generally regulates the tone of a piano to suit the room, the special occasion or the technique of the artist who is to play it. For example, a piano that is adjusted for a broadcasting studio will sound peculiar in a large concert hall, one that is to accompany a cello must be adjusted differently from one that is to accompany a violin, while an instrument that is adjusted to suit one pianist may displease another.

No form of Nazi propaganda designed to invest Hitler with supernatural power has ever approached in effect a German newsreel taken a short time ago in a Munich art museum. As der Fuehrer approached several marble statues, each one became luminescent and glowed as if reacting to some great spiritual light emanating from his body.

The shifting sand in and around Skagen, the chief fishing port of Denmark, has raised the level of the town about 150 feet in the past 500 years. Consequently, the 2,400 inhabitants have been obliged to raise their homes and other buildings from time to time to keep them on the surface. The only structure to be abandoned, because its great weight prevented its removal, is a large, 15th-century stone church which is now buried so completely that the only part visible is the top of the tower.

In playing craps, the odds against throwing a seven are 5 to 1, while the odds against throwing an eleven are 17 to 1.

That most American soldiers save a large part of their money may be illustrated by our men in Italy who have spent in that country, on the average, only 90 cents out of every $6 of their pay.—*By Anna Harwood, Stryker, Ohio.*

Besides the 20,000,000 Americans who are now protected against the costs of hospitalization by group insurance policies, there are 16,000,000 others who carry such insurance in other organizations, the largest being the nonprofit Blue Cross, which since 1932 has grown into an association of 80 medical services in 42 states with 15,000,000 members.

In 1902, some 250 workers in the Loewe hat factory in Danbury, Connecticut, went on a strike called by the United Hatters of North America. Then this union, together with other affiliates of the A. F. of L., boycotted the firm and thus, in restraining trade, violated the Sherman Antitrust Act. After 13 years of litigation, the longest court battle of its kind in American history, the plaintiff Loewe won his case and was awarded damages of $310,000 but settled for $234,000, which took the A. F. of L. almost two years to raise among its unions by voluntary subscription.

So many federal criminal laws have been enacted in the past 50 years to cope with the increase in crime that today the federal district courts try 90 criminal cases for every 100 civil cases. The result of these laws is also shown by the average daily population of federal prisons which has increased, during this period, from 300 to about 18,600, or 6,200 per cent, as compared with only 48 per cent increase in the general population.

Contact eyeglasses, invisible shells that fit over the eyeballs and under the eyelids and have more uses than spectacles, cost from $150 to $300 a pair and are worn today by more than 50,000 persons, most of whom live in England, Hungary, Germany and the United States.

Under federal law today, the only foods that may be artificially colored without being so labeled are butter, cheese and ice cream.—*By Wilma Dooie, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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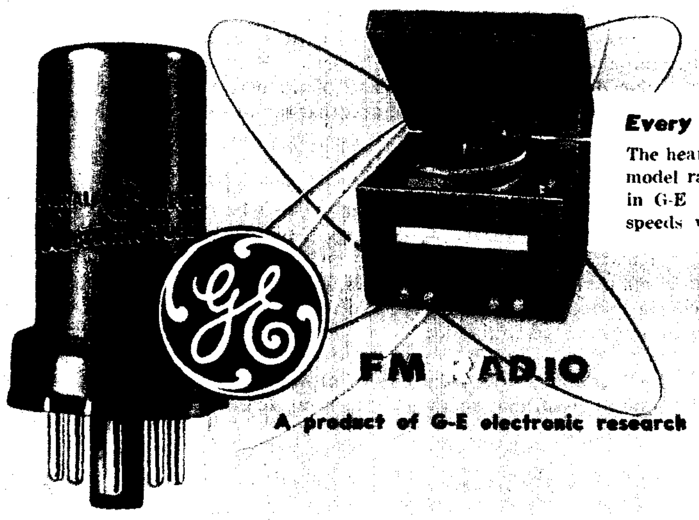
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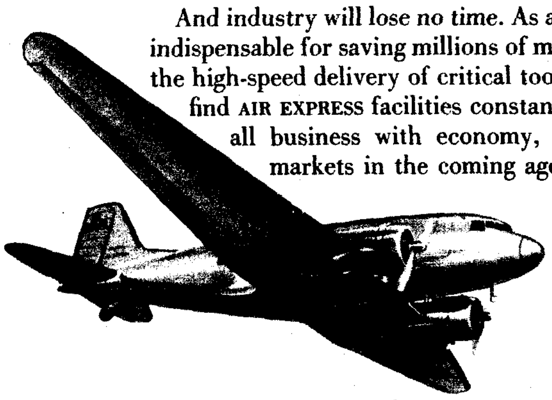

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The Week's Work

Percy Leason, with painting and gadget

THIS department starts out all innocently to find out something about the careers of Collier's contributors—and then sometimes runs into something definitely upsetting.

Today, for instance, when we asked Percy Leason, Collier's illustrator (see p. 58), stock question No. 4: "Mr. Leason," we said, "what are your interests outside of art work?"

Mr. Leason named several hobbies and then remarked: "Of course my primary interest is doing research to support my theory that the cave artists of 15,000 years ago painted dead animals rather than live animals."

We said, "How's that again, Mr. Leason? Dead animals, Mr. Leason?"

"Oh, yes, I am sure they were quite dead," said Leason. "But my theory stirred up such a shindy in British scientific circles that the secretary of the Prehistoric Society of London appealed to a master butcher for an opinion."

"A master butcher, Mr. Leason?"

"Certainly, a fellow who slaughters animals, you know."

Well, we learned that this dead-or-alive-animals question is a matter of deep concern and even of livelihood to thousands of anthropologists, anatomists and art historians throughout the world.

When Leason launched his theory in a paper read at the 1938 Association for the Advancement of Science at Cambridge University, he became the center of an international controversy. "Because," says Leason, "if my theory is correct, a great many scientific books will have to be rewritten."

It seems that scholars for years have attached magical significance to the prehistoric cave drawings of southern Europe. Their theory, supported in hundreds of erudite volumes, is that the aborigines drew animals from live models, not for art's sake, but to get a magical power over the animal. Many cave drawings show spears sticking into the animals—a clear indication to the scholars that prehistoric man was trying to symbolize his brave defiance of wild beasts.

Presumably, early man cowered in a cave while he drew, taking occasional peeks outside as his live animal models galloped past.

Some scholars deduce, further, that prehistoric man had a quicker eye than civilized man. How else, they ask, could his drawings of swiftly moving animals be so perfect, with the limbs correctly placed for trotting or cantering or galloping?

To all experts Leason says, "Tut, tut, gentlemen, the animals were dead. It doesn't take a quick eye to draw a dead carcass lying flat."

The spears appear in the drawings, Leason says, not for any magical reason, but because there they were in plain view. The animals had died by spearing.

Leason first became interested in the dead-animal theory when he was browsing about in the caves of Switzerland some twenty years ago. Back home in Australia, he studied all the cave art literature he could find. He went on deer hunts in order to take photographs of animals just after they had died. He would climb up a tree and take a picture looking down at the dead beast. And on his farm he photographed dead cows and goats.

"My photographs showed that an animal in its death struggle assumes a position of swift motion—so that's how prehistoric artists got their famous 'action' and 'liveliness.' "

Leason observed, too, that many cave drawings showed animals with their tongues projecting—as in death. Strangest of all, they showed beasts standing on tiptoes, "making *prehistoric man* extraordinarily dumb in observing a beast's standing base."

When Leason's revolutionary paper was read at the Cambridge conference, an excited discussion broke out. The squabble as t whether the paper should be published in the Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society rose to quite a pitch, and that was when the secretary called the master butcher into consultation. The secretary showed the butcher photographs of cave art and asked, "Do these drawings represent living or dead animals?"

The butcher didn't hesitate. "Dead ones," he said. "That's the way they always look when we slaughter them." So the paper was published.

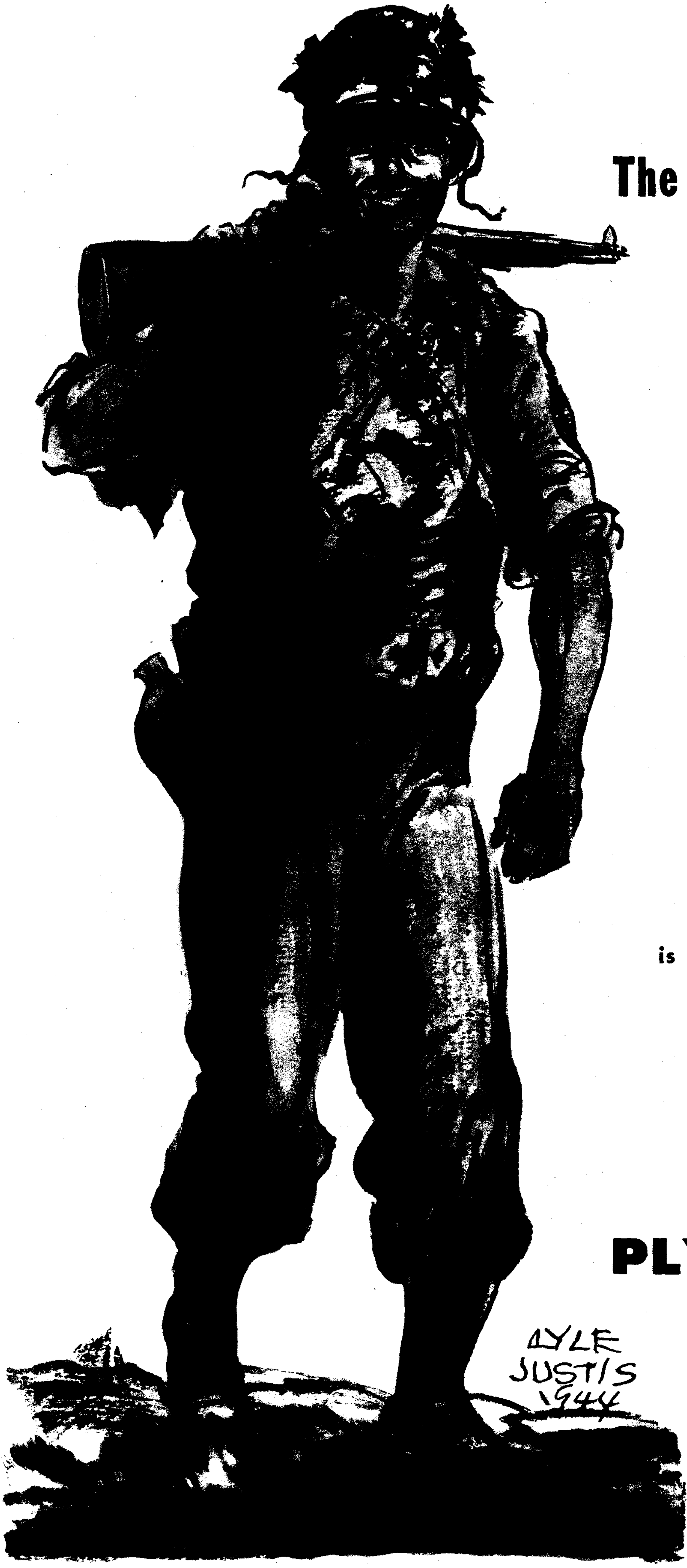
Leason settled in America some years ago; he lives placidly in Staten Island, New York, dividing his time between illustration and fine art. His landscapes and his studies of Australian aborigines have been exhibited in museums here and in Australia. Of his six children, five are artists, and three of them, as well as Mrs. Leason, have shown paintings along with his in the Staten Island Institute. The sixth child, John, now in the U.S. Army, is a musician and composer.

Leason likes to make gadgets for landscape painting (see the photograph above). He is proud of his latest wind-defying carry-all. But when he closes it up and wheels it down the streets, "puzzled strangers take it for anything from a vacuum cleaner to a shoeshine box."

WE'VE long suspected that the husbands of writing women have a hard time of it, and Eileen Davis, author of The Natural Thing, p. 12, confirms our view.

"I write something like a cat having a fit,' she says. "When I come back to earth at the end of a story, I find that days have passed and that my husband is sitting, unfed, behind a newspaper beside a cold and shy fireplace (Literary license, as we have no fireplace.

"I came to write this story after I had been to a party where people were recalling ol songs. I have always been interested in danc-ing and in those who made a career of it, an this particular song, I Met a Whale Ou Walking, made me think of a dancing story So the next day I began to write it, my hus-band obligingly began to take his mea downtown, and the neighbors began to sa 'She's off again!' " . . . A. I



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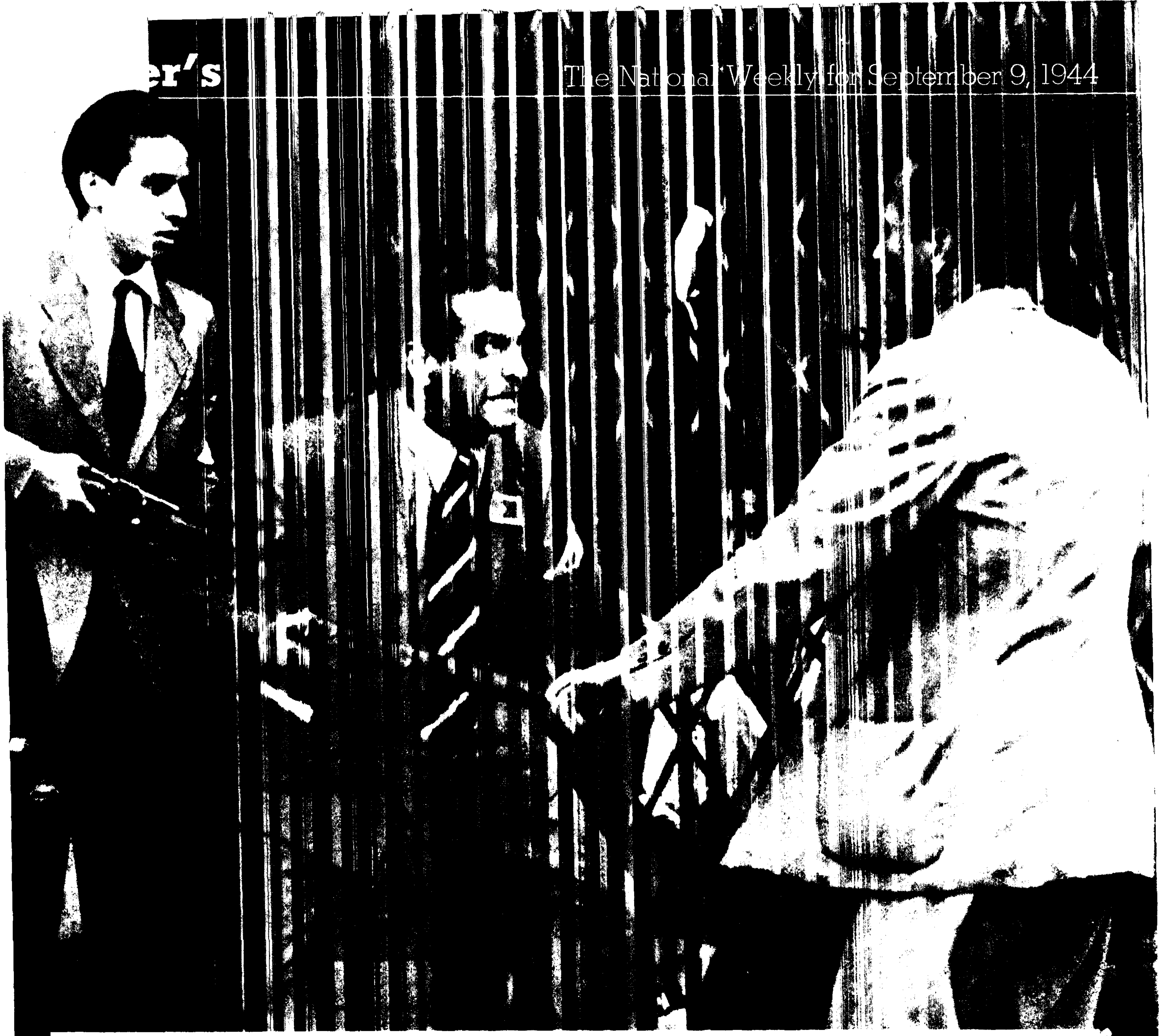


The man at right was a Fascist. He and two others, barricaded in the Roman tobacco shop in the background, were dragged out by the armed anti-Fascists at left. They were spared after pleading, and then were arrested

ROME LIVES AGAIN

BY FRANK GERVASI

BY RADIO FROM ITALY

The Eternal City is free again, and men talk politics loudly and without fear. But it isn't the Rome of pre-Fascist days. Collier's correspondent, returning to the scene, tells you why

FOR nearly four years, from 1935 throughout the Ethiopian War and the Spanish Civil War, until the spring of 1939, Rome was home for us. Here we had many friends among the American correspondents in the diplomatic corps and among the Italians who managed somehow to live aloof in an aristocracy all their own, which included princes and paupers and many shadings in between. Now I was going home.

From the air, Rome seemed to be the same pastel-tinted splatter of old and new buildings against the bright green hills of the Roman Campagna, with the dome of St. Peter's rising purple into a flaming sunset and the sinuous Tiber twisting muddily toward the sea. The city looked unchanged and unhurt and poignantly familiar.

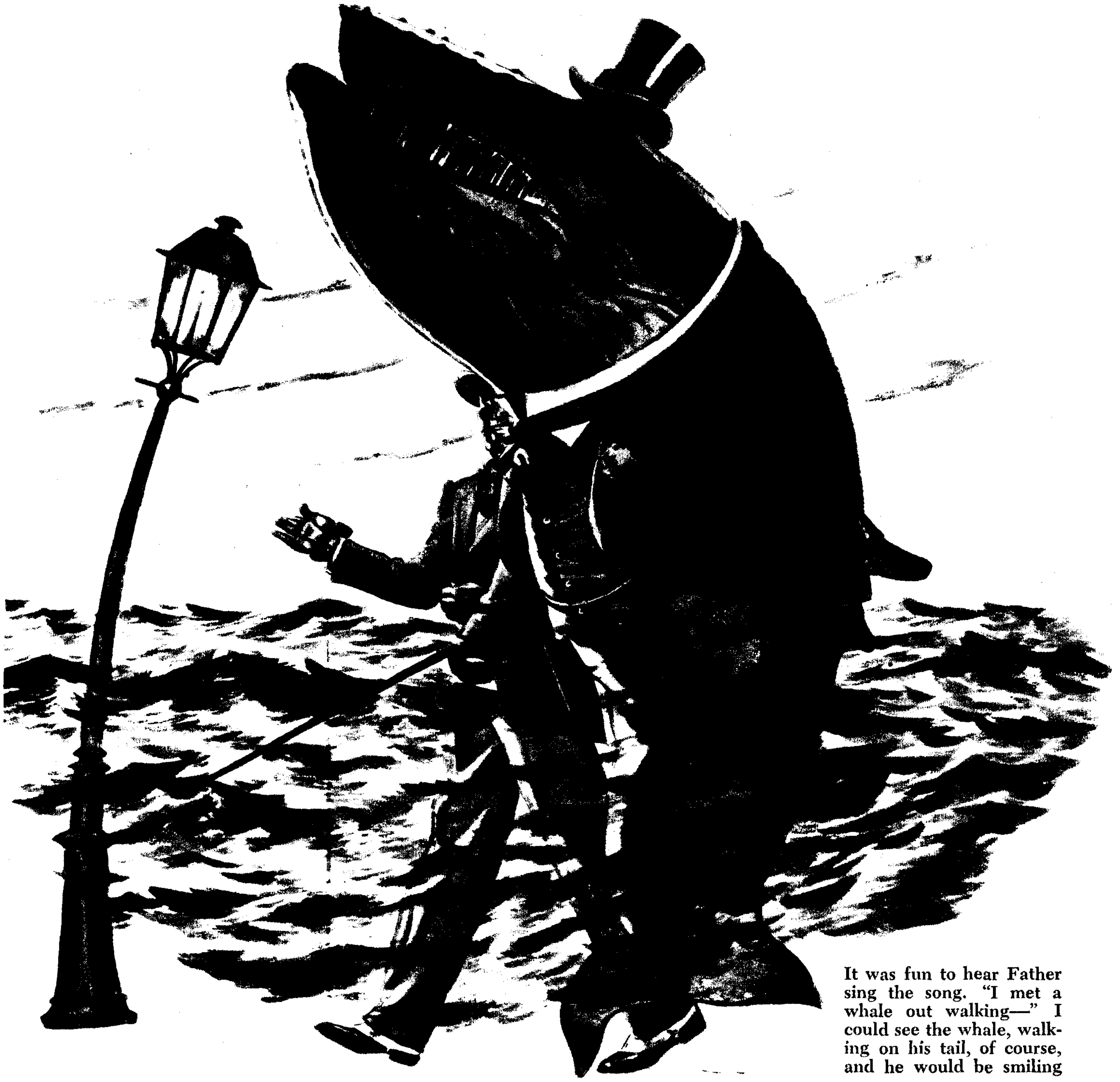
The plane circled the city, and landmarks came into focus—the Vatican with its austere gardens, tidy villas with pink-tiled roofs, ocher walls veined with flowering vines, tree-lined suburban streets, ancient, crumbling monuments of long dead Caesars, and at least one monument of Rome's most recent and most counterfeit Caesar gleaming in the white elongated oval of the Foro Mussolini with its heroic statues.

Only the great, gray-black patch of twisted rails and fused freight cars and blackened sheds that had been the San Lorenzo marshaling yards showed that our bombers had visited here.

The airport where we landed was a shambles, too. The Nazis blew up what was left when they withdrew on the night of June 3d and the morning of June 4th. But Rome was whole.

Here was one city in Europe which neither bombs nor shells had killed. When we came in, the Romans were hysterically grateful, and you have read about the cheers and the flowers, the kisses and the tears. Some had waited nine months since the armistice was signed on September 8th last year for the Allies to arrive. Many had waited twenty-two years for Rome to be free.

And now it is free. Small *(Continued on page 80)*



It was fun to hear Father sing the song. "I met a whale out walking—" I could see the whale, walking on his tail, of course, and he would be smiling

THE NATURAL THING

BY EILEEN DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Every child loves to dance, but there are some children who have a strange rhythm in the blood that keeps them dancing all their lives. There's no stopping such a one—as Nora's father knew and her mother had to learn

WHENEVER I do the dance, I think of that day in Conorra, the day that my Aunt Bridget came into our house for the first time. I think of the look of my father as he saw his sister and I hear my mother crying and I remember that I was the one who brought Aunt Bridget to our house.

I do the dance to an old Irish song my father taught me, and the applause ripples through the audience, showing they like it even before I've finished. It's a gay dance, comic and very light, but to see it, no one would believe the hours of practice I put into it.

I met a whale out walking,
He was fat and full of fun,
And him and I got talking
'Bout the yarn that Jonah spun.

It makes people happy for the moment, and when you put all those moments together—when you dance for as many years as you can, that's a thing that amounts to something real, doesn't it? It does for me.

Mother had to learn that, and Aunt Bridget brought her the knowledge that day in Conorra. I was born believing, or wanting to believe it, and Father . . .

Father comforted Mother while she cried, and then Aunt Bridget went away again, stepping through the door on her shiny black slippers with three-inch heels, her bracelets jingling and her diamond ring winking.

"Like a circus horse," my mother said, drying her eyes. "Everything's changed now. Oh, Jim!"

Father said, "Edith, dear, it's better this way. Look at Nora." He kept his arm around her.

They looked at me. It was settled. I was to be a dancer, and my happiness was such a strange new thing that I couldn't keep it inside. It showed through, and they saw it. It was at me they looked because it had been on my account that my father's sister Bridget had left her fine house that day, walked across the square to our side of town, made her way up the bit of sidewalk that Mother had swept clear of scarlet leaves, pushed open the door that had never been opened to her before and came in at last to stand like an exotic statue on the hard, bright pattern of the rug that my mother's sister Jane had left us when she died.

My memory of the rug goes back to long before the day Aunt Bridget stood there. The rug was the pride of my mother's life and it was important in my life, too. But it never had to do with dancing or the song about the whale, nor did she. It was Father who taught me the song and I always hoped that Mother wouldn't hear. It was his shaving song and on thousands of mornings I watched him, listening to every word. Soon I knew it by heart but it was more fun to hear Father sing it. He put the Irish lilt into it. "I met a whale out walking—" I could see the whale, walking on his tail, of course; he would have on a top hat, naturally; he would be smiling, too, a jovial whale!

By the time Father was through shaving and singing, the coffee smell would be drifting through the house from the kitchen where Mother was.

"Breakfast, Nora." Father always took my hand. Sometimes we danced down the hall. "Walking down Main Street, Saturday night," Father called it. He could dance down the stairs, too.

When I was very small, I thought it was Aunt Jane's rug that stopped Father on the bottom step of the stairs, made him straighten up and run his hand through his red, curly hair, and walk soberly across the living room floor where the rug was spread. But as I grew older, I realized that it was because Mother didn't like dancing, and that that was because of the way she had been raised.

Aunt Jane had raised Mother. She had left Mother the rug and a little money that was always becoming less.

"She worked so hard," Mother used to tell me. "Right was right to Jane. She never gave in. Thrift and hard work, nothing feckless, nothing foolhardy. Poor Jane!"

It seemed funny that she would say "Poor Jane," when she admired her so much and tried to be like her. Aunt Jane, twenty years older than Mother, had been a woman of granite. But Mother was made of soapstone. She worked, her tiny hands were red from scrubbing, her aprons edged with pink rickrack were glossy with starch, her cakes rose triumphantly high. It was against Aunt Jane's wishes that Mother had married Father, and, as Aunt Jane would have said, she "put up with him." Aunt Jane had not put up with her own husband. "Love is blind," quoted Father. "Marriage is the eye-opener!" Aunt Jane was divorced.

All these things were behind the fact that every morning Father stopped dancing at the edge of Aunt Jane's rug and he made me stop, too. But I never wanted to stop. I didn't see how he could stop.

"Father," I said, "why?"

"You're a big girl now, Nora," Father said; "you're twelve."

It wasn't an answer at all, and Father knew it. He settled his tie, and the laughter went out of his eyes, and we walked to the table in the dining room where Mother sat buttering toast.

Mother held up her cheek for Father to kiss. "Sit down," she said; "you mustn't be late, Jim. Everything's ready."

Father sat down and he began to look the way he did every day in Callahan's grocery store. He began to look like a grocery clerk with his mind on something else. He changed. He made himself change, but he couldn't do anything about his feet. For his feet were different. They seemed to have more joi[illegible] in them than other people's feet. They weren't solid. They crept across the floor like water. He crossed them and the toes turned up like the end of a comic dance. But Father ignored them.

"A fine day, dear," Father said. "Don't forget your walk, Edith."

Mother hadn't been feeling well and the doctor had ordered her to take walks. "Walks," Mother said when she was told, "walks? In the afternoon?" Her whole neat house rose in protest with her at the idea.

"Walks," Mother said at the table now. "Why, Jane never took a walk in her life!"

"Never mind Jane this once, Edith," Father said.

Mother buttered toast fiercely with a shaking hand. "A sense of responsibility is a wonderful thing," she said. "Jane had one."

"All of your family have senses of responsibility, my dear," Father said. It was the plain truth, I guess. But Father couldn't help his feet, could he? I looked down at my own. They were crossed, and the toes were turned up like the end of a comic dance.

I WENT walking with Mother after school and on the very first walk we saw Aunt Bridget. I had never seen her before or heard her name mentioned in our house, and I thought that Mother would never go walking again, and I knew that I would never forget Aunt Bridget. It was my fault that we saw her. I wanted to go across town to the other part. I wanted to see strange houses and strange people. Mother walked beside me, hardly disturbing the pattern of fallen leaves with her quick step.

"Look at the curtains of this house, Nora," Mother said. "How fresh and white they are! See how they are draped. Don't watch your feet, child."

"Mother," I said, "when Father sings the song, do you see the whale? Do you see the top hat and the fins? Do you?" I hardly dared ask it because I knew she didn't like to hear the song. But I had to know. If she could see the whale, perhaps it would settle things in my mind for me. Perhaps I would know then why it was that, although the song made me so happy, it disturbed her. Perhaps I would know why she didn't like Father to sing it. "Do you see the whale in your mind?" I asked.

"Certainly not," Mother said. "Don't be so fanciful. It's not good for you. It's not good for anybody."

Then we saw the woman stepping down the walk toward us, ignoring the houses, sniffing the air, a large woman in a black fur coat gleaming like jet in the sun.

"Like a circus horse," Mother said, and drew a long breath. "Your Aunt Bridget!"

She had earrings that glittered, too, and although I had never set eyes on her in my life before I think I would have known that she belonged to me in some way because she had Father's face. And I believed from the moment I saw her, without asking or even thinking of asking, that she would understand about the whale.

"Bridget," Mother said, and drew me to her; I could feel her body stiffen against mine.

Aunt Bridget walked toward us as if it had been any day in the year and she had seen us yesterday.

"Well, Edith," Aunt Bridget said, "so this is Nora."

"You've come back," Mother said.

"To live." Aunt Bridget said. She looked at my hair and eyes; she looked at my feet. "Nora's like Jim, isn't she?"

Mother's fingers tightened over mine. She didn't say a word.

"Mother's not feeling well," I said. "That's why we're taking walks."

"A good reason," Aunt Bridget said, and I felt so comfortable with her. She talked like Father, too; that's exactly what he would have said.

"Nora and I must be getting home," Mother said. "I have so much to do. It's late— The house— Goodby, Bridget!"

"Goodby," Aunt Bridget said. Her voice floated warmly through the air in a way that wasn't goodby at all.

Mother couldn't get home fast enough, and something in the way she hurried, putting all the distance between Aunt Bridget and herself that she could, faster, faster, made me know that she was leaving a dreadful enemy.

"Mother," I said, "why don't we know Aunt Bridget?"

"For good reasons," Mother said, panting, her legs racing beside mine.

"Mother," I said, "why?"

"Please, Nora," Mother said, "can't you see I'm not feeling well? Don't bother me now."

Mother was too tired to get dinner that night and such a thing had never happened before in our house. She lay on the sofa. Father sat beside her, and the cat watched them both, and so did I.

"Bridget," Mother said. "The same as she always was; dressing and traipsing. The evil prosper. Poor Jane; always so good and see how she suffered!"

"Bridget isn't evil," Father said; "she never cared for money. She followed her star. The money happened to come."

Mother began to cry. "Oh, yes, oh, yes," she said. "Stick up for her. You always thought she was right about everything—everything. Oh, Jim, you're not happy."

"Go to bed, Nora," Father said, and I left them.

I GUESS it was my fault that Father lost his job at Callahan's grocery store in the middle of the depression, but still I was only doing the natural thing. Father did the natural thing, too.

It all started out in an ordinary way. There was to be an entertainment at school for the parents; refreshments, a program. Some of us were to sing and *dance!* When I heard about the dancing, it was as it has always been with me; there wasn't another thought in my head, and I couldn't see how there was room for another thought in the world. I hung around the teachers as they planned the program. I found out that they were going to hire a dancing teacher to coach the girls. A real dancing teacher!

But when I told about it at home, a pall fell over the house that was still shaken by Mother's meeting with Aunt Bridget. Mother was listless, and Father didn't dance even in the upstairs hall these mornings. Aunt Jane's rug glowed triumphantly.

"An entertainment," Father said. "Well—well—" and he looked at Mother.

"Dancing," Mother said. "Nora, you're getting too big for that. Let the little girls do that. You're old enough to help with the refreshments."

Father said, "Better do as your mother says, Nora," and turned away.

I wouldn't have given up so easily because the sound of the music in the bare practice room at school was a siren call and I had to grit my teeth and even run outside when I heard it, and when I found that they had given the solo part to May Beaseley I cried. I wasn't jealous, but it was the music. It was such beautiful music, and May didn't have it in her to do it justice.

No; I wouldn't have given up so easily, if it hadn't been that since the day we had met Aunt Bridget our house was full of questions and a strange uncertain sense of what the past had been and the future might be. It seemed to me that Mother was trying to hold something together with her hard work and the silence that she made us keep. She was trying to deny something, and my wanting to dance threatened this. And she wasn't well.

So I said, "All right, Father." He was far away, his feet were lost in the shadows under his chair, I couldn't even see them. He hadn't sung the song about the whale for days. He was leaving me all alone with the refreshments.

"Oh, Aunt Bridget," I whispered, and her face came to my mind, ringed with the black hat, glittering with the earrings. I saw her blue eyes, open and clear, so like Father's but with the lids raised, full and free. "Oh, Aunt Bridget," I whispered, "I wish I could talk to you." And that was queer because I had seen her only once.

THE day of the school entertainment, Mother was gayer than she had been for weeks. When I got home from school, my new blue dress was pressed and on the bed, so fresh and stiff that it had a shape even before I put it on. Father's Sunday shoes stood on the back porch wearing a conscious polish and Mother was standing by the stove singing Beulah Land. The cake that she took out of the oven was almost bursting with the effort to rise an inch higher. I never saw such a cake. Even Mother was abashed by it.

" 'What's worth doing,' " Mother said, " 'is worth doing well,' Jane always said."

"I'll bet she couldn't bake a cake like that!" Thoughts of Aunt Jane were black crepe veils and mourning doves, with people scrubbing in the background. No cake could have responded this way for Aunt Jane!

"To be truthful," Mother said, and she lowered her voice, "Jane never had the touch for good cake. It takes a touch. Now, hurry, Nora. I've saved the frosting for you to do."

There sat the cake and I had to do something about it. I took the spoon Mother handed me. She tied a big apron around my waist. My fingers trembled against the spoon. At school they were having a last rehearsal. Now—this minute—May Beaseley was being put through the solo part again and she didn't have—what? She didn't have the touch. As I spread the frosting over this proud cake, *she* was dancing . . .

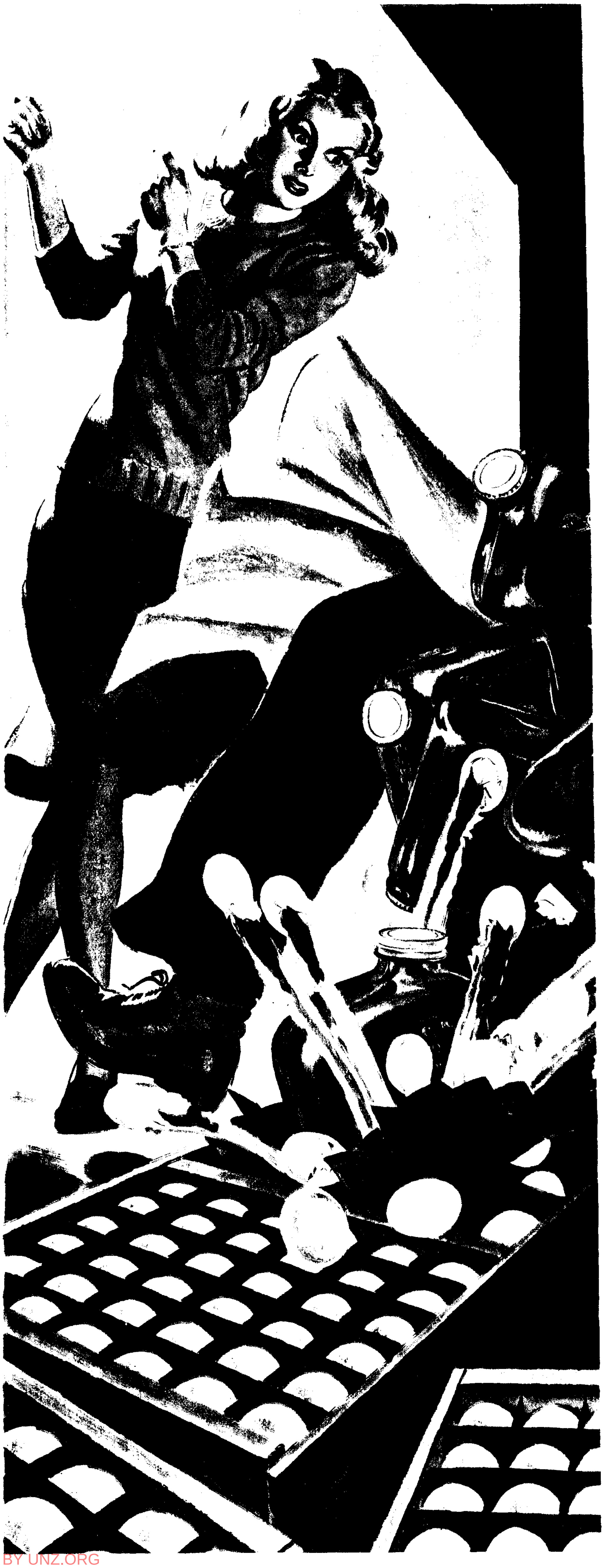
"Nora, watch out," Mother said. "Oh, it's all crooked. It's a mess!"

"I'm sorry," I said, but I wasn't. I didn't care at all except that she did.

"Never mind," she said. "We'll take a knife dipped in cream to it. That'll fix it. Don't be disappointed. It takes practice, that's all."

I turned away and behind me I heard the swish of Mother's knife, smoothing the frosting into delicate swirls. Did Mother think I

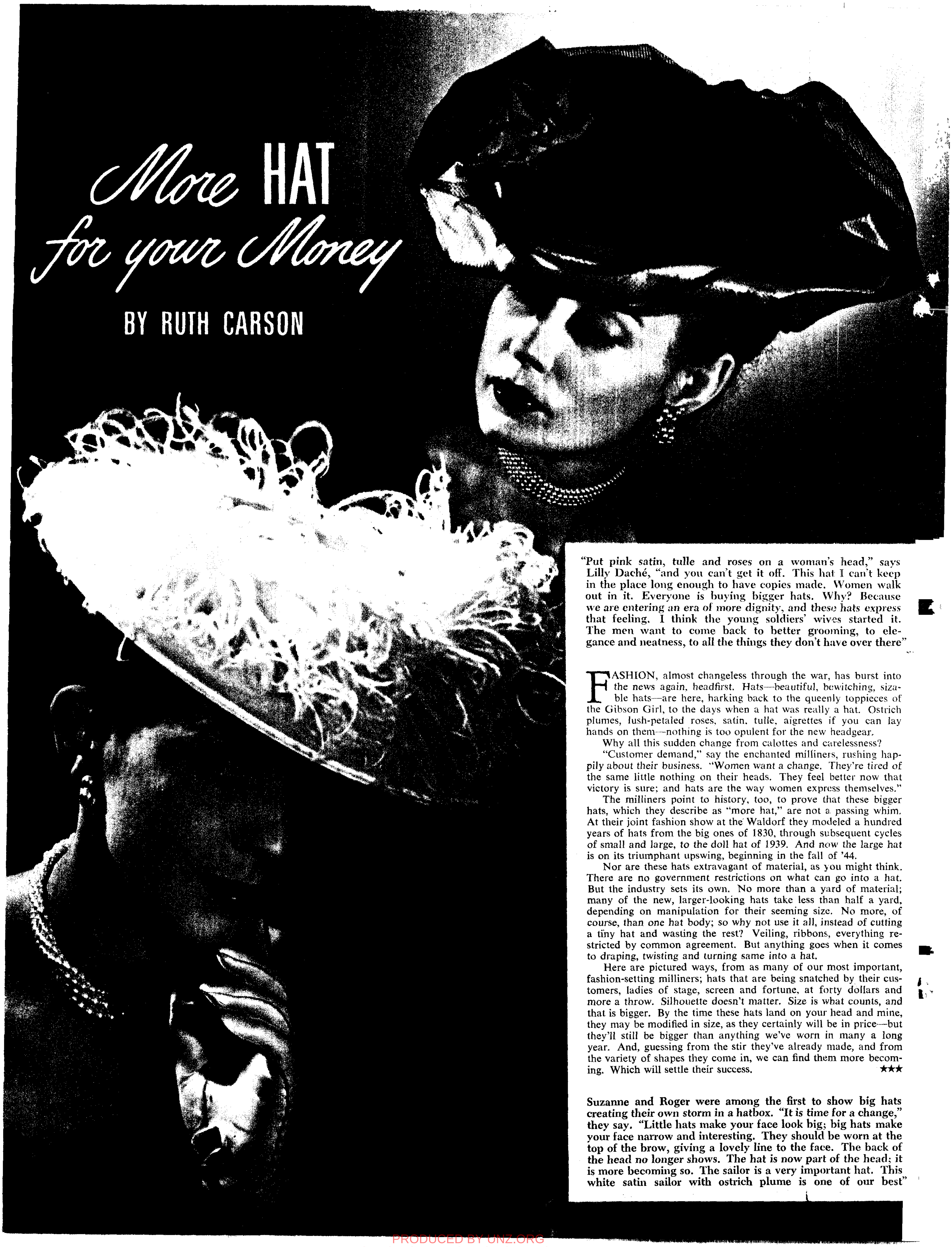
(Continued on page 52)



The first vinegar jug hit the second one, the second one hit the third one, and they rolled off the shelf one by one, dropping into the cases of eggs, breaking them one and all!

More HAT for your Money

BY RUTH CARSON



"Put pink satin, tulle and roses on a woman's head," says Lilly Daché, "and you can't get it off. This hat I can't keep in the place long enough to have copies made. Women walk out in it. Everyone is buying bigger hats. Why? Because we are entering an era of more dignity, and these hats express that feeling. I think the young soldiers' wives started it. The men want to come back to better grooming, to elegance and neatness, to all the things they don't have over there"

FASHION, almost changeless through the war, has burst into the news again, headfirst. Hats—beautiful, bewitching, sizable hats—are here, harking back to the queenly toppieces of the Gibson Girl, to the days when a hat was really a hat. Ostrich plumes, lush-petaled roses, satin, tulle, aigrettes if you can lay hands on them—nothing is too opulent for the new headgear.

Why all this sudden change from calottes and carelessness?

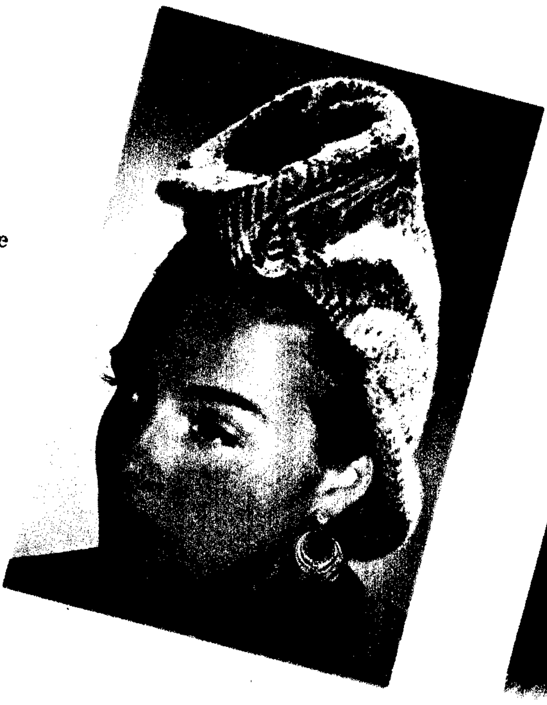
"Customer demand," say the enchanted milliners, rushing happily about their business. "Women want a change. They're tired of the same little nothing on their heads. They feel better now that victory is sure; and hats are the way women express themselves."

The milliners point to history, too, to prove that these bigger hats, which they describe as "more hat," are not a passing whim. At their joint fashion show at the Waldorf they modeled a hundred years of hats from the big ones of 1830, through subsequent cycles of small and large, to the doll hat of 1939. And now the large hat is on its triumphant upswing, beginning in the fall of '44.

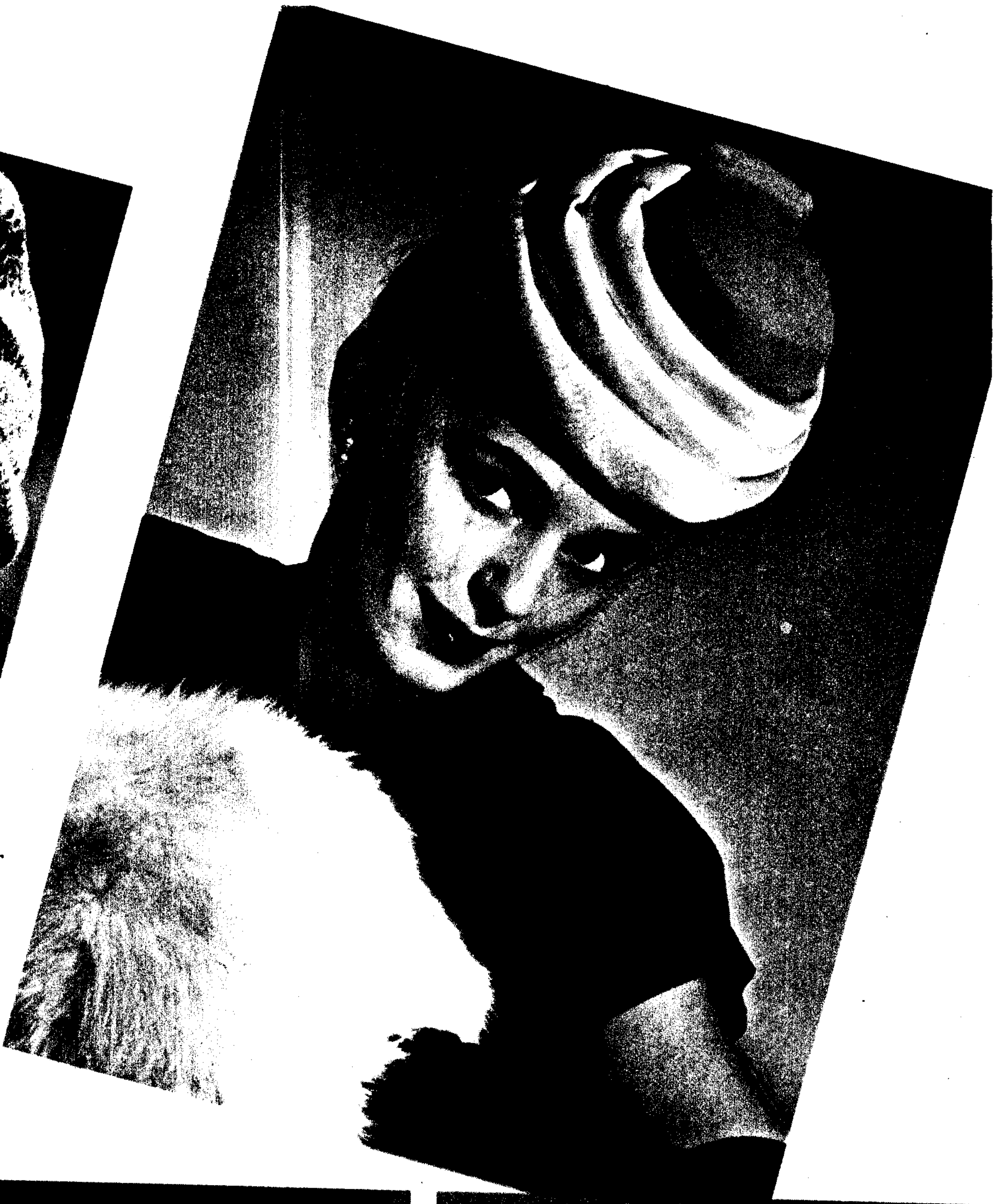
Nor are these hats extravagant of material, as you might think. There are no government restrictions on what can go into a hat. But the industry sets its own. No more than a yard of material; many of the new, larger-looking hats take less than half a yard, depending on manipulation for their seeming size. No more, of course, than one hat body; so why not use it all, instead of cutting a tiny hat and wasting the rest? Veiling, ribbons, everything restricted by common agreement. But anything goes when it comes to draping, twisting and turning same into a hat.

Here are pictured ways, from as many of our most important, fashion-setting milliners; hats that are being snatched by their customers, ladies of stage, screen and fortune, at forty dollars and more a throw. Silhouette doesn't matter. Size is what counts, and that is bigger. By the time these hats land on your head and mine, they may be modified in size, as they certainly will be in price—but they'll still be bigger than anything we've worn in many a long year. And, guessing from the stir they've already made, and from the variety of shapes they come in, we can find them more becoming. Which will settle their success. ★★★

Suzanne and Roger were among the first to show big hats creating their own storm in a hatbox. "It is time for a change," they say. "Little hats make your face look big; big hats make your face narrow and interesting. They should be worn at the top of the brow, giving a lovely line to the face. The back of the head no longer shows. The hat is now part of the head; it is more becoming so. The sailor is a very important hat. This white satin sailor with ostrich plume is one of our best"

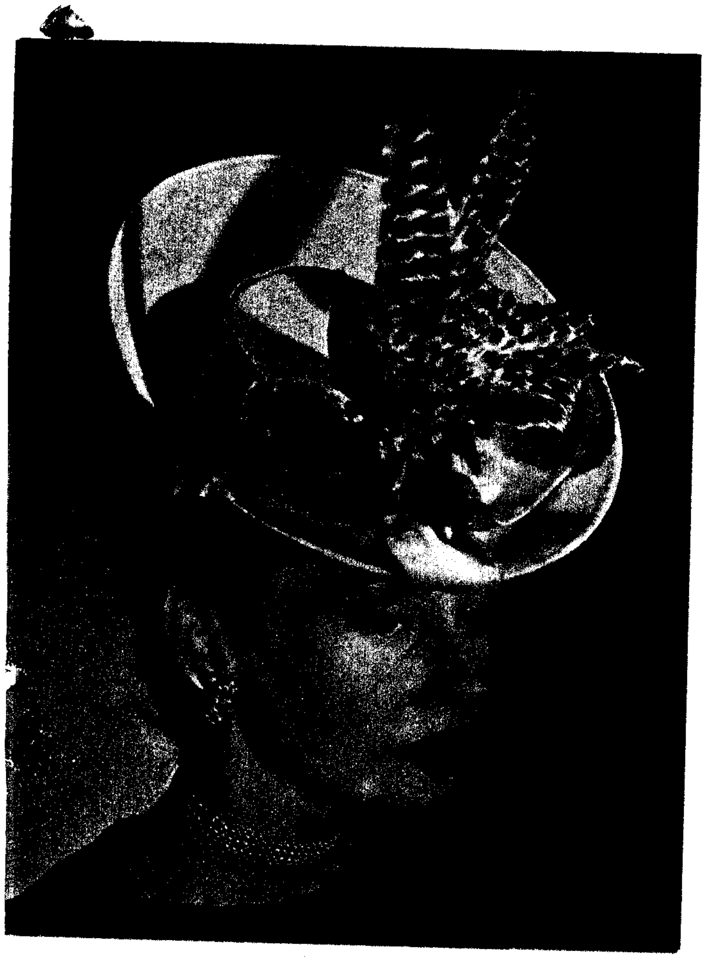


"Voluptuous and curvaceous" are Sally Victor's words for her new, bigger hats, as she flaunts a brim and curves a feather. She also twists a dramatic but wearable turban, one of the best silhouettes for winter. The hat shown is one of a series of double-talk turbans. A knitted headband to hold the hair and cuddle the ears. A colorful turban over that to give you all the height and bulk and drama you want. Wear them together, or separately

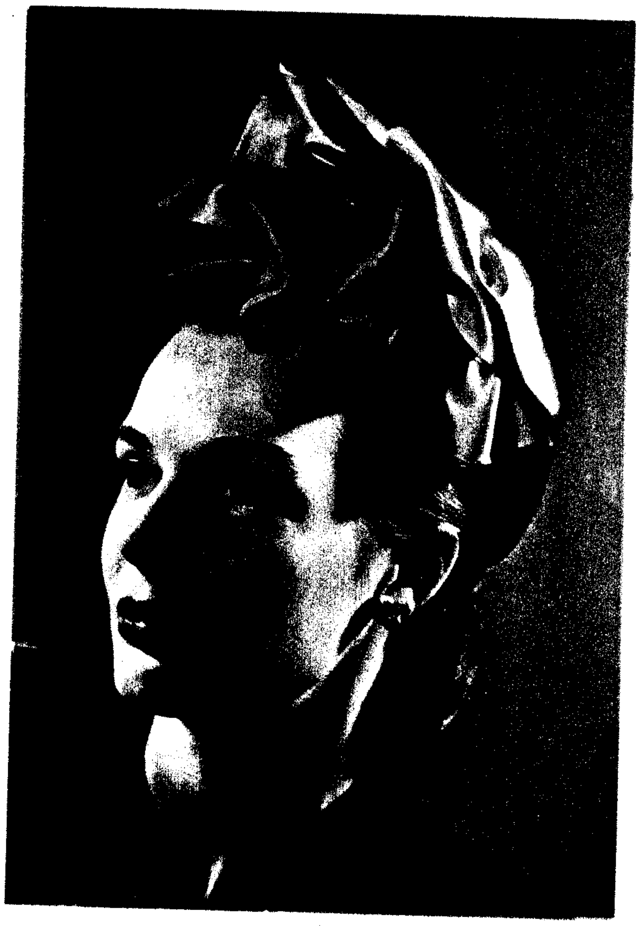


John-Fredericks have always been famous for their big-brimmed hats; you see them in every collection. But now, in the new heyday of the big hat, Mr. John, designer, picks this satin and felt toque as his most important hat. "This toque is a little boxy, a little round, a little more hat. It is simple and architectural. That's all." Not quite all. It is also of a subtle color combination, champagne satin and gray beige felt, with gray veil, to flatter any complexion

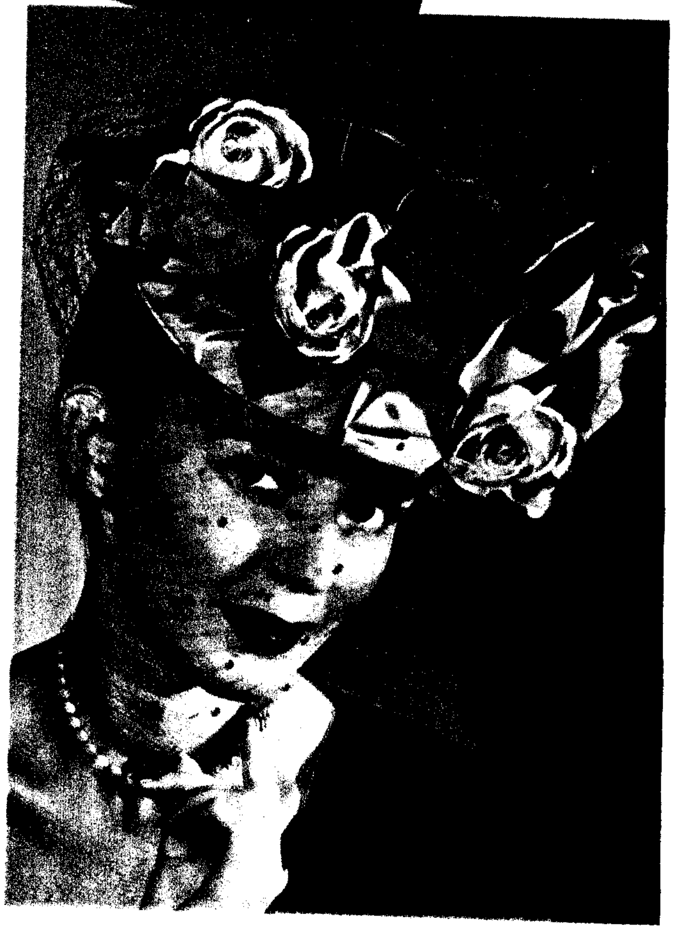
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY BALKIN-PIX



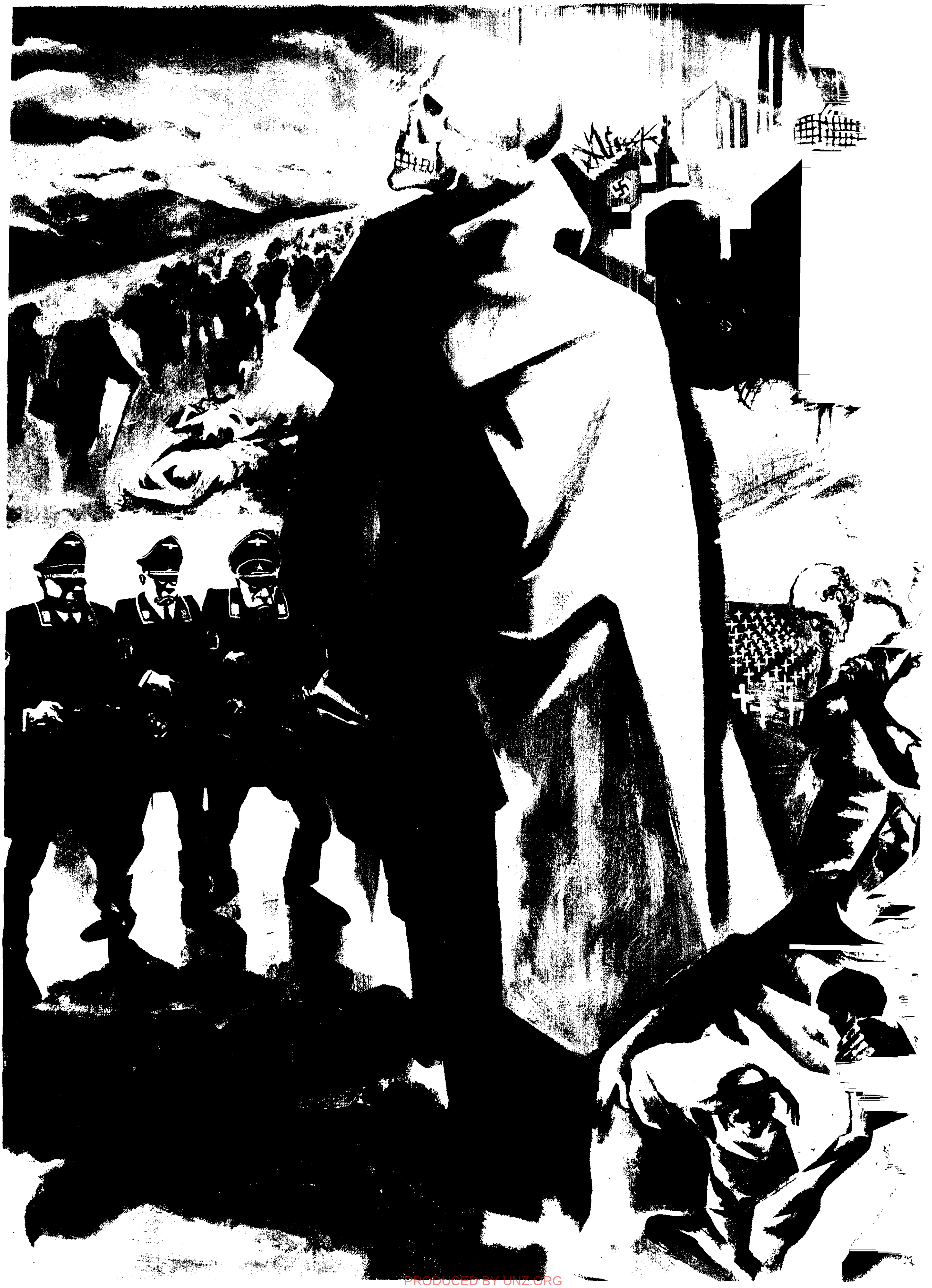
Even Braagaard, famous for his doll hats, exquisitely made and perched forward on a beautifully groomed coiffure, has welcomed the new bulk in hats. "It is here for years to come," he says. "Mink, Ribbon and Scale, or from Midgets to Mountains," reads his press release. He drapes towering turbans out of mink or satin. He also continues the hat his customers crave, built on a neat, smallish base, but made heavier with trimming like the bowler above, romantically bedecked with birds entwined with blue velvet ribbon



"I believe," says Florence Reichman, designer of the Directoire bonnet above, "in the transition hat. It is foolish to say all hats are small or all hats are big. Some big hats are exaggerated to put over the point, but American women know what is becoming. They'll wear the new hats, but in forms that suit them. They have found, for one thing, that the off-the-face hat is young." Mrs. Reichman gets inspiration in picture galleries. "It is interesting," she says, "how many great painters, from Rembrandt on, painted hat silhouettes that framed the face"



Walter Florell, whose name is synonymous with the exotic, the extreme, the remarkable in hats, is naturally delighted with the turn of events. "The noncommittal hat is dead," he declares. "Long live its successor, the ultrafeminine and coquettish chapeau." And he whips up the creation above, especially for Collier's, to show you what he means. It is made of fuchsia felt, blue taffeta ribbon, lavender veiling and pink roses, one of Florell's favorite color combinations. Every Florell hat has its own individual name. This one is called Poem



Twilight in GERMANY

By Konrad Warner

IN COLLABORATION WITH ERNEST ZAUGG

A Swiss writer, just out of the Reich, gives a vivid firsthand report on the inner crumbling of Hitler's domain, amid Gestapo terror and chaos. The Germans have lost faith in Nazism. But beware! They're looking for a way out

BY RADIO FROM SWITZERLAND

On April 1, 1944, Collier's published Report from Germany, in which Oscar Jacobi, who had left Germany a short time before, told how the high-ranking Nazis knew they had lost the war but would fight on desperately. Now, Jacobi's accurate survey of the situation inside the Reich is followed by the report on this page from a Swiss journalist who has just ended a long period of residence in Germany. Konrad Warner brings you up to date on the Germans; he reports their current attitude toward Hitlerism, Fascism, race theories, breeding institutes, and the future role of Germany in Europe. Warner's survey will help you know your enemy—and guard against his search for bargain peace terms.

THE world is talking now of the victories of the Allies and the approaching collapse of the Third Reich politically and militarily. I have witnessed in recent months a deeper and tenser and more pathological drama: the collapse—due to defeat of their once conquering armies—of the German people's faith in Nazism.

This is the new German revolution in embryo. The German people have, in large majority—there is no question—lost faith in Nazism and its leaders and prophets. The old faith, charlatan and fanatic as it was, is dying. The German people, who backed Hitler when he was a winner, are now confused and disillusioned. But don't forget they are seeking a way out. They are looking around for new faith.

For the present, this seeking is limited merely to the question: "To whom shall I surrender and subject myself? Which is my most humane enemy? Has he anything in which I can believe and on which I can build my life?"

The extent to which the German people have fallen into an uncertain and helpless state of mind, subject to pathological fluctuations, became clear to me as I watched their reaction to recent events which showed that Goebbels and Himmler were still able to move public opinion despite all the disillusion with Nazism. There has perhaps never been a stranger reaction to an event of historical importance than the German reaction to the Allied landing in France.

I personally talked with several persons (and there were doubtless more) who had heard a rumor of invasion and believed it was the invasion of England by the Germans.

"At last, we are going to England. Now things will change," they said.

Nothing I could say could show them how stupid they were. On the whole, when the real news finally got out, a large majority were pessimistic, especially when the invaders were not "hurled into the sea" in nine hours, as expected. Only the Nazis were confident. At first, they said the invasion would be repulsed, and then they said the Wehrmacht was luring the Allies into the interior to finish them off "by the millions."

When Germany's secret robot weapon came out, I again had evidence of the instability of the German people, who no longer see or reckon with facts but only live on dreams and wishes. Though they were disillusioned, the masses again became hopeful of victory. Even old dyed-in-the-wool skeptics whom I had known for years began to believe "there might be something in it."

Others, formerly anti-Nazi and defeatist, sighed, "My Heinz has not died in vain." Bombed-out persons thanked God for "punishing England." Bets were made between those who believed England was inwardly rotten and ready to crumble into the dust of Babylon in two weeks, and those "realists" who warned that Tommy was tough and could hold out for two months or more. There were even those who were ready to sympathize with England and be generous to a conquered foe. I heard a tired old woman on a tram sigh at the fate of English women and children. A Nazi in uniform roared, "This is no time for weakness. Now that we have the British where we want them, we must wipe them out; those in Germany who think otherwise should be exterminated, too."

When the Allies continued to score successes, confidence in the secret weapon disappeared, leaving despair again. Everyone thought only of himself or of trying to save his property and neck, regardless of anyone else. Uncertainty and fear hung over the people like an unexploded bomb. The attempt to assassinate Hitler dumfounded the masses.

Then came further powers for Himmler as head of the home army. Terror was increased. Nazis began talking of the "providence" which saved Hitler. Hitler, perhaps for the last time, forced Germans to make a decision for or against him and introduced Heil-Hitlering into the army. The German people, menaced from all sides, felt themselves like the women and children recently burned by Nazi SS troops in a French church. Gasoline has been poured over them. They are just waiting for someone to light the match.

In this chaos, I tried to find some elements of the population not completely confused, with a positive attitude against the Nazis or for the Allies, who would be able to aid the Allies in putting the finishing touches to the Nazis. I had often heard that the workers were the most likely group to hang out banners for the Allies, to beat down the last Nazi resistance. The workers have nothing to lose and do not fear for their lives as do the middle and upper classes.

Comradeship with Russians

I heard all kinds of tales of agitation and discontent in Red Hamburg, Red Mannheim and Red sections of Berlin, but it is often difficult to judge their accuracy. A fellow citizen who had worked in a large factory in Hamburg told me of a change in the local attitude toward the Russians, and of how German workers gradually began regarding them as humans and then as comrades. His foreman, now in Nazi uniform, defended the Russian workers even against the Nazis and often placed bread and meat at convenient places where the Russians could get it.

There were others, too, in the factory who were known to be former Reds and to be wearing brown only for convenience. I went to Mannheim and found that the Communist leader, Lechleiter, executed in 1943 by the Nazis, was a popular hero among the workers, and his widow received everything she needed in the way of meat and bread. Her room was filled with flowers on her birthday.

Another countryman, who knew Mannheim even better than I, said there were illegal meetings almost openly in his section, and that Mannheim was infested with agitation. The ordinary police seemed to sympathize and winked an eye at these activities.

A French worker told me of attending a meeting of Berlin's underground workers, which he claimed form a widespread and well-organized network. There were about eighteen in the room. Leaders pool information and discuss problems at these meetings. Their chief problem was how to get rid of the Nazis. One leader said they must work more slowly and fewer hours, if possible, no matter if they earn less.

But this trend against the Nazis is only one phase of the problem. The Nazis have long whined about an overpopulated Germany in a bloc of eighty million Germanics seeking living space in Central Europe. What has happened in Germany's biological revolution?

I contacted an official in one of the Party's breeding institutes at Driburg, who told me, "Whether Germany wins or loses this war, Germans will still be a problem and a factor of unrest in Central Europe due to the size of our population. Suppose there are three or four million men killed in battle. There were not more than a million killed in air raids. There will still be seventy-five million Germans in Central Europe. If Austria and some border territories are split off, there will still be fifty million left in the old Reich. One must figure also several hundred thousands of Germans who have been brought back to the Reich from Russia, the Balkans and the Baltic countries.

"The persons killed in battle as well as in bombings are mostly men," this official continued. "Women and children have been evacuated from the cities, except those women needed in war industry. Some Germans will be killed in border conflicts and also by foreign workers, but I do not think there will be many, as the border peoples long for normal times again, and the foreign workers are poor devils who long only to get back home. I do not put much stock in the Allied threats to sterilize all German males. They are too humane for that, and what one reads in the papers about this is only propaganda to terrify the Germans and to keep them working and fighting.

"The women will, at all events, remain, and statistics have proved that the birth rate depends not so much on the number of men but on the number of women in the age of fruitfulness. All our SS and Party men have more than enough children to assure the maintenance of the breed. Party men who do not have children are ejected from the Party. The best SS men have reproduced their kind in breeding institutes. Driburg alone assures four hundred children monthly. There are perhaps one hundred similar institutes in Germany. The Gestapo SS chiefs who have filled our neighboring peoples with terror will, in point of type, be twice as numerous, in the next war.

"I do not put much stock in the re-education of the German people," the Driburg official said, in conclusion. "It will have no influence on our dynamic elite. After the war, Germany will be much poorer than before—a real proletariat nation—and the desperate masses will be only too eager to follow their belligerent leaders into war under a new political constellation."

That was his opinion. I talked with many Germans of all classes and found that Hitler's idea of breeding "the better race" had not struck such deep roots as he had hoped. His dream of two hundred million Germans in Europe shows no signs of realization in the near future. In the Catholic Rhineland, the idea of breeding institutes shocks and horrifies the womenfolk except for a few fanatical Party women. One woman told of meeting a woman with a daughter in the train, and the mother openly said she was bringing the girl to Driburg to "give the Fuehrer a baby."

Another woman told how her daughter, working in a barbershop, was fixing the hair of a woman who said to her: "Would you like to give the Fuehrer a baby?"

The girl was startled and did not know what to say.

The woman said, "You do not have to be afraid. You will have nothing to do with it. All you do is: Go to the institute, allow yourself to be made fruitful, and bear a child. Then you will hardly see the child. You will get four hundred marks. The child will be raised by the state."

The girl, only eighteen, was shocked, and told her mother, who likewise was horrified and would have liked to take the girl out of the barbershop but was unable to do so, due to Labor Front regulations.

The SS is hated and feared as much for its breeding habits as for its political power and cruelty. In Cologne, people talk of a secret order to the SS, allowing them to interfere in marriages which seem fruitful ground for breeding, forcing the father to accept and raise a child not his.

Special Prerogatives of the SS

However, despite the theory of Germanic breeding the SS are great libertines and are frequently seen with foreign women. Though regular army men are forbidden to go with Poles or Jews, the SS do so. In Warsaw the SS shot army men for going with Jewish girls.

German women, too, have been known to sabotage Hitler's pure-race theory. Their problem is that there are too many women now and, after the war, there will still be a large surplus. They are eager to avoid the fate of unloved old maids. Hence, there are frequent unions with foreign workers and Slavs. Elegant French Casanovas have won as many victories in German boudoirs as German soldiers won on the field of battle.

The Nazi Party has punished many women severely for going with foreigners. In small towns, their hair is shorn and they are put in public stocks, while the foreigners, if they are Poles or Russians, are hanged before an audience of their countrymen.

One German woman wrote to her French lover: "I hope my husband never comes back, as you understand me better than he does." The letter was put in the wrong envelope and reached her husband, weakening him in the face of a Russian charge. The woman was condemned to death in a peoples' court.

In a tram, an indignant German male boxed the ears of a German woman who was boasting of her affairs with foreigners. His neighbor said: "Hit her again, and I'll give you ten marks."

However, no soldier from the front needs to be without a woman. One often sees 16-year-old girls with soldiers, but when one looks closer, one sees that the soldier is not much older than sixteen, either. Women are allowed to use the name of the father of an illegitimate child and to call themselves "Mrs" They marry wounded men through the marriage agency for wounded veterans.

I asked a number of persons what they thought of the future of Germany's intellectuals and found that this class had, in large part, sold itself to Goebbels. At least, Nazi intellectuals are in almost all vital positions and have too closely associated themselves with the present regime to be able to turn back. One professor at Bonn reminded me how young academicians had cheered Goering when he spoke in that university against the "corrupt and weak" democracies. But, generally speaking, Nazi intellectuals were shocked and paralyzed by the course of recent events. Friedrich Schnack was writing

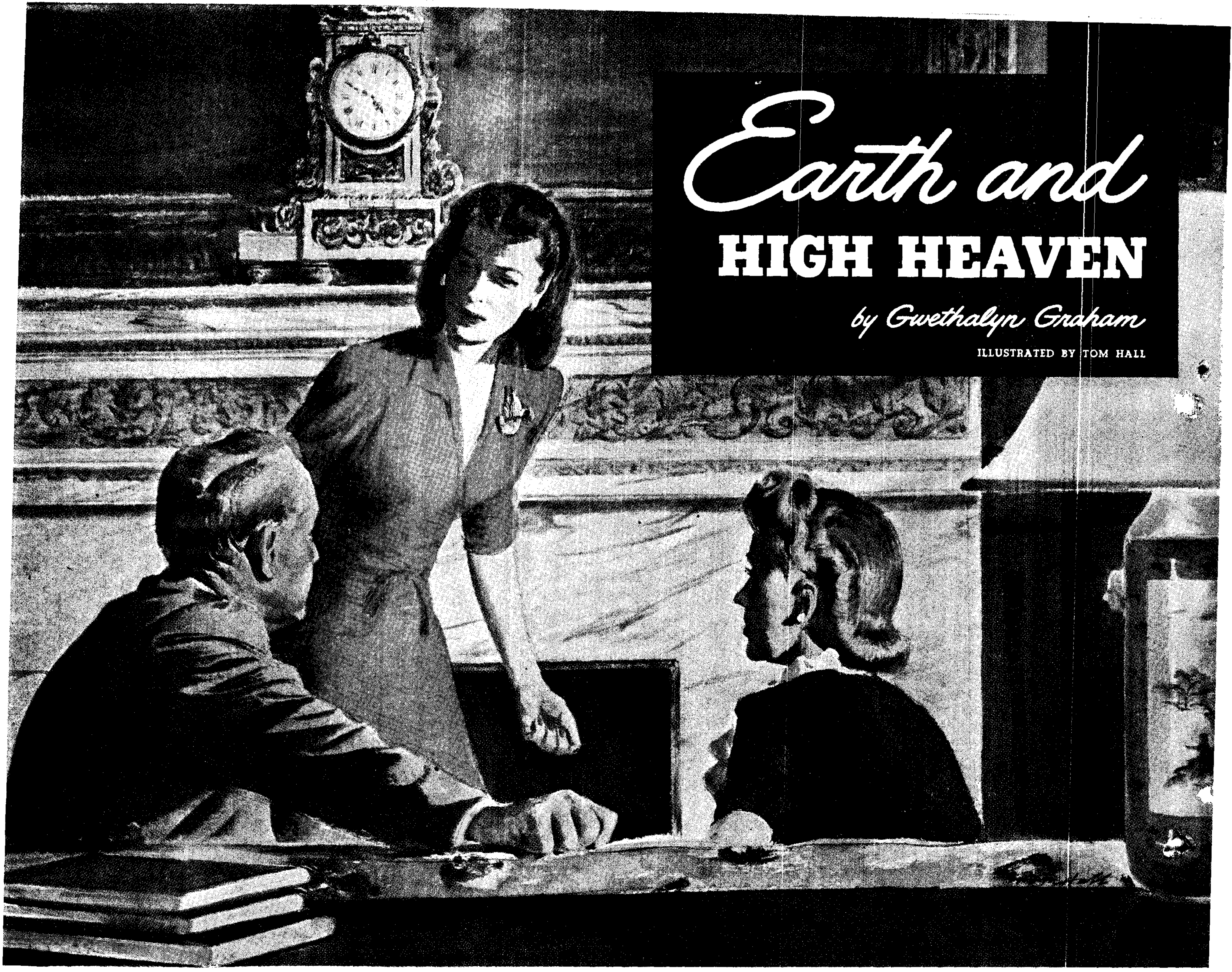
(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Earth and HIGH HEAVEN

by Gwethalyn Graham

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL



Mimi faced her father and mother. "Listen to me," she said. "Erica is not infatuated with Marc; she loves him. I'm only trying to warn you"

The Story:

ERICA DRAKE and MARC REISER fall in love and find only unhappiness, because she is of Montreal society and he is a Jew. Ranged against ERICA are her father and mother, CHARLES and MARGARET DRAKE, trying to break up the match by any means, hoping she'll marry RENÉ DE SEVIGNY. Even MARC seems to be losing heart, since he feels that he can bring ERICA nothing but sorrow. Only her sister, MIMI, who has lost a husband and a lover and may now lose JOHN GARDINER, urges ERICA and MARC to take love on their own terms. Heartened by her sympathy and understanding, ERICA agrees to spend MARC's last leave with him in the Laurentians.

III

THROUGH the open windows of the bedroom, they could hear the church clock striking in the village down at the other end of the lake, and Erica said wonderingly, "It's three o'clock." So five hours had flown by them uncounted, into the past, for she remembered that the clock had been striking ten as they opened the door of Marc's room. Before that, there had only been one brief interval since they left Montreal when she had known what time it was. They had gone for a swim as they arrived at the hotel, drifted for a while in a canoe and then spent what was left of the afternoon lying in their bathing suits on the float anchored offshore. Someone had called to them from the beach, "It's half past seven and the dining room closes at eight; if you want any dinner, you'd better hurry."

The lake was in a valley with the Laurentian Mountains rising steeply all around the edge, except at the other end where the rise began farther back, leaving more or less level ground for the village. The hillsides were green, and across the lake there were a lot of small houses up and down on different levels, like brightly painted toys. Above them as they lay on the float, up a path like a stairway with broad, grassy steps, was the hotel, a long half-timbered building from which you could look down on the lake or out over the mountains north, west and south.

There was a stone-paved terrace with small tables under orange and yellow umbrellas where they had sat for a while after dinner, drinking coffee and watching the sunset and the slowly moving, slowly changing reflections in the water. The lights had come on one by one in the little houses across the lake, but before the moon rose, they had come upstairs. Erica had heard the village clock striking as they went into the room, and the last sound to reach her from the outside world was a whippoorwill calling from the bush somewhere behind the hotel. After that, there was silence and she was in his arms at last.

As she lay beside him later, individuality began to return and take form; she could feel the outlines growing clearer and more firm, but it was a new mold, subtly different from the old one. She wondered if you got a new one each time and she was on the point of asking Marc, but it was all rather involved and difficult to explain, and instead she went to sleep.

"Hello," said Marc.

"Hello. Have I been asleep long?"

"I don't know."

"Have you?"

He drew his arm out from under her and sat up, rubbing it. "No, I've just been looking at you."

Erica also sat up, asking anxiously, "Have you got a cramp?"

He shook his head. "Just stiff."

"Why didn't you shove me off?"

"Because I didn't want to." He paused, listening, and remarked, "Romeo and Juliet had a nightingale, but all we get is a whippoorwill. Persistent, isn't he?"

"Maybe it's a different one."

"I don't think so. He always goes flat on the second note."

"He may have a slight cold," said Erica. "I remember thinking he probably had when we first came up, so I guess it must be the same one." She settled back on the pillow again while Marc took two cigarettes from the table beside the bed and lighted them, and finally Erica said idly, "I don't see how even a whippoorwill can expect to get anywhere with a voice like that. He might just as well give up and go home. Incidentally, it was a lark, not a nightingale—remember?"

She repeated softly:

"It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing
sharps."

"Go on," said Marc.

"What with?"

"Shakespeare."

She thought a moment, looking up at the ceiling, and then said:

"O fortune, fortune! All men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him
long . . ."

"I don't think I particularly care for that bit, after all," said Erica after a moment's silence.

"I wasn't listening to the words," said Marc. "It's your voice. Did I ever tell you what a lovely voice you have?"

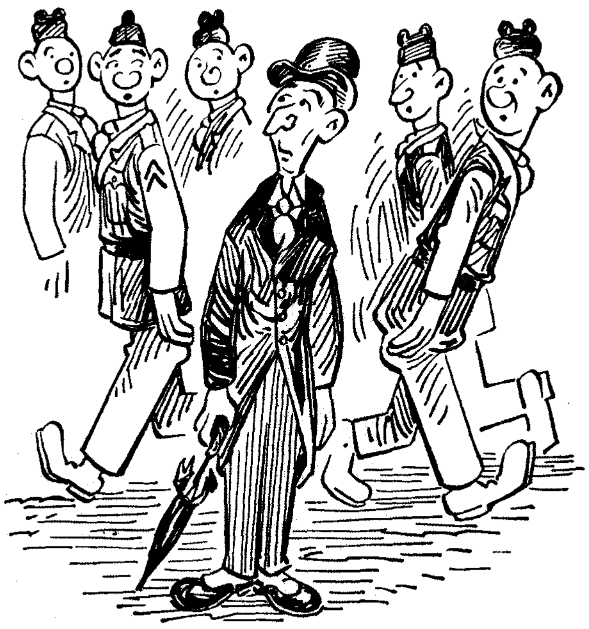
"No, I don't think so. You may tell me now if you like."

"Some other time." He kissed her shoulder and the hollow at the base of her throat and then, lifting his head to listen again, he said, "Everything is sort of suspended. It's so quiet, Eric. Even our whippoorwill seems to have gone off the air for the time being."

He pulled the pillows up behind his head and turned so that he could see her better. "Are you sleepy?"

"No, are you?"

(Continued on page 28)



"They saw a thing that looked so awfully silly—a Londoner in Piccadilly!"

Gags ACROSS THE SEA

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Discovering something that both the English and Americans will grin at is no job for an amateur

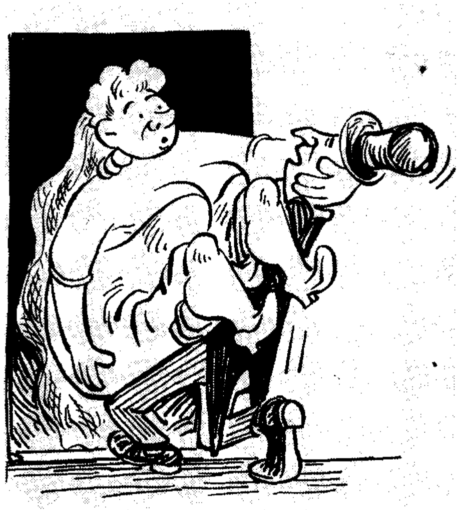
WHEN American troops began pouring into England, it was found that blood might be thicker than water, but there was a difference in the accent. Particularly was this true of humor. G.I. Joes from Arkansas and South Dakota, listening to cockney comedians on the "wireless," wrinkled their brows, pursed their lips in wonderment and went back to playing blackjack. At this juncture, USO, OWI and the radio section of the Army reached across to America and dragged forth one Hal Block, radio script writer. He was to work for visiting American stars and to help British comedy shows. He learned a lot in a short time.

Writing for the Americans was easy enough because Block had done it for years with such stars as Gracie Allen, Phil Baker, Fred Allen, and Abbott and Costello. However, the programs had to go over the British Broadcasting Company chain and were being heard by millions of English listeners. For that reason the jokes had to make sense for the English as well.

"We had one little gag where a guy says he's been making a little tour to Mexico, Central America and Haiti. Then he pauses, and the straight man says, 'What comes after Haiti?' and the comedian says, 'H'eighty-one.' English stuff, see! But the English comedian says that won't do, because they pronounce it High-tee in England. However, he says it's all right because he'll say that what comes after High-tee (high tea) is cocoa and buns. I hold my head and say, 'Ye gods!' but they put it on, and the English audience damn' near collapses laughing."

Block found that the British were well acquainted with American comedians through motion pictures and the radio, and he had to change his notion that the English weren't quick on the grasp. He did the act used by Carole Landis, Martha Ray, Mitzi Mayfair and Kay Francis and found that the boys on Piccadilly were right up with the ladies in alertness.

When Kay Francis told about the Joe who saw the Wac and reported: "Sighted dame; dated same," they showed plain signs of apoplexy. When she sang one of Block's inventions called Baby, That's a Wolf, which was strictly on the blue side, there were nothing but gay huzzas from both sides.



"The bride was so fat that when the groom tried to carry her over the threshold he had to make two trips"

There was a gag in London that the thing hardest to find after the American invasion was an Englishman, and Block did a song for Vic Oliver, comedian son-in-law of Winston Churchill, to the tune of A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square, to wit:

The night was dark,
The air was calm,
The trees were silent and bare,
When suddenly the heavens shook—
An Englishman spoke in Grosvenor Square!
Dum-dum-de-dah-dah.
The balloons that linger over this old town—
Poor, puzzled balloons, they wear a frown;
They saw a thing that looked so awfully silly—
A Londoner in Piccadilly!

Block found that the English have no use for such as Red Skelton's "I dood it," and the American troops never cracked a smile at Tom Handley, top British comic, with his "Shall I do you now," and "I go now—I come back." Yank humor is on the tart side for the British, and English comedy is arid for the American palate. The British don't like the Fred Allen-Jack Benny feud-insult type of humor. They wonder why the two don't make up. The English are great for making light of their mistakes or failings, but they want to make the cracks about it themselves.

The greatest barriers are catch phrases, which have a big vogue in England. The older they are, the funnier they get.

"If you really want to knock 'em down," says Block, "just put in, 'After you, Cedric,' and they get hysterical. Don't ask me why."

He also discovered that the English have as little reverence for public figures as we have. The great wits who convulse America with their *bon mots* about Mrs. Roosevelt's travels have counterparts on the other side. The counterpart on several shows was Block.

"You know England," says a character. "That's the place Winston Churchill visits when he leaves America."

Or another Block version, which will kill you: "I was just about to rent a wonderful place when suddenly the former tenant returned. Where was this wonderful place? Number 10 Downing Street." *(Wah! Wah!)*

Block met his severest defeat while trying to put over a gag which said that "the bride was so fat that when the bridegroom tried to carry her over the threshhold, he had to make two trips."

"We don't say trips; we say journeys."

"Well, it would rawther spoil the thing, wouldn't you think, old chap?" Mr. Block was being British and a bit annoying.

"Not at all. Journeys? What's the matter with journeys? Rawther dashed funny, as a matter of fact."

Time to Take a Trip

It is at such points that British-American fellowship, if pressed, disappears. Mr. Block refrained. In fact, he did better, he went to Africa on the direct order of General Eisenhower—Priority 1, which gave him precedence over everything but kings.

When he got to Algiers and wanted to go on to Tunis, he discovered all the generals in the Army there ahead of him, and he no longer had a No. 1 priority. They said he might possibly make it in three weeks, but he had to be there next day to meet Bob Hope and write his new show. While milling around, he got signatures on his short-snorter bill from General Clark and General Giraud, his mind working furiously all the time.

At length, he cornered a colonel and said, "Sir, a word with you, please."

The colonel scowled.

"I just wanted to tell you," said Block, "that if I'm not in Tunis tomorrow, there will be no Bob Hope show back here next week. Do I hear an offer?"

He reached Tunis on a cargo plane, marked "Delicate, Handle with Care."

He had no sooner caught up with Hope in Bizerte than the Germans came over and bombed. Two hours later they bombed again. Next day, they bombed; and the next night.

"Hmmm," said Hope, bitterly. "Humor haters."

Since Block dictates the shows he writes, they were given a Red Cross nurse as secretary. She said she had only an hour or two to spare. They said they needed quiet to concentrate and felt that the best place would be the bomber which had been turned over to them while they were in Italy. She started work and was amazed to hear the motors turning. In short, she was kidnaped and landed next in Sicily.

Block was writing gags, and Hope was slinging them.

Gags: (a) Africa is only Texas with A-rabs.

(b) Q. Will you kiss me? A. No. Q. Will you do it for a piece of soap?

(c) In England they're always talking about the damp moors. Do you know what a moor is? That's a sewer with grass.

(d) You know what Sicily is—that's an aircraft carrier for mosquitoes. They come in groups of five. One brings the hypodermic needle, one tests your blood, and the other two come in with pumping equipment. I didn't mind that so much, but when the fifth one came over next day taking pictures, that was too much.

(e) You can't miss the place. First you go to the roundabout . . . then you see a turn to the right . . . deny yourself that turn . . . then you go a little farther and there's a turn to the left . . . ignore that also . . . then you go to the head of the road and you see another turn to the right . . . you take that and go straight ahead, and you'll no more find it than the Germans would if they had come.

(f) Q. What goes faster than any airplane that was ever invented? A. An English pound. Or a private with a three-hour pass in London.

(g) A camel—that's a jeep with humps.

(h) I once went out with a French girl here in Algiers . . . we were very happy, the six of us . . . you know you have to take her mother along as a chaperon. You know what a chaperon is—that's an MP with bloomers.

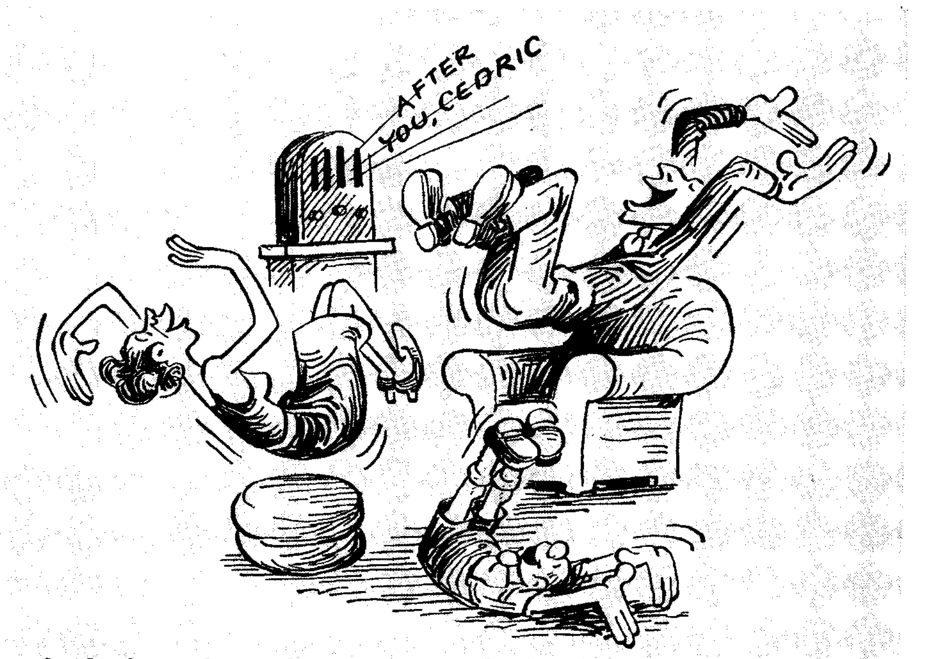
Radio humor and perhaps not so funny? Well, maybe so, but millions of British, millions of American soldiers and millions of listeners in this country rolled around in what might have been ecstasy. Or maybe pain.

Bob Hope broadcast to America by short wave from Algiers. There was only one microphone and no control booth and no way to find out how it sounded on the air. That worried Block, who had written the show.

"You want to hear it?" asked Frances Langford, who was also on the show. "Come on upstairs here."

They went upstairs and heard the program as it was being piped back from London.

"We send it, they pick it up and send it back to us," says Block with awe. "It's going on downstairs and I'm listening to it upstairs from BBC. This is a thing that makes a gag writer very humble. Maybe the jokes should be better." ★★★



Catch phrases have a big vogue in England. "If you want to knock 'em down," says Block, "just put in 'After you, Cedric,' and they get hysterical"

ILLUSTRATED BY SGT. GEORGE BAKER

Our $50,000,000 *Base* AT BERMUDA

BY JIM BISHOP

Our installations on the island are completed. Collier's sent a correspondent to find out how much we spent, what we got for our money, whether we are there to stay, and what the islanders think about us. Here is what he learned

IT WAS evening. For a moment the old Bermuda came alive. The sun was buttery on the coral roads, and the white longtails hung motionless over the outer reefs waiting for fish. Skinny cows stared mournfully at the stubble of grass, and cycling clerks left the shops in Hamilton in coveys, bumping over the narrow, pitted lanes, walking their bikes uphill and chattering in a hybrid British-American. Beneath the black cliffs around the islands, the breakers curled jade and white and, in grocery stores, giant spiders, as big as a man's spread hand, wheeled across cases of soft drinks, their nylonlike legs touching only the bottle caps.

For a moment this was the old Bermuda—the lush, pastoral Bermuda, sedate and fiercely independent. This was the Bermuda which said: "Let's have a few Americans with a lot of money instead of a lot of Americans with a little money." This was the Bermuda of beautiful estates and yachts, of stingers at noon and gin-and-tonic in the evening, a Bermuda which wants Mother England to clothe her, Daddy America to feed her, and God to send enough rain for drinking purposes.

Then it was gone. Gone in the rising thunder of 1,700-horsepower engines. Susie was washing dishes in the kitchen of beautiful Landmark. She heard it. She placed the cups on the drainboard and wiped her hands on her apron and hurried to the back window just in time to see a big Navy patrol bomber come up out of Port Royal Bay, growing larger by the second until it roared over the estate and swung out to sea in a great arc and then wheeled slowly around until it was back over Port Royal Bay again. Two minutes behind it the second patrol bomber came. Then the third. And the fourth and fifth and tenth and more. No sooner had one cleared Landmark thunderously than another was following. These planes were starting out on night U-boat patrol.

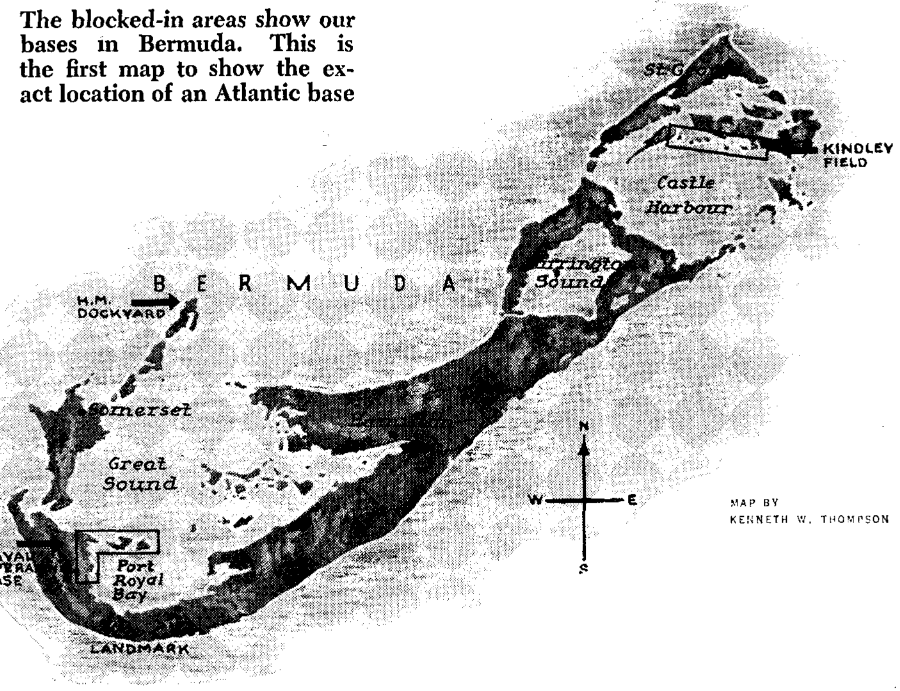
"Like on the stage in America," she said. "I sat in the balcony. The man on the stage scaled straw hats and they came up big and almost hit you and then turned and flew back to his hand."

The noise of scores of aircraft engines shook the islands. From the sky the pilots could see the whole of Bermuda, a green fishhook nineteen miles long. At the tip of the hook is H.M.S. Dockyard, an old British naval installation. Farther down, where the bait ought to be, is the new United States Naval Operating Base, now complete. And away up at the end of the shank, where the line should be tied, is Kindley Field, part of the fine U.S. Army installation called Fort Bell. In a few minutes, the PBMs separated, each to head eastward across the Atlantic and search his individual slice of pie in the never-ending prowl for U-boats.

America got these bases for nothing. Bermuda was not a part of the destroyer deal. We promised to protect the islands. England couldn't. So the Navy built its Naval Operating Base (NOB), and its Naval Air Station (NAS) near Hamilton, and the Army built its two-mile-long runways in Castle Harbour, near St. George. Bermuda was happy, then. She had hung alone, like a ripe cherry, 700 miles southeast of Norfolk, Virginia. The ocean was seething with U-boats, and she felt small and afraid. But the danger is past now. And Bermuda [illegible] not quite sure whether she wants our patrol bombers to rattle her windows, our warships to clutter up her Great Sound, our jeeps to rattle over her roads, and our sailors to lounge in her streets.

In hard dollars we have probably spent more than fifty millions on our island installations. But the strategic value far transcends the money involved. Bermuda is a prime steppingstone across the Atlantic. As long as our big patrol bombers keep scaling eastward, no enemy invasion fleet can hope to get within 1,000 miles of our Eastern seaboard without detection. Without Bermuda, the same fleet might reasonably hope to get within several hundred miles of New York before being shadowed by aircraft.

At the moment we have no enemies capable of mounting invasion fleets in the Atlantic. But the lease has ninety-six years to run. And even if we never had to fight an adversary in the Atlantic, the bases would be worth more than we put into them as a training center and as an aerial link with the continent.



The blocked-in areas show our bases in Bermuda. This is the first map to show the exact location of an Atlantic base

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

A Link in the Defense Chain

Our Naval Air Station, which is small, is adequate for patrolling thousands of square miles of the Atlantic and can send its PBMs winging outward halfway to Europe on daily patrol. In conjunction with our other bases stretching from Labrador south to the bulge of South America, there is hardly a mile in our half of the Atlantic that is not under aerial patrol. Lookouts ashore and afloat scan the skies and seas every moment of every day. Every rusty tramp and trawler must be prepared to answer a blinker challenge from the skies at all times.

One bitter Bermudian put it succinctly, "If you wish, you can now keep the British navy out of this side of the Atlantic."

Admiral I. C. Sowell, commanding officer at Bermuda, says, "Of all the bases in the Atlantic, this is easily the most important. A simple study of geography will show you that."

In the fall of 1940, Admiral John W. Greenslade was ordered to Bermuda with a board of engineers to pick out base sites. Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt were in agreement about Britain's inability to protect Bermuda and about the advantages of the U.S. having a base 700 miles out to sea. Permission was obtained from the Bermuda government, and the only admonition from the President to Greenslade was: "Don't mutilate those islands."

In October he landed at Hamilton. His engineers scanned Bermuda and decided that a chunk of Southampton Parish would do. They wanted Riddle's Bay so that the base would front on the harbor on one side and the sea on the other. Bermuda was a polite and patient orphan. Bermuda pointed out that a base across the island would cut Bermuda in two—that people at opposite ends of the island could not visit one another

(Continued on page 69)

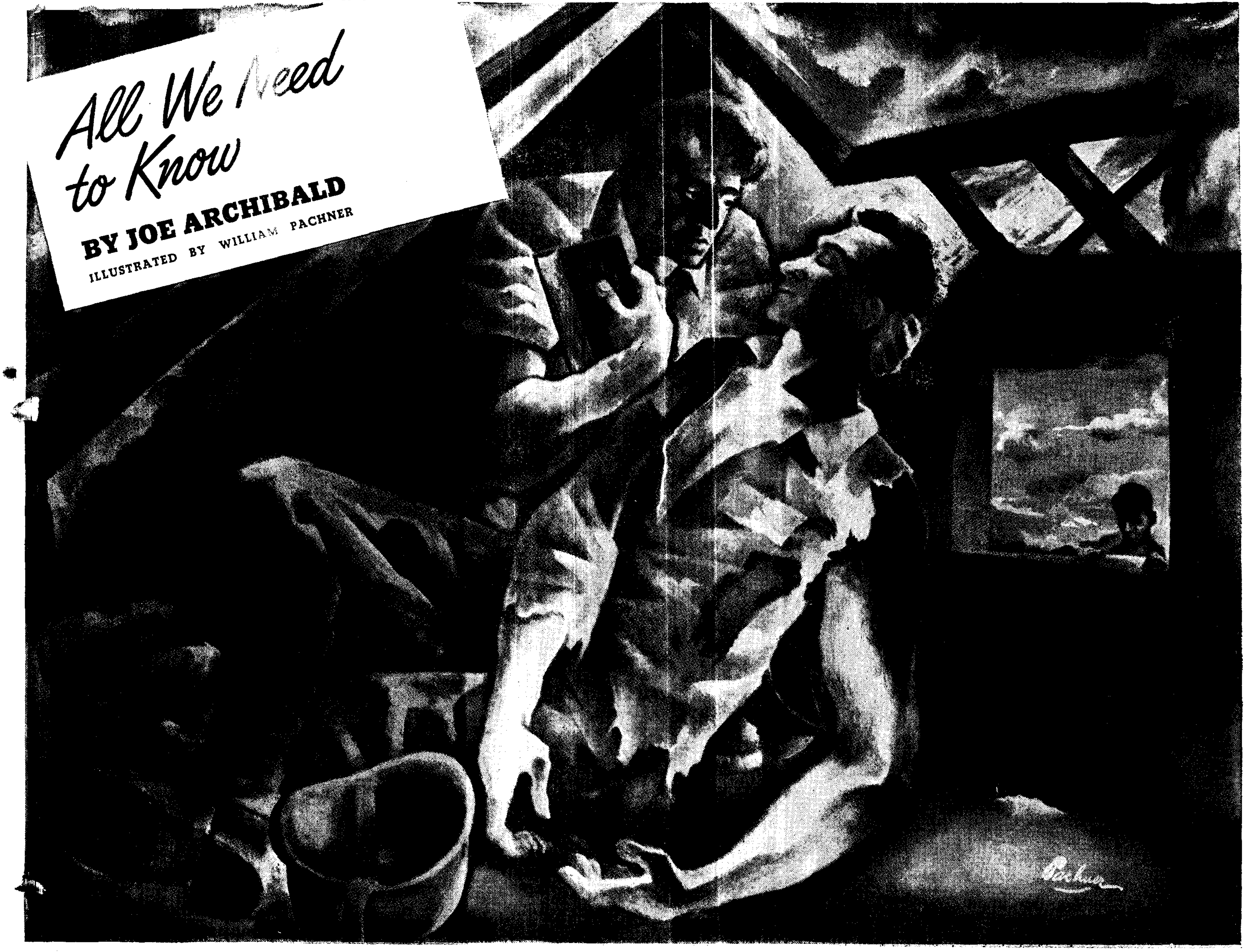
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

Bermuda claims we are ruining her lime-and-coral roads with our 400 jeeps and trucks. Here one catches up with Lt. John Mare and Lt. Comms. John Foley and John Beard. Beard wears the new white shorts

All We Need to Know

BY JOE ARCHIBALD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER



OLLIE MUNGER, crouching beside the badly wounded soldier in the ruins of the French farmhouse, remembered something that had taken place in the long ago. A man's words were passing through his tired mind with the waves of concussion that fanned out in ever-widening concentric circles from the Nazi 88 bursts straddling a road only three hundred yards away.

He had done all he could for Corporal Willie Raban, Ollie kept telling himself. He had eased his pain with the morphine syrettes, had moistened his parched lips with the water Willie had begged to be allowed to drink. But the corporal had a stomach wound.

"The padre," Willie kept mumbling through his fog. Close to the edge, Willie looked even younger than his twenty-two years.

"Look, Willie, I told you the padre can't—" Private Munger got up quickly, suddenly ashamed of his impatience with a man who would not see another sun. He looked up into the blue sky visible through a gaping hole in the roof and felt surges of uncertainty and doubt; a natural reluctance to probe into the depths of something both strange and mystifying, lest dire consequences result and more harm than good be accomplished.

The corporal stirred when a shell hit closer and loosened crumbs of masonry that spattered his face. He was mumbling again, and Munger knew what he was trying to say and he dropped his head in his hands and tried not to look at Willie Raban's face. In a little while, he would be alone, and Willie no longer would be asking for something he could not have, but which good men like Raban ought to have before they leave this world.

Soon the only voice Ollie would hear would be that one inside his head, the one he had heard in a little Vermont town the night a child was born.

THE storm had lashed the countryside for over forty-eight hours. Great trees had fallen, and the Connecticut was overflowing its banks. In a little room off the kitchen of the isolated farmhouse, a life was struggling to be born, and Ollie Munger's mother was calling for the doctor because she knew there was very little time left to her. Ollie's father was at her side, trying to tell her why the doctor could not get there. When he came out of the room, the lines in his face were etched deep and there was panic in his eyes. "If he don't get here soon—"

A man came in out of the storm, the minister of the little white church down in the village. He shook his head. "No sign of him, Sam. He can't ever make it. It's something we're not fit to do, but there's no one else." As he spoke, the parson was rolling up his sleeves. He ordered Ollie to put lots of water on the stove to boil, and to Sam Munger he said, "It's all there in the book, Sam—all we have to know. Go and get it."

Ollie's father went into the parlor and came out with a big book his son knew well. More than once, the magic it contained had healed one of Ollie's small wounds. His father said, "You're the doctor, Parson. Her life is in your hands. I'll stand by, but mine are too clumsy for this kind of work."

When the two men had finally come out of that room, Ollie remembered, they did not seem the least bit proud of what they had accomplished Rather there was the fear of what they might have done written plainly in their eyes. His father had said, "Everythin's all right, son. You got a sister."

Now it was Ollie who had The Book. All he had to know was between its covers. He bent over the corporal and said, "Willie, can you hear me?" He was more afraid of the situation than the dying man, he knew. His hands were moist.

"Is it the padre?"

"No, Willie, it's me—Munger. The padre's on his way, Willie; so just take it easy an' hang on."

He went out into the bright sunlight and stood near a shattered apple tree and took a package from his pocket and removed its ragged wrappings. The sun shone on the captain's bars as he pinned them to his shoulders and sent tiny shards of light from the little gold crosses he fastened to both sides of his shirt collar. With hands that shook violently, he opened a small leather-bound book that had crisp leaves edged with gold. He walked back to Willie Raban and knelt down and lifted the corporal's head.

"It's the padre," he said. He saw the dying man's eyes brighten and he took courage from the slow, quiet smile that came to his face.

"Thanks, Padre. I couldn't have waited much longer—"

It's something we aren't fit to do but there's no one else. It's all there in the book— Private Munger kept that voice in his mind as he turned the pages of The Book, and it seemed he would never find the right place. He had one long moment of dreadful uncertainty when a shell struck closer, its flash of light and deafening thunder seeming to hold a grim significance a warning he felt should not be ignored.

"Hurry, Padre—"

THE fine print was jumbled at first. Ollie gripped The Book hard and told himself it was all right for him to go on, otherwise that shell would have struck much closer.

He read the lines that were not very familiar to him, and the corporal repeated them after him, his head against Ollie's chest. An 88 shell kicked up great gobbets of dirt that pelted down upon the roof and sent fragmentation whining off the walls, and for a few moments, Ollie Munger hesitated and did not believe he could finish. But the corporal's hand reached for one of the gold crosses and brushed it with his finger tips. Here was a man who dared not meet what was beyond without some preparation, and this man said again, almost inaudibly, "Hurry, Padre—"

When Ollie was finished and The Book was closed, he saw a peaceful expression come over the corporal's face

Private Munger went on with the work at hand, and when he came to a certain place in the ritual, he hurriedly gave some emergency K ration to the corporal. There was no bread. He moistened Willie's lips with water, for there was no wine. When he was finished and The Book was closed, he saw a strange, peaceful expression come over the corporal's face, a peace beyond all his understanding. And for the first time since he was very small, Ollie Munger knelt and said a prayer of his own, asking that he be forgiven if he had done something he was not fit to do, and at the same time reminding the Lord of something one of His own had done once when the logical man for the work had been unable to officiate.

Everything was quiet. Even the Nazi batteries were still when he walked out into the sunlight, carefully rewrapping the captain's bars, the small crosses and The Book in their piece of olive-drab cloth.

That morning, up there where the action had been thickest, Ollie had promised to send them home to the padre's mother.

a short short story complete on this page

From POLL *to* POLL

BY AMY PORTER

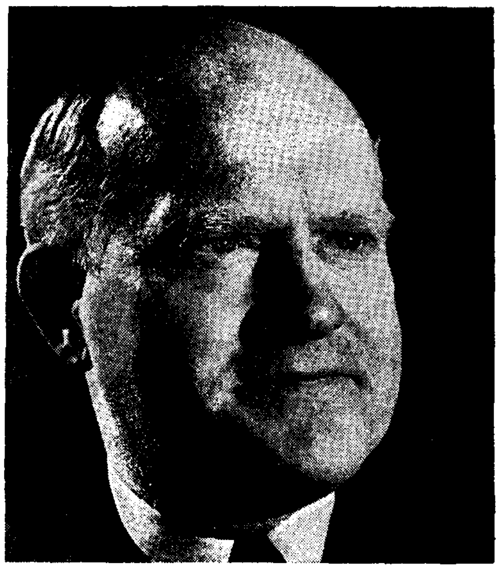
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

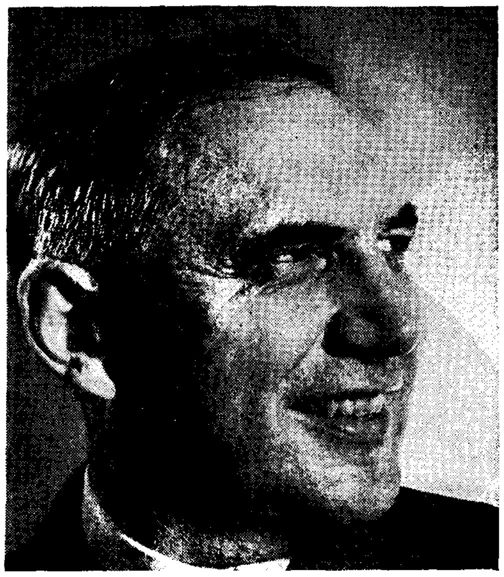
This is a tough season for the men and women who check up on how the country will vote, what the Middle West thinks about straw hats and Hedy Lamarr, and who will buy what gadget. When a pollster questions you, remember that his boss has a lot at stake in the election results

Famous pollster Dr. Gallup says, "Polls prove the people have wisdom and vision"

Elmo Roper holds record for accuracy in 1940 election. His error: ½ of 1%

Archibald Crossley, radio pollster, says, "For us, the election is the pay-off"





Business asks Claude Robinson to find public's opinion on policies, products

Princeton's Dr. Hadley Cantril watches polls, finds them "a wholesome influence"

SUPPOSE you have two million dollars and you can't decide how to invest it. The manager of one of your companies wants you to put it into a new product, but you aren't convinced the product will sell.

Would you, in such a case, ask the advice of a banker? A businessman? An astrologer? One man asked the advice of a public-opinion poll-taker—and won.

The poll-taker interviewed a cross section of possible customers and reported that the proposed product would have a quick, sure sale. The moneyed man invested his two million accordingly—and has long since had his investment back.

It is incidents like this that have stepped up the prestige of public-opinion polls, making them one of the fastest-growing industries in the country. In 1930 the business of finding out what you, the people, think was hardly more than the hobby of a few men. Now it is a big business, and influential. Last year, private polling organizations spent some ten million dollars for your thoughts, and this year they'll spend more. The government has gone into opinion polling, too, and is now the biggest user of opinion research in the country.

Everybody is crazy to know what everybody else thinks about everything, from the food we eat to the laws we pass and the religion we live by—and the pollsters claim they can find the answers.

But a day of reckoning for the pollsters is coming up on November 7th. If that day proves they hit it right on who will be the next President, their stock will go up. If they guess wrong, they stand to lose much of the prestige they've built up in the past decade. It's a hot spot for the pollsters because from where they sit this looks like the closest Presidential race since the Wilson-Hughes event of 1916.

Between now and Election Day, Messrs. George Gallup, Elmo Roper and Archibald Crossley, the nation's leading election pollsters, will spend many thousands of dollars testing the trend of public opinion. They'll increase the frequency of their polls from one a week, to two, to daily. Their findings will claim front-page space in the newspapers along with war news. You'll hear them quoted as authorities by some political speakers, berated as misleading mischief-makers by others. And bookies will take their say-so into account in fixing odds on election bets.

So far the pollsters have been amazingly right. In 1940, Gallup, Roper and Crossley all picked Roosevelt, none of them missing the correct figure on the popular vote by more than three per cent. Roper was right within one half of one per cent. Out of 114 predictions on local, state and national elections, Gallup has had an average error of only four per cent.

They'd better be right again, for, as Crossley says, "If we are right about the President, our customers and the public will believe us on other issues where accuracy cannot be checked by votes. The election is the payoff."

Through the polls the people have spoken good sense on many issues. Often they have been ahead of their political leaders. They were correct on the value of airpower before the experts; they urged military conscription long before it became law. Four years before Pearl Harbor they were opposed to the shipment of American oil and scrap to Japan, and they favored controls on inflation before such controls were put into effect.

In fact, the polls, if you accept them as accurate, can convince you that democracy is a pretty good thing. Doctor Gallup says: "Opinion polls provide sound statistical proof to back up the major premise of democracy, which is belief in public opinion."

The pollsters claim their technique is so precise that they can discover what any or all of us think about anything at any time. Does anyone wish to know what the blue-eyed farmers living below the Mason and Dixon's line with yearly incomes of $1,500, who voted Democratic in 1936 and Republican in 1940, think about farm subsidies? Or straw hats? Or Hedy Lamarr? Or television? Pay the fee, and the pollsters will give you the answers.

Perhaps you protest: "They certainly don't know what I think. Nobody ever interviewed me or any of my friends."

Opinions Run True to Type

The pollsters contend, however, that if they didn't interview you, they did interview your proxy—a person of the same age, sex, race, religion, income, education, political affiliation, living in the same type of setting (farm, town, city) and the same section of the country as you. They have interviewed you or your proxy, not only on whom you want for President, but as to your opinion on birth control, politicians, family airplanes, taxes, movie stars, life after death, venereal disease, socialized medicine, drafting of women, patterns in rugs, racial prejudice, labor leaders and so on and on and on.

Even if it makes you mad when the pollsters presume to speak for you without your permission, any vote test shows that your proxy thinks as you—and many other people in your same circumstances—think.

The pollsters may never get around to interviewing you. Say that 3,000 people, selected as a cross section of the 90,000,000 adults in the country, are interviewed on a given question. Your chance of being one of them is only one in 30,000—or about as much chance as you used to have of getting a horse in the Irish Sweepstakes.

The three pollsters we have named are in the public eye because their findings appear regularly in the public prints, which pay them for their work. Doctor George Gallup, the best-known name in the business, reports on his regular weekly Institute of Public Opinion polls in 121 newspapers. Elmo Roper, providing a similar service to Fortune magazine, is widely quoted in newspapers everywhere. Archibald Crossley, known primarily for his "Crossley ratings" of radio-program popularity, goes into political polling only for Presidential elections, with his findings appearing in the newspapers served by Hearst.

These polls you read about in the papers are the more showy part of the business but are not by any means the whole of it. Far more money goes into poll-taking for private clients. Gallup, Roper and Crossley each serve private customers as well as newspapers, and besides them, there are some six or seven other prominent pollsters not connected with any publications. Manufacturers, professional groups and the government hire the poll-takers to find the right answers. These private findings are not, usually, for publication.

The government, believing with General MacArthur that "one cannot wage war under present conditions without the support of public opinion," seeks out that opinion on thousands of issues.

Do the people understand what causes inflation? A poll shows the extent of ignorance on this subject and points the way for an educational campaign.

Painful shortages of flatirons and of children's underwear were revealed to the War Production Board through opinion polls, whereupon restrictions on the manufacture of these items were eased.

An OPA survey showed that Form A—a financial report required of many businesses—was driving men crazy. Whereupon Form A was shaved from 20 pages of confusion to four intelligible pages.

Why do soldiers gripe? The government wants so much to know why, that it does continuous opinion research among enlisted men, and some Army studies on the subject of fear are now under way, via the pollsters.

Big business, like the government, realizes that it must listen to public opinion. Industrial polls represent about 90 per cent of the work done by Roper and Crossley. Claude Robinson, a former associate of Gallup, also finds the answers for many industries through his Opinion Research Corporation. Robinson polled the public on the guaranteed annual wage plan, and found that the people think industry might do more toward giving the worker year-around security. At the same time they recognize the problem an employer would have in meeting fixed annual wages in times of depression.

Now several companies—Proctor & Gamble, Hormel, and others—are experimenting with plans which partially meet the workers' annual wage demand. Firms which thus heed the trend of public opinion anticipate possible future laws and gain the good will of their customers (the public) and of their employees.

The National Physicians Committee, worried by the threat of socialized medicine, asked Robinson to sound out public opinion. A poll showed that a vast majority were determined to have some sort of medical insurance, government or otherwise. So the physicians immediately set to work with insurance companies to devise some system of medical insurance which would render government medicine unnecessary.

Moviemakers use the polls to find out what the public wants *before* a picture is made. RKO, Columbia, Selznick and Disney have paid out more than a half-million

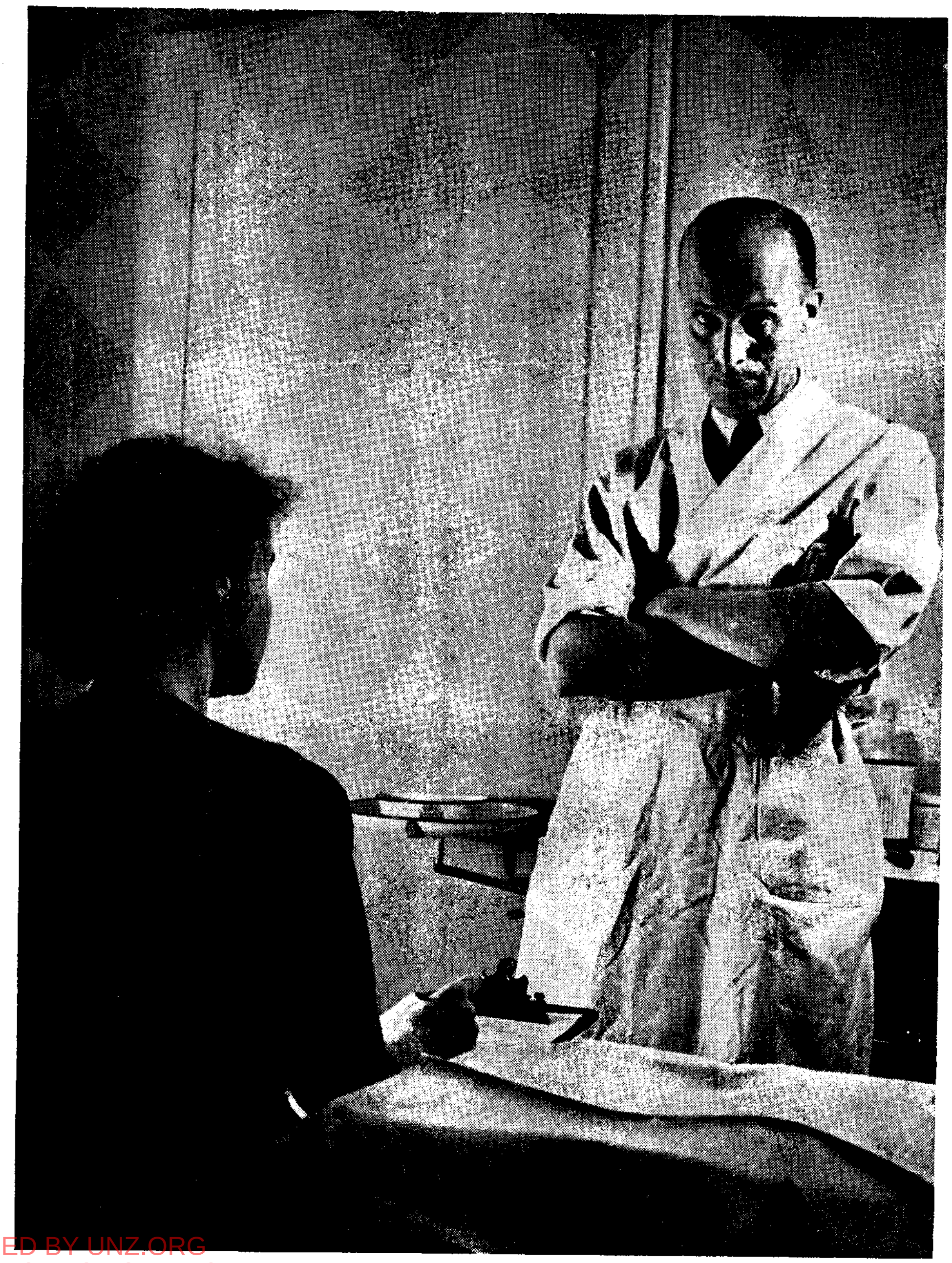
(Continued on page 48)

Would you be for the U.S. joining a union of nations Beauty Shop Operator Christine Howell is among 74% who answered "Yes"

Women movie stars are more popular with their own sex than with men. Mrs. John P. Chubet 3d is interviewed for Audience Research

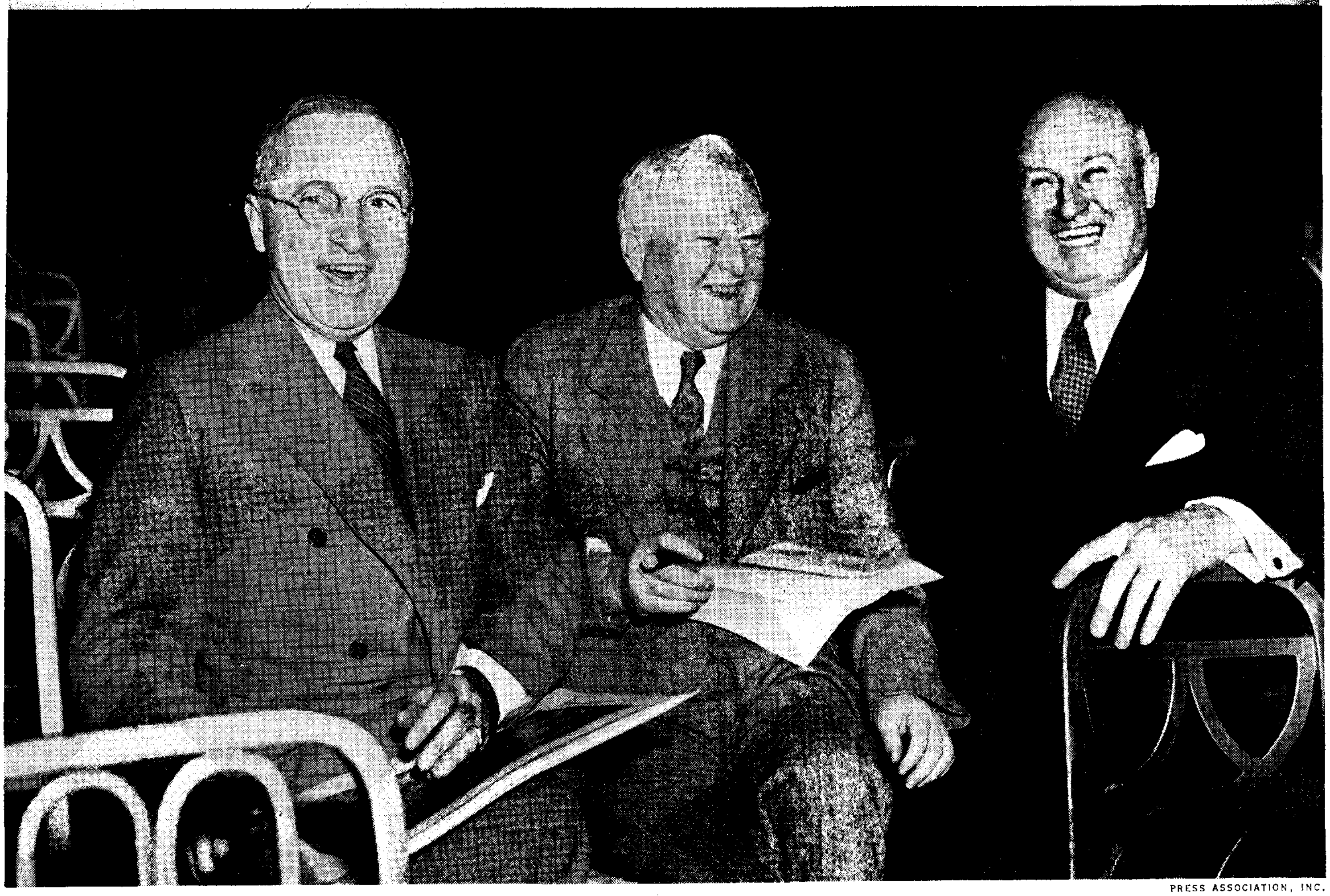
Question of the moment: If the election were today would you vote for Dewey or Roosevelt? Grocer Homer Hill says, "Wel-ll, now let me see . . ."

Have you heard of the guaranteed annual wage plan? Dr. Lorean H. Odden was among 26% who had heard of it, so was qualified to give his opinion



TRUMAN OF MISSOURI

BY GEORGE CREEL



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Three Democratic bigwigs of 1936—Senator Truman, left, Vice-President John N. Garner and James A. Farley

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

The senator was a little more serious when he posed with Tom Pendergast, Kansas City boss who later was sent to jail, at the National Convention of 1936

More than thirteen years ago, on January 1, 1931, Truman (center) took the oath of office as Presiding Judge of the County Court of Jackson County

Here's the story of Harry S. Truman, the Democratic nominee for Vice-President. The Republicans call him a stooge of the bosses, and the Democrats call him a statesman. This nonpartisan account may help you to form your own opinion

AFTER long years during which Vice-Presidential candidates wore identification badges, and even then were never introduced by their proper names, now comes a campaign where the hind half of a ticket is a storm center, exciting almost as much debate as the standard bearer himself. Not John W. Bricker—there's no question about him—but Harry S. Truman. Is he fugleman or robot? Paladin or peewee? With these questions on every tongue, the competence of Mr. Roosevelt's current running mate is the nearest thing the country has to a burning issue.

Republicans leave no doubt as to their views. Pulling no punches, they insist that Senator Truman has never been anything but the dutiful, unasking stooge of powerful Democratic bosses, starting with malodorous Tom Pendergast and ending up as the choice of the Flynn-Kelly-Hague-Hannegan combine for the Vice-Presidential nomination—a colorless mediocre; a drab fetch-and-carry! First tossed the petty job of county judge, then jerked out of obscurity to make good on Pendergast's boast that he could "send an office boy to the Senate of the United States," a man so essentially machine-minded, say the Republicans, that he rushed to the defense of his patron when Pendergast stood naked and exposed, not only as a bribetaker, but as the boss who debauched a decent American community by turning it over to ballot-box stuffers, dope peddlers, brothel keepers, panderers and murder gangs.

Democrats, on the other hand, protest indignantly that Senator Truman is the soul of honesty, the last word in political integrity. Henchman, indeed! Every one of his several nominations came to him because of his high standing, proved ability and personal popularity. True, Tom Pendergast turned out to be a bad man, but the senator was ever without knowledge of any evil activity. At the time of the boss' indictment, he made no defense, but simply refused to join in the hue and cry against a man who had given him unfailing support without once asking an improper favor. When did loyalty cease to be a virtúe? And, ask the Democrats, where is there more convincing proof of statesmanship, courage and independence than the work of the Truman Committee?

A senseless, useless wrangle, for the facts in Harry Truman's case are about as [illegible] as a circus poster. His service in the Senate is a matter of record, and his Missouri career is no less open. Out in Jackson County, where he has lived all of his life, the game of politics is played in a goldfish bowl.

Brought up on his grandmother's farm near Independence, Harry Truman went to school in that quiet county seat and was known as a shy, unassertive boy without much push. Quitting high school in 1903 at the age of seventeen, he decided to carve out a career in Kansas City, ten miles away. No Horatio Alger hero, he moved from one minor job to another and, after three years, took his discouragement back to the farm. There he spent ten years between plow handles, and is still proud of the fact that in those days he could plow the straightest furrow of any farmer in Jackson County.

From Hero to Haberdasher

Then came the World War. Long a member of a local battery, Farmer Truman went overseas as lieutenant in the 129th Field Artillery, and there is no dispute as to the excellence of his Army record. Promoted to a captaincy, he led his men through Saint-Mihiel and the Argonne, and won their devotion by steadfastness and courage. Returning a major, he pooled funds with a buddy and opened a haberdashery store in Kansas City. His failure in 1921 was due to the nationwide depression.

Now came a lucky break that was to be the first of many in Harry Truman's career. A nephew of Tom Pendergast had served under him in France, and the admiring soldier went to the boss with a suggestion that his old commander be given a political office. The boost came at a good time, for Pendergast was about to drive for control of the rural districts outside Kansas City, matching his "goats" against Joe Shannon's "rabbits." Due to the nephew's recommendation, Truman was nominated for county judge in the Independence district, and won handily. A Shannon bolt beat him in 1924, but two years later he was elected presiding judge and held the office continuously until 1934.

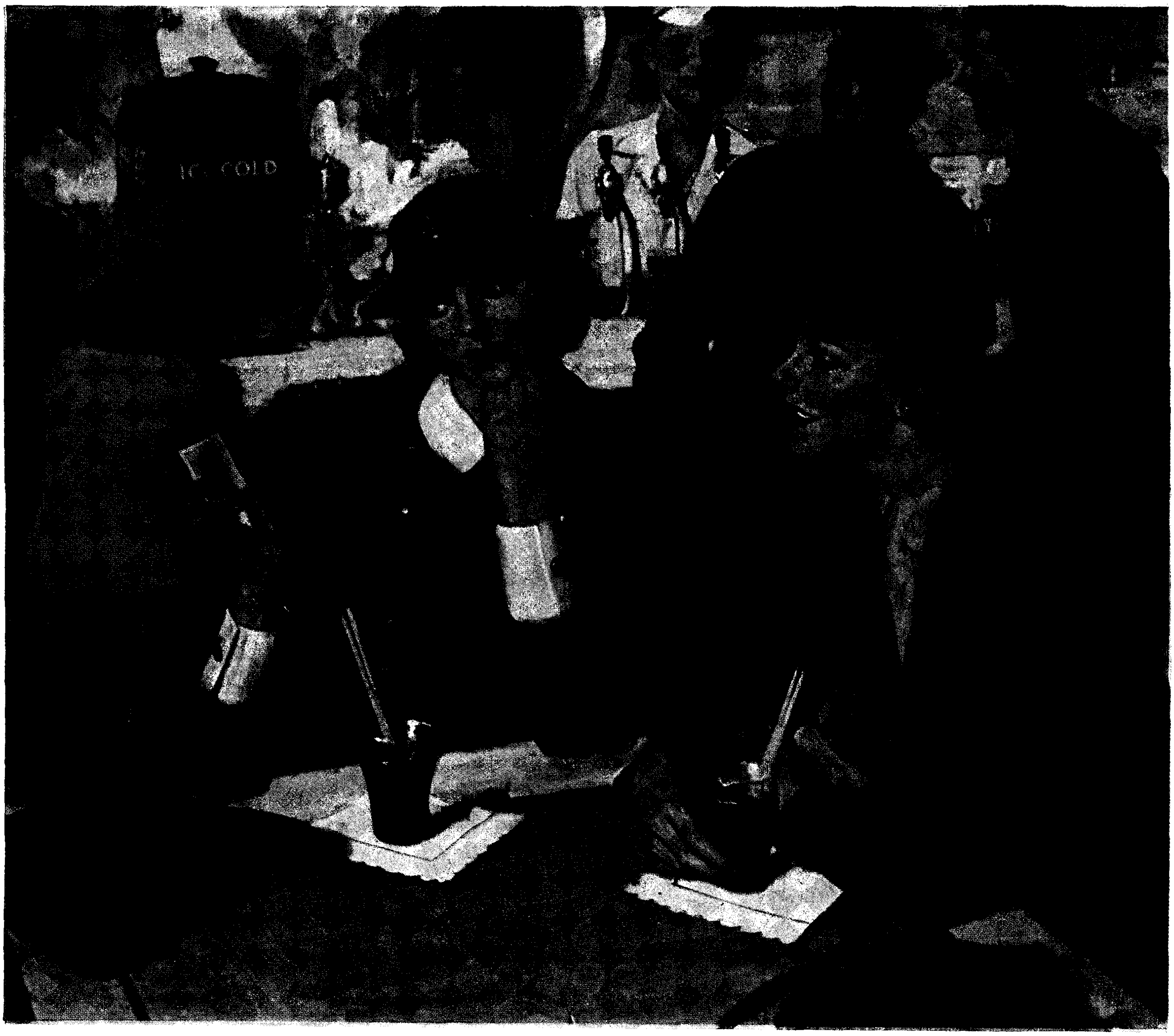
It was not a post that required legal training, being a purely administrative office concerned with roads and public buildings, yet Harry Truman studied law at night and added to his high-school education by extension courses. Asked about his years as county judge, he admits freely to having been a "Pendergast man," but insists that his contacts with the boss were few and casual until 1927.

"That was when a bond issue carried for a fairly large construction program," Senator Truman relates. "With millions to be spent, and political contractors expecting preferred treatment, I figured it a good idea to have a heart-to-heart talk with Pendergast. I told him straight that I would not play favorites. Not only would every contract go to the low bidder, but I intended to appoint nonpartisan boards of engineers and architects to pass on plans and progress. Tom Pendergast gave me his word that I could have a free hand, and he kept it."

By way of substantiation, the construction program, involving the expenditure of $60,000,000, went through without stirring a breath of suspicion. Harry Truman's ability may be a matter of debate, but his honesty is conceded in Jackson County.

(Continued on page 63)

Have a Coca-Cola = You're my kind



...or allies enjoy a friendly pause

There's a friendly phrase that speaks the allied language. It's *Have a "Coke"*. Friendliness enters the picture when ice-cold Coca-Cola appears. Over tinkling glasses of ice-cold "Coke", minds meet and hearts are closer together. It's a happy custom that's spreading 'round the globe. Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become an everyday high-sign of friendliness among people of good will.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

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Coca-Cola
-the global high-sign

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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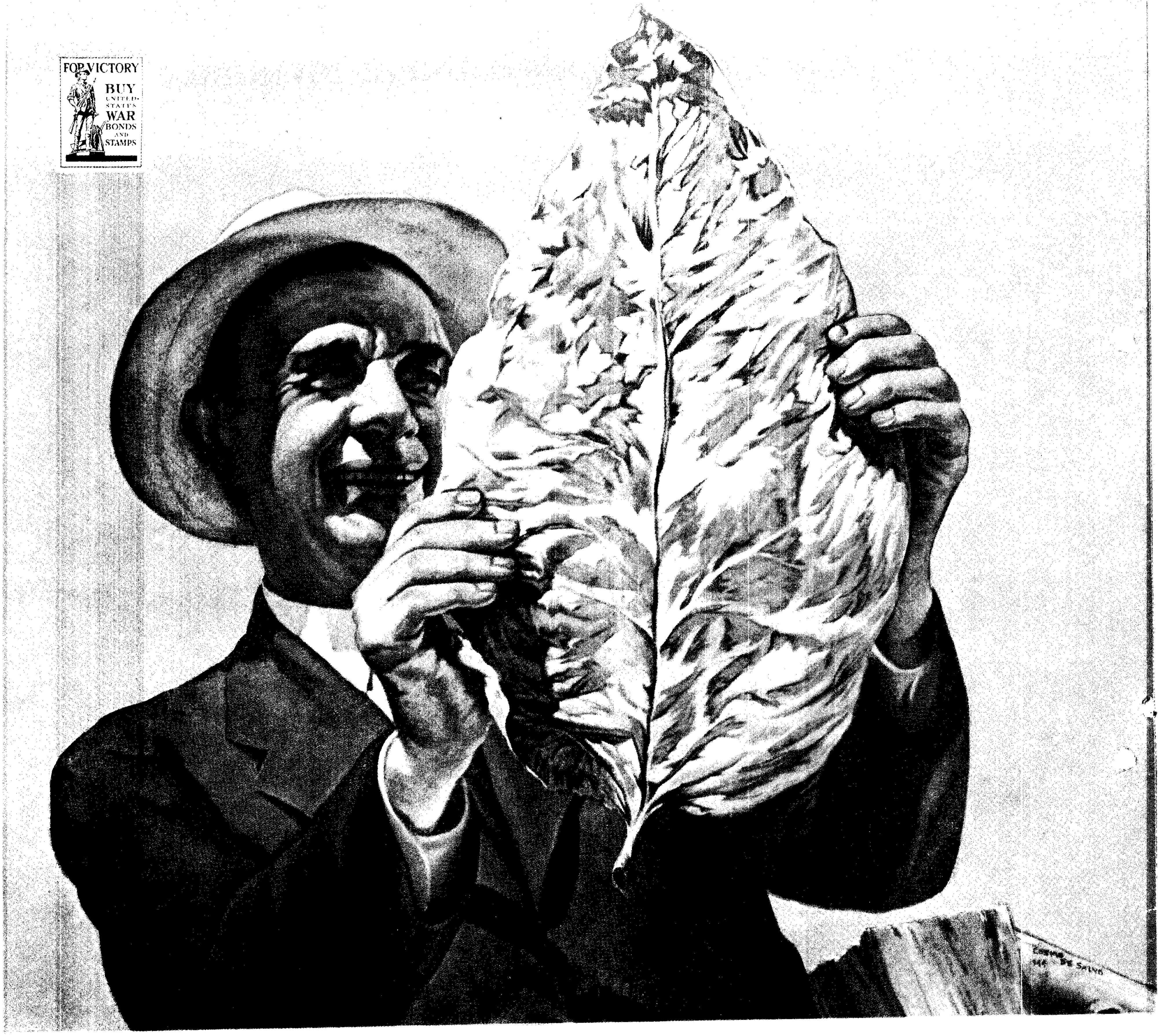
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
DE SALVO

"Yes, sir, ***that's fine tobacco-***"

LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco

Yes, sir! L.S./M.F.T.

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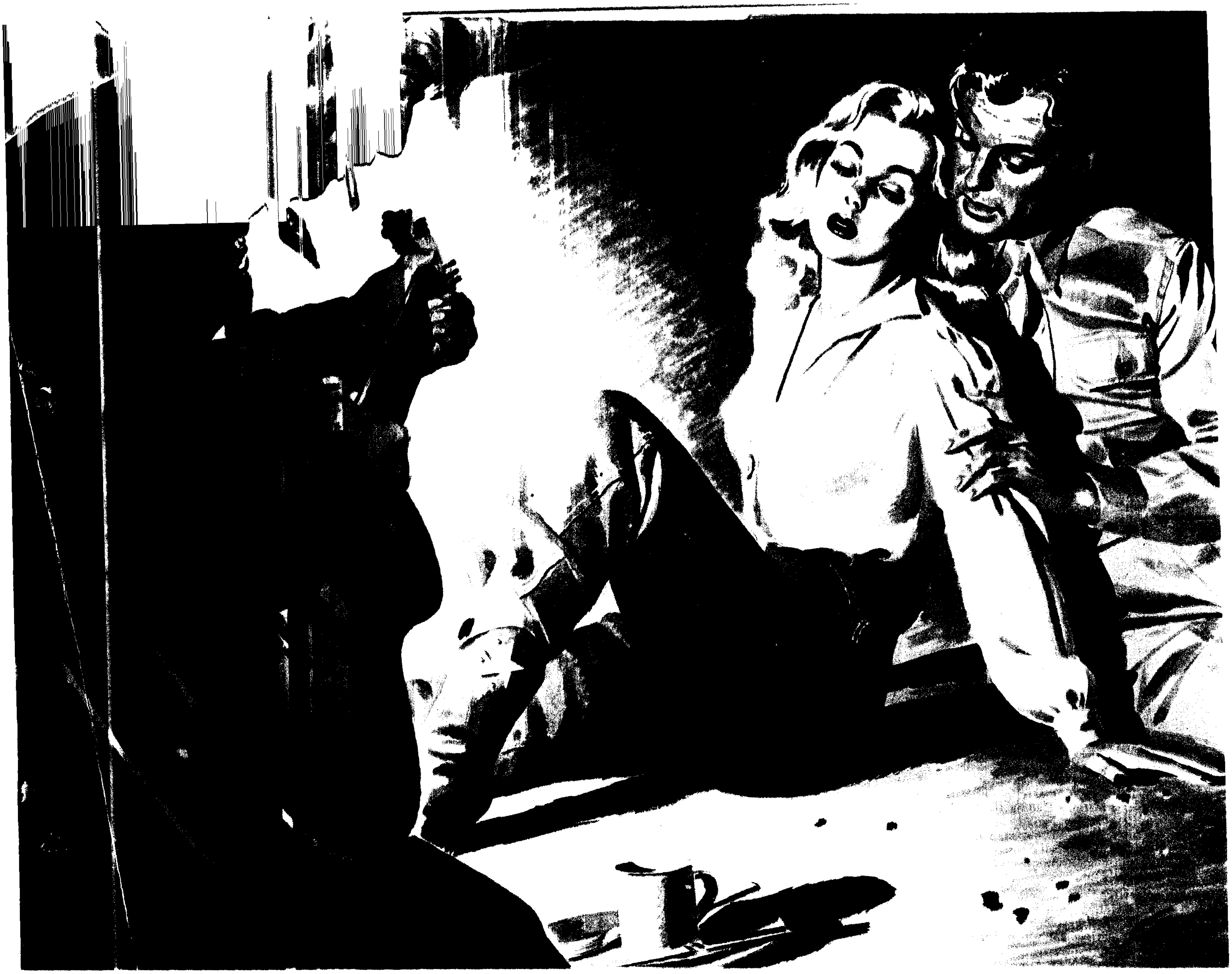

"You're laughing at me," Joan said. The sergeant put his hand on her arm. "Don't get that idea," he said. "I just wanted you to forget about everything up here"

The LAVENDER LAND

By Ann Chidester

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A kiss was just a kiss to Joan. She had fortified herself against love, but the sergeant knew a few things about tactics

IN THIS place where she had come to forget about Hal, it was still summer, even though it was already late September. Every afternoon, she would lie on the flat roof of her Uncle Dennis' big adobe house and close her eyes and not think of anything. It was very silent and wide and blue up in this mountainous country—not like the beach in California. Not like any place she had ever known. The air was thinner, and the silence was broader and seemed natural to this place, except when the Indian, Alberto, came up the narrow road, whistling in the late afternoon, his cart jogging and his load of piñon wood clattering a bit—except when that happened, there was no sound at all.

She usually lay there without reading or thinking. Sometimes, just to relieve the silence, she would switch on the little blue radio. She never listened to it, and besides, the mountains grounded it so that there was no good music until evening when you could get Salt Lake City. It didn't matter. She did not want to hear music or to think, because the center of her was dead now. Nothing moved or lived within her. She was just someone named Joan Slade lying on the roof in a white play suit, very tan from oiling her arms and legs and face, and then lying there afternoons—every afternoon for almost a month now. Her mother disapproved of it and said so.

"Darling," she said every morning, "you ought to go out and help in the orchard or ride to town or take long walks—do anything."

"Leave the kid alone," Uncle Dennis said. "When she wants to do something, she'll do it."

Well, she didn't want to do anything. Nothing meant very much to her. Things seemed to lose color and shape and she lived in what Uncle Dennis called "a lavender land." There were no other words for this that was neither dreaming nor being awake—just a kind of shadowy thing with lavender all through it.

She lay with her hands above her head, open and relaxed, and her eyes closed. Alberto, the Indian, was walking around the *romada*. He walked softly, and she would not have known he was there if he had not kept singing a slow, primitive tune under his breath.

It made her feel very sleepy. Alberto was a somnambulist, and the tune kept going over and over like the sleepy droning of bees. She rolled on her stomach and looked through the posts that went from the floor to the roof. Alberto was filling the wood baskets. Her mother came out to talk to him.

Up in the small canyon where the plum trees were, a horse scuttled up the grade. That would be the sergeant who came down from the mountain every afternoon for the mail. She could tell from the way he sat on the horse that it was the sergeant. She clasped her hands tightly and lay flat on the roof hoping he would not see her. She knew it was no use, but she always hoped anyhow.

"When you go back to town, Alberto, please take my saddle to the leather shop," she heard her mother saying. Her mother was a young-looking woman and she was always writing letters. Joan understood that it was hard to have her father gone, but she had no strong sympathy for her mother. At least, her mother had had that long time with her father, and her father was a military man and expected to be away during a war.

THEY had had their life together, while she had never had any time with Hal—only a kind of childish, bickering time when they were growing up together. She put one hand hard over her mouth and squinted her eyes behind the dark glasses. A pain that was sharp lunged through her.

"Hi," she heard the sergeant say. He was standing on a top rung of the ladder and was looking at her.

"Go away," she said.

He got up on the roof, and she was in the shadow of him. She opened her eyes. He was very big and slow, and his ears stood out from his head. He always wanted to talk. Now he took off his blouse and lay on the other mat where Uncle Dennis often lay.

"Boy!" he said. "This is the life." (*Continued on page 66*)

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Earth and HIGH HEAVEN

Continued from page 18

He shook his head.

Erica moved over so that she was lying with her head on his shoulder. "What were you like when you were a little boy?" she asked suddenly, after another brief silence.

"Why?"

"You've told me a lot, but there are still too many gaps."

"Where shall I start?"

"Well . . ." She thought, and then asked, "Have you always lived in the same house?"

He nodded.

"What's it like?"

"It's just a house, with a big veranda in front and a lot of trees around it, and a garden at the back that slopes slightly down toward the garage, so in winter when the snow is melting, the water in front of the garage is about a foot deep. David and I used to get hold of some planks every year and paddle around on them till we fell off. It was wonderful," he said reminiscently. "The water was good and muddy."

Erica wanted to know about the inside of the house and, after struggling, Marc finally produced the information that the sitting room contained some ferns or something in brass pots, and a canary named Mike that never sang.

"How long have you had Mike?"

"Oh, years. He must be pretty old by now."

After trying to visualize a sitting room furnished with brass pots and one aging canary, Erica gave up. "What about your room?"

He was much more satisfactory on the subject of his own room. He even told her that there was a large spot on one corner of the carpet where, years ago, the afternoon plane on the Moscow-Zagreb line running above his desk had come down too low, picked up a bottle of ink and deposited it somewhere in Transylvania.

Erica laughed and then asked, "How did the planes work?"

"On wires. They had hooks on the nose and tail so you could attach them to the wire on one side of the room and they'd shoot down the slope to the landing field on the other. I kept building more planes and rigging more wires, and our maid kept complaining to Mother that whenever she tried to get in there to clean, the wires either caught in her hair or tripped her up. Mother was sympathetic, but that was about as far as she was willing to go. Then David came home from his first year at medical school, and I lost interest in airplanes and began dissecting frogs all over the house and filling my room with bottles containing various forms of animal life, more or less preserved in alcohol."

"WHAT happened to the less preserved ones?"

"Mother used to go into my room and remove them when I was out," he said, sighing. "I remember being particularly annoyed about a small mud puppy which vanished when I was out fishing. Mud puppies are pretty rare and it had taken me weeks of digging around in swamps and streams before I finally found one. I felt that its scarcity value should have outweighed its smell. Mother didn't."

He said thoughtfully, "You know, I've always wondered what Mother did with those things. Do you suppose a young mud puppy, slightly overripe, would burn easily?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"I must ask her some time."

"What's her name?"

"Maria," he said, giving it the German pronunciation. "How are the gaps?"

"Filling up nicely, thank you."

"Mine aren't," Marc pointed out.

Erica was more interested in her own gaps than in his, and she asked, "When did you first decide you wanted to be a lawyer?"

"I don't know. I must have been pretty small, anyhow. I used to sit on the back fence and look at the Algoma Hills and dream of being a judge. I don't know what gave me the idea of going on the bench either; it must have been something I'd read."

There it is again, she thought, as the stone wall which had appeared for the first time that day back in June when Marc had said, "They don't take Jews," suddenly turned up again in front of her. She knew by now that there was no way of getting through it, over it or around it, but she had not yet learned to take it for granted. Whenever she was confronted with it, she always stopped and stared for a moment, while the conversation went on without her.

Marc, however, having been brought up with it, barely gave it a glance. He said, "By the time I got cured of that idea, it was too late to change my mind," and then asked immediately, reverting to his own gaps again, "What did you want to do when you grew up?"

"I wanted to be a conductor."

"On a tram?"

"Certainly not," said Erica indignantly. "I wanted to conduct an orchestra."

"And what happened?"

"Nothing, that was the trouble. I took theory and harmony and tried awfully hard, but no matter how hard I tried, I always ended up at the top of the class in English and at the bottom in music, so finally I got discouraged."

"Did you collect anything?"

"Yes. Later on, I collected rocks."

"What kind of rocks?"

"Any kind of rocks. After giving up music, I decided that I wanted to be a geologist."

"And what happened that time?"

Erica sighed, leaned over to reach the ash tray on the small table beside him; then, back on the pillows again, she remarked sadly, "Nothing happened then, either. I took various courses at McGill and tried awfully hard, but I still ended up at the head of my year in English and the bottom in geology, so then I . . ."

"Then you decided to be a journalist," said Marc.

"No, I decided to get married."

He looked at her, rather startled, and then said, his face clearing, "Oh, yes, I remember. You told me you were engaged to someone who was killed in a motor accident. That must have been pretty tough. How old were you?"

"Twenty-one. We were supposed to be married in June after I'd graduated. Well, I did graduate, but he was killed two weeks before the wedding."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Yes," said Erica.

AT THE end she remarked, "It seems now as though it had all happened to someone else, because I'm not the same person now that I was then. My whole life would have been different if I'd married him. I like it better the way it is, not just because it is this way, but because I've had to develop more and work harder and adapt myself to life, rather than arrange things so that it would more or less adapt itself to me. You see, he had quite a lot of money, and I don't know what would have happened to us, but we would probably have been much too comfortable for our own good."

"How old was he?"

"Twenty-six."

"What was his name?"

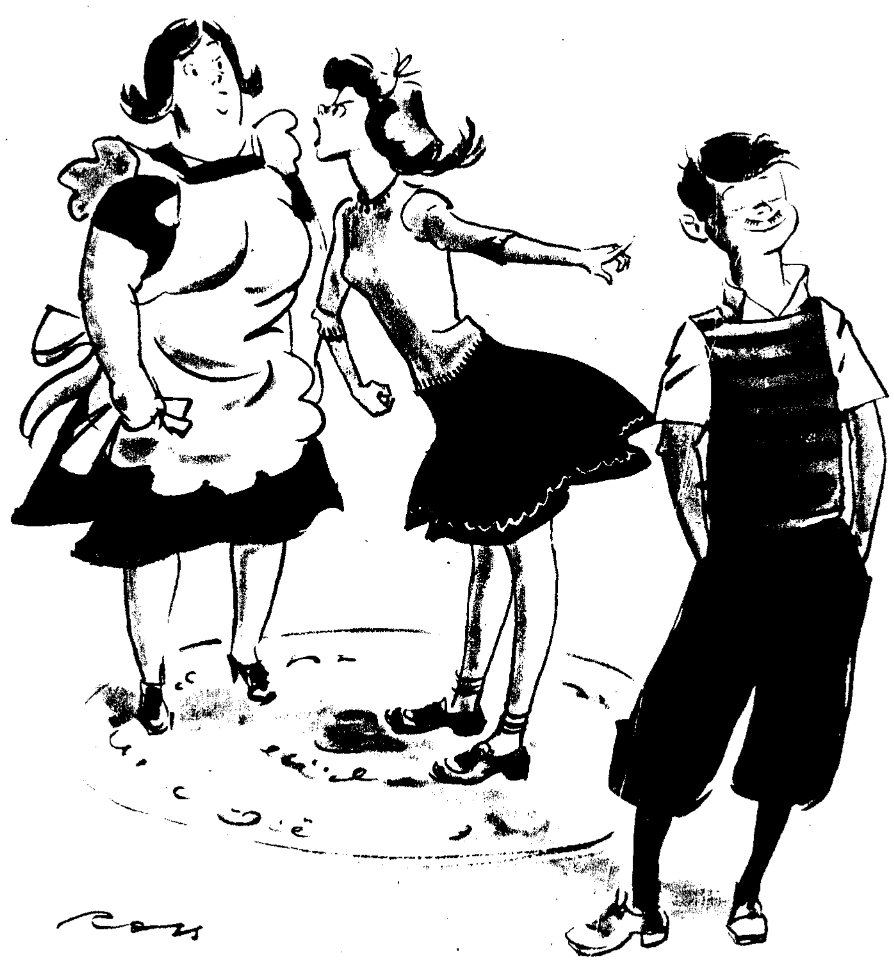
"Eric Gardiner. John's older brother." Leaning across him toward the bedside table again, she said, "You might put that ash tray where I can reach it, darling."

This time he caught and held her against him, murmuring into her hair, "Why should I? It's much nicer this way."

When he finally let her go, he said reflectively, "You know, Eric, this is one of the best things in life. . . ."

"What is?"

"Just talking. Maybe it's the only time it's really easy to talk, because you're so mixed up with someone else that you're not sure



COLLIER'S "Make him give me back my eyelashes!" AL ROSS

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO
REG. T.M.

Coming... finer FIRE-CHIEF *and* Sky Chief *gasolines because of Texaco's research in this war* which of you is which, and it's like talking to yourself."

"Is it always like this?"

"No, of course it isn't. Why?"

"Because I don't mind the idea of your having made love to other women before you met me—at least, not much—but I would object to your having got mixed up so you didn't know which was you and which was several other people. I mean it sounds sort of collective."

"Yes, it does, doesn't it? It sounds awful. I think I'm insulted, as a matter of fact, or I would be if there were any truth in it."

"Isn't there any?" asked Erica hopefully.

"Not an atom. I've never been mixed up with anyone but you."

"How do you like it?"

His expression changed as he looked at her and he said under his breath, "You know how much I like it, darling."

"Yes," said Erica faintly, and putting both her arms around him she said, "Well, kiss me, for heaven's sake."

AFTER a while he said, looking up at the ceiling, "I wasn't just talking when I told you that you'd never happened to me before and I know nothing like you will ever happen to me again. Life is pretty average, on the whole, and even when you fall in love, you feel the way 'most everybody else has felt at some time or other. You only hit perfection by accident. Have you ever been absolutely happy?" he asked suddenly. "I mean as though the whole world were an orchestra and, instead of playing more or less off key, for once in your life you managed to be in complete harmony and for one day, or just maybe for a couple of hours, everything was exactly right?"

"Yes, once," said Erica.

"Once for me, too."

"Tell me about yours first."

He said, "It was four years ago in October, 1938, when I was staying with David on a fishing trip. At least I was fishing, but he wasn't. Morning and morning we'd start out together, and then someone would fall off a horse or decide to have a baby or something, and I'd end up by going alone. Finally, the second-to-last day I was there, by some sort of coincidence nobody needed a doctor for once and off we went. It was early in the month, one of those autumn days when everything seems to be standing still, holding its breath and waiting . . ."

He broke off, trying to remember, with his eyes fixed on the mirror over the chest of drawers. The mirror dissolved into a window through which he could see, not the soft rise and fall of the Laurentians all around them, but the high, clear-cut barrier of the Algoma Mountains, guarding the north. He said, "I've got it. Listen:

"Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands
And all the day the blue jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

"Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

"It was like that. We walked through the bush and fished for a while and then had lunch and fished some more. We came out by a small lake just at sunset, and then we went home. That was all."

His eyes left the mirror and came back to her face and he said, "What about your day?"

"It wasn't a day, it was an evening in Paris the last time I was there, when Mimi and were walking down Champs Elysées all the way from the Arc de Triomphe to Place de la Concorde. Every time a car went by, it lighted up the lower branches of the trees, and then it was dark with just the street lamps and the moon again. Mimi was just as happy as I was. We couldn't even talk."

"Paris will never look like that again, Eric."

"It wasn't just Paris; it was the whole world."

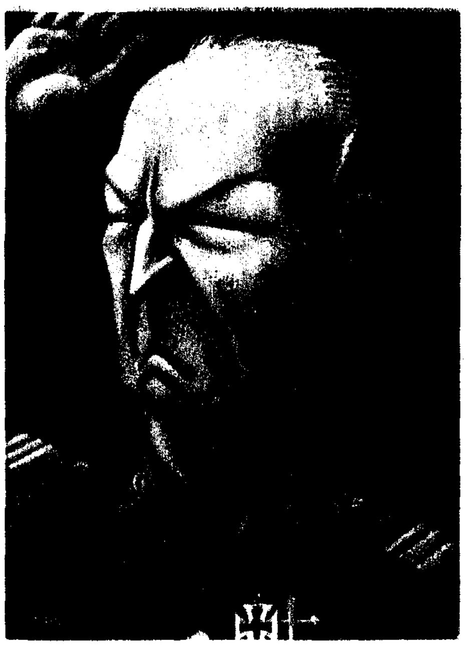
"Or the woods back of David's place in October, 1938." A moment later he said, looking straight ahead of him, "Or anyone else after you."

DAYS later, when she was trying to locate the exact moment at which she had received the first warning, the moment which marked the beginning of the final stage in their relationship, she was to remember the way he had said, "Or anyone else after you." There was no hope in his voice at that moment, either for a future with Erica or a future without her, only the first indication of his acceptance of a world in which the chances were a million to one against his ever managing to be in complete harmony again.

The moment went by unnoticed at the time, for immediately after, he said, "October, 1938," in a different tone, and after

(Continued on page 32)

THE *Guilty*



ION ANTONESCU

CARICATURE BY
MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

MARSHAL ION ANTONESCU, commonly known as the Red Dog, is Rumania's Fuehrer. Like all other Nazi puppets, he sits on a sword. By the time this piece appears, he may be listed among the missing, either liquidated by Hitler as a liability or else assassinated by the people he has betrayed. If, however, he manages to stay alive, he will stand with Vidkun Quisling and Pierre Laval when the victorious Allies arraign international criminals for base treacheries and mass murders.

There can be no understanding of Antonescu until his country itself is understood. "Rumania," the late Czar once remarked in a rare burst of intelligence, "is not a nation but a profession." And that profession, he went on to explain, was jackalism. Lacking both the strength and courage to drag down prey of their own, Rumanian leaders have made it an unfailing practice to feed on scraps from the lion's kill. Eaters of carrion!

In 1916, for example, Rumania entered the first World War on the side of the Allies, and went down to inglorious defeat without ever having won a skirmish. The rank and file might have fought, but the perfumed and painted officers always ran at the first shot. Nevertheless, the Rumanians fared handsomely at the peace table, getting Bessarabia from Russia, Bukovina from Austria, and Transylvania from Hungary, all in addition to loot on a grand scale. The unhappy Hungarians, in particular, were stripped until nothing was left but their fig leaves.

It was this postwar period that brought Ion Antonescu into prominence. A Transylvanian by birth, and educated in French military schools, he was a colonel at the time of the armistice. Sent to Budapest as head of the hijacking squads, he stole railroad equipment, livestock, foodstuffs, works of art, and even robbed the hospitals of medicines and instruments. Major General Harry Bandholtz, American member of the Inter-Allied Military Commission, denounced it as "common thievery," and on one occasion stood before the doors of the National Museum and beat off the looters with his riding crop.

A popular hero by reason of pillage and butchery, Antonescu climbed until he stood at King Carol's right hand as Chief of Staff. From this post he watched the steady ascent of Adolf Hitler, and planned to do in Rumania what the Austrian corporal had done in Germany. Slyly creating an Iron Guard in imitation of the Storm Troopers and fomenting pogroms against the Jews, the Red Dog began his plots against the throne, plentifully supplied with German money. Carol, however, struck first, and put Antonescu behind prison bars. A bold stroke, but Naz pressure forced the traitor's release, and the demanded his appointment as premier.

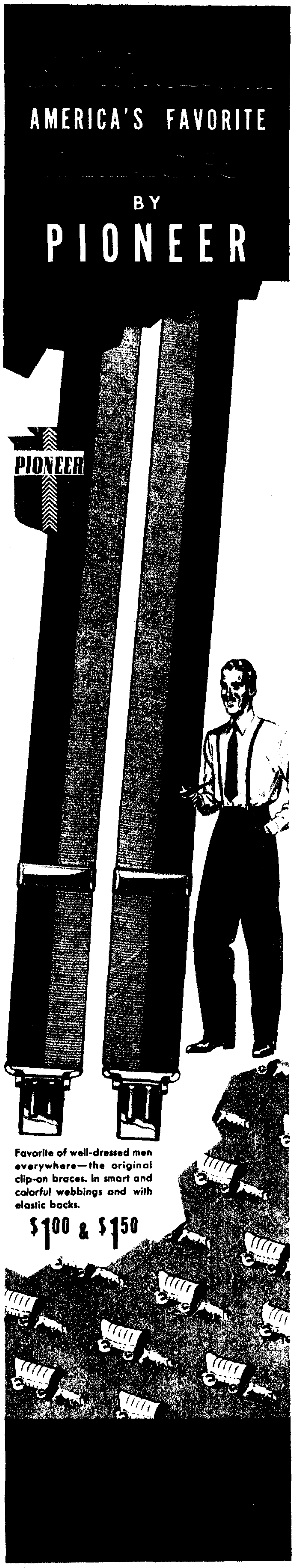
This was on September 5, 1940. One da later, the perjured creature proclaimed hi self dictator, and only Carol's hasty flig prevented his capture and execution. Do ning the green shirt of the Iron Guard, th Red Dog now followed Hitler's pattern i savage detail, killing political ener[illegible] an turning every ghetto into a shambles. On th heels of these slaughters he sent messages o love and loyalty to the Fuehrer and Il Duc

Under King Carol, suspected of pro-All inclinations, things had not gone well wit Rumania. Russia had repossessed Bessarab and grabbed Northern Bukovina, and Hur gary was again occupying Transylvania. A a full Axis partner, Antonescu set about th business of repairing these losses. His oppo tunity came on June 22, 1941, when Hitl broke his nonaggression pact with Russi and drove his Panzer divisions deep into th Ukraine.

Ahead of the Germans marched an arm of Rumanian peasants, herded like sheep the slaughter. Used only as living shields, b tween forty and fifty thousand were killed Odessa alone. German victories restor Bessarabia and northern Bukovina to Ant nescu's rule and, by way of compensation f Transylvania, Hitler gave him title to Tran Istria, the broad sweep of territory betwe the Dniester River and the Bug. Fine scra for the jackal, and the Red Dog applaud himself as another Caesar.

Premature rejoicing! The Germans strip Rumania with the thoroughness of a loc swarm, and even wholesale executions cou not still the revolt of a starving people. then the Russian juggernaut began to westward, and American airmen rained d struction from the skies. Panic-stricken, A tonescu and his rouged dandies screamed f help, and Hitler has been compelled to flo Rumania with troops sorely needed on oth fronts, and also with Gestapo agents to gua against the Red Dog's genius for treache How he must be cursing himself for expect courage and faith from jackals!

What will be the outcome cannot be to but this is sure: If Antonescu escapes exe tion and assassination, he will bound forw at the war's end, pleading that he was Hitl unwilling victim. Against this day, let crimes be remembered, his treacheries a the blood lusts that stained his homel with red innocent blood. . . . G



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FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

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(Continued from page 30)

another pause, he repeated it a third time, as though the words were the key to another memory of which all he could recall so far was its purely evil associations.

Not October, Erica thought. He is a month out.

She said, "May I have a cigarette, please?" He handed her the package and she took one and, after waiting a little, she asked for a match.

He said absently, "I'm sorry," and gave her the packet of matches.

"Our whippoorwill's back again." There was another pause and she asked, "Who wrote that poem?"

"Wilfrid Campbell."

It was no use. You could not hope to keep it out, even out of a hotel in the Laurentians at three o'clock in the morning, by talking about whippoorwills and poetry and asking for cigarettes and matches, and at last she said, "I know what you're thinking of. You've got the date wrong; it wasn't October, it was November, 1938."

"Yes," said Marc. "Yes, of course it was."

He put the ash tray down on the bed between them and remarked, "I'm glad it wasn't October, that would have been carrying escapism too far. Besides, I'd hate to have my pet memory go sour on me." He turned his head and smiled at her and said, "I don't know what I'm talking about."

"You hadn't any relatives in Germany, had you?"

"Yes, some of my mother's family, particularly my first cousin. He was about my age, and when I was over there in 1932 I stayed with them and he and I went on a hiking trip in Switzerland together. We were both students then. Afterward he took a degree in science and another one in law and got a job working on patents in one of the big chemical firms. He was pretty brilliant, and I guess the Nazis just decided to overlook him. Anyhow, he and his family managed to get along somehow or other until November, '38."

He said, "I was always arguing with them about getting out but they wouldn't, of course, because even in 1932, there were fewer restrictions in Germany than here. I mean, they were a part of things."

"What happened to them?"

"I don't know. They said he'd been 'shot trying to escape' from a concentration camp. My uncle was arrested at the same time, and last year my aunt and Hedy, the daughter, were sent to Poland. They were the only ones left."

HE WAS lying on his back looking up at the ceiling, and she could feel him drawing steadily farther and farther away from her until he seemed to be wholly detached. There began to be something strange and unfamiliar about him, and she was seized with panic, wondering what she was doing here beside him where she so obviously did not belong. His isolation was so complete that it was as though he had entirely finished with her. Erica's body tensed, and it was only by a strong effort of will that she was able to keep herself from answering its almost animal impulse to flight from surroundings so alien.

She said nothing. Time went on and on, and yet stood still.

Then Marc came back to her.

Their eyes met, and they looked at each other in silence until Marc said, "Eric. I'm sorry."

"It's all right." She tried to smile at him.

"No," he said, shaking his head. Still looking at her he said, "You certainly do get it both ways, don't you?" and a moment later he suddenly pulled her down beside him and said again, with his face against hers, "I'm sorry, darling, I'm an awful fool. I didn't mean to desert you like that."

She clung to him until it was really all right again, and then, raising her head so that she could look into his eyes, she said, "I want to tell you something, Marc. I'm not afraid of other people; nothing they say or do can get inside me where it really hurts if I don't let it. I'm only afraid of one thing. . . ."

"Yes, go on."

"I'm afraid of being shut out." She sat up, holding his hand tightly in both hers, and said, "Please start by assuming that I can understand and not that I can't. It's terribly important. I think it's more important to me than anything else. If you say or even let yourself *think* that I can't understand something simply because I'm not Jewish, then you put me in a position where I'm utterly helpless. It's like . . ." She stopped, then said, "It's like tying me to a chair and then blaming me because I can't get up and walk."

Her grip on his hand tightened still more, and she said, "Give me a chance to understand, and if I let you down, then—well, then you can shut me out. I guess I'll have deserved it. It's not my fault that I'm not Jewish and I can't do anything about it, but surely . . ." She stopped again, and with her eyes and her voice full of tears, she said, "Surely the fact that I love you so much makes up for it!"

HE HAD not once taken his eyes from her face. He said roughly, "Eric!" and took her in his arms again.

She said at last, "Darling, you've got a grip like a steel trap, and you're hurting me."

He relaxed a little, smoothed back a strand of fair hair which had fallen over her forehead and smiled down at her. He was still a little shaken. "Are you all right?"

Erica nodded. "Are you?"

"Well, almost," said Marc. "You have an awful effect on me, Eric. Whenever you say that you love me, I feel as though I'm being turned inside out, only this time it was worse because of the build-up. Do you know what we need?"

"No, what?"

"Some kind of insulation. Just to protect ourselves when we're together, so we won't feel so much."

"I don't think I want to be insulated," said Erica, after considering it. "Probably it all goes together, so that if . . ."

"You have the most irritating habit of starting to say something interesting and then stopping in the middle. However, I see what you mean." He kissed her and then asked, "Do you still feel shut out?"

"No."

"You know I want you with me, always."

He got up and went over to the window and looked out. "It's a marvelous night, Eric," he said, his eyes following the course of the Milky Way through the sky until the stream of stars disappeared over the dark shoulder of the mountain across the lake. The lake itself was full of moonlight and there was a light breeze which had turned the water in the path of the moon to frozen silver.

Soon he turned away, and came to stand beside the bed, looking down at her face and her hair spread out on the pillow. The room was very still. "I want to remember the way you look," he said, his voice so low that she could hardly hear it.

She lay motionless under his eyes and then turned over on her face and began to cry again. He dropped down beside her and put his arm around her and said, his voice shaking, "Don't, Eric, please, my dearest, please don't. You can't cry again now. It's only Friday."

But it was not because there was so little time left that she was crying, although that was part of it. There was something else which she did not know how to explain, even to herself, except that in this one night she seemed to have lost what little had remained of her detachment; she had taken on his vulnerability without his endurance, and she was crying for herself as well as for Marc.

She put both her arms around him and went on crying until there were no more tears left, and after a while both of them had forgotten how it had started or what it was all about.

When the church clock struck five in the village at the other end of the lake, neither of them heard it.

"YOU take it, Bubbles," said Erica, as the telephone on her desk rang at half past eleven Monday morning. The train from Ottawa where she had spent Sunday night with Marc had been late arriving in Montreal; the first edition had gone to press ten minutes after she had reached her office and she was still struggling to catch up. "I won't talk to anybody."

"It's for you, Eric," said Weathersby, adding, as Erica was about to protest, "I know, but it's someone who claims she's your sister. You'd better investigate."

"Tell her to hold on a minute," said Erica, still typing.

"It probably *is* her sister," Sylvia pointed out to Weathersby. "At your age, you've no reason to be so suspicious. You ought to be in a good school somewhere," she added vaguely, "learning about cricket, instead of learning about life in a newspaper office."

"I already know all about cricket. I finished school last year. Eric . . ."

"Leave me out of it," said Erica. "I'm busy," and went on typing to the accompaniment of the amicable squabbling of her staff.

"What's the matter with you two?" she asked finally, ripping the sheet from her typewriter with one hand and reaching for her phone with the other.

"I wouldn't know about Weathersby," said Sylvia dreamily, "but I'm getting married."

Erica's hand dropped from the phone and she said, "Mike?"

Sylvia nodded.

"Oh, darling, I'm so glad!"

"Thanks, Eric. I still feel sort of dizzy," Sylvia remarked apologetically. "We're going to be married a week from Saturday. We're only inviting a few people—just you and Marc and one or two others. Do you think Marc will be able to make it?"

Erica shook her head. "He won't get any leave till the week after. I'll come, though. That doesn't mean you're giving up your job, does it?"

"No such luck. Mike's joined the Army. We'll have a week together somewhere, and then he's going to camp."

"He'll be here for months yet, anyhow," said Erica, her face changing. "You're lucky."

"After all," said Weathersby, talking to himself out loud, "what difference does it make? She's probably died of old age by this time. So why bother?"

"Why bother what? Who are you talking about?" asked Erica.

"Why bother answering your telephone?"

"Good heavens!" said Erica, and grabbed her phone. "Hello, Mimi. Are you still there?"

"Hello, Erica. This seems to be a lousy time to call you . . ."

"No, it's all right. I was finishing up a job, and then Sylvia suddenly announced that she was getting married."

"Who to?"

"Mike O'Brien, one of the reporters."

"Wish her luck for me," said Mimi. "How are you, Eric?"

"I'm all right," Erica said blankly. "What do you want, Mimi?"

"I wanted you to lunch with me."

"All right. I'll meet you at that Italian restaurant round the corner from the cathedral at one. It's just off Place d'Armes . . ."

"I know where it is," said Mimi. "Thanks, Eric."

Erica started to work again. The thing was to go on working and not to look up, for fear you might see Marc standing there and hear the sound of his voice and feel the touch of his hands, not to stop for a moment for fear you would be caught. The thing to do was to go on working and not to think of the future which contained forty-eight hours, one week end, and probably nothing more.

Some women are lucky; they say goodby and know exactly what they're up against—the simple, straightforward, uncomplicated all-or-nothing alternative of life or death. If he lives, he comes back; if he's killed, he doesn't. But Marc may live or he may not, and if he lives, he may come back or he may not.

Later—put it off until later. Get your mind on something else.

ERICA found Mimi sitting at a small table by the wall which was decorated with a large colored photograph of the Bay of Naples. She was wearing a white dress, and in spite of the heat which swept into the half-shuttered restaurant from the blazing street outside, whenever the door was opened, her face was pale, and she looked as though she had been crying.

She cut short Erica's apologies with, "Let's order and get it over with." When the waitress had come and gone, she asked, "How was your week end, Eric?"

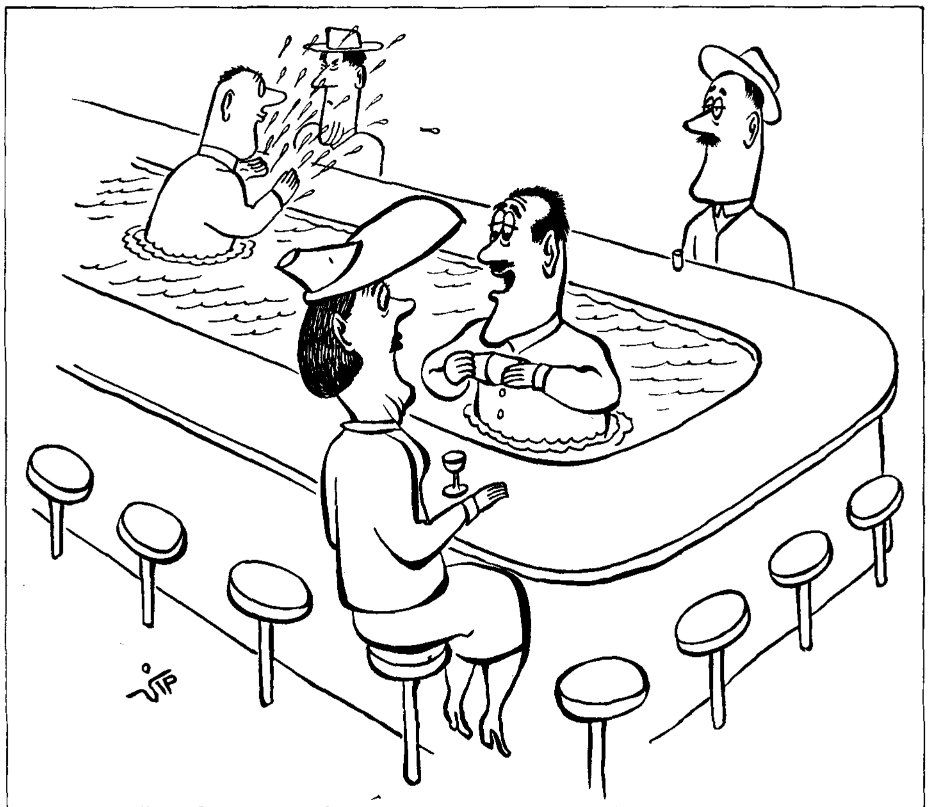
"It was almost perfect."

Erica's eyes left Mimi's face, followed a waiter as he made his way down the stuffy little room and disappeared through the swing door leading to the kitchen. There was nothing here to hold her to the present and keep her from slipping back into the past. She gave up trying and let herself go, back to the mountain lake, the hotel, the terrace, the light-paneled bedroom with homespun curtains and a small lamp on the bedside table.

Everywhere she looked, she saw Marc again, lying on the float beside her; sitting in the stern of a red canoe, watching the water dripping off the blade of his paddle; stretched out on a deck chair in a pair of dark red bathing trunks, grinning because some woman had just remarked very audibly to her companion that he ought to be in the Army. "What does she want me to do—wear my uniform in swimming?"

"Why, 'almost'?" asked Mimi.

Erica's eyes returned to Mimi and she



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said, "Because I'm not going to win, after all, Mimi. I'm going to lose."

"Why?"

"I don't know why," said Erica, having failed to think of any way of explaining it so that it made sense.

Sometime during the past three days she had realized that Marc was tired out, that was all, but added to everything else, sooner or later, that tiredness would prove to be fatal. He had been up against it for seventeen years, ever since he had left home, and he had already had more than enough; he was simply not fit to take on another and far worse struggle involving another person, when he needed all his resources for himself. He was due to go overseas in a few weeks, and although he had somehow contrived to get through his officer's training with a top rating, and by the same will power he would somehow contrive to get through the war just as creditably, at the same time it was not going to be easy.

OF ALL the men Erica had ever known, Marc was by nature the least adapted to military life. There are limits to the number of demands you can make on anyone's endurance, and to expect Marc to take on his family, his wife's family and most of his own friends as well as hers, at this time of all times, was really to expect too much.

"Did he say anything in particular?" asked Mimi.

"No. It wasn't anything he said or did; it was just something I . . ." She paused and then said hopelessly, "something I could feel."

"You're not imagining it, are you?"

Erica shook her head.

"Then how much longer do you give it?" asked Mimi.

"Until he goes home for the last half of his embarkation leave."

"It's too bad it's not the other way round," said Mimi. "I'd rather you had the last half."

"It wouldn't make any difference," said Erica, looking down at the plate of food which had appeared in front of her. "I guess I'm just hopelessly outnumbered."

"You think his family is going to work on him—is that it?"

"I don't think it, I know it. They'll say everything he knows my family has been saying for the past three months, only they'll have to pack it all into three days."

He had often talked to her about his home, and his own people, but she could not remember his ever having said anything to suggest that they would not go to work on him. And in her confused, exhausted mind, there was only the growing fear that his family and his environment would be as inimical to her as hers were to him.

Like Erica, Marc was greatly attached to his father and mother, but unlike Erica, who had believed and who had never for a moment ceased to believe that her parents were wrong, his whole experience of life would lay him open to the conviction that the Reisers were right.

She said, "I wonder who's going to take the case for the defense. I can't very well take my own case when I'm five hundred miles away. Anyhow, it would have to be someone who's Jewish. Nobody but a Jew can help me now."

She picked up some coleslaw on her fork and then put it down again. She laughed and said, "That's funny, isn't it, Mimi?"

"Not particularly," said Mimi, looking at her. "Eat some lunch."

AFTER a brief silence, she said, "I suppose it hasn't even occurred to you that there just might be someone who's Jewish and who would back you up?"

"Well," Erica said, "I've wished I could talk to Marc's brother, David. Everything Marc has told me about him has made me think he's a pretty rugged character—not the sort who lets anyone else do his thinking for him. Marc said something about his coming to town for a clinic this fall, but I've no idea when it was to be or how to get in touch with him if I had. So I guess that's out."

A moment later she said suddenly, "Mimi, I'm going to tell you something. Everybody else is wrong and I'm right. To the day I die, I'll know that we should have got married and that our not marrying each other was the worst mistake we ever made."

She laughed again and said, "Do me a favor, Mimi. When I'm dead, see that they put on my tombstone, 'Everybody was out of step but our Erica.' It's all right, I'm not getting hysterical."

"I wish you'd eat something," said Mimi.

There was a fat man drinking soup a few tables away with a napkin tucked under his chin, and Erica watched him for a while. Then she said to Mimi, "You know, all the way up the mountains in the car, I kept wondering if the hotel people knew Marc was a Jew when they made the reservations. I guess they usually go by the names, but 'Reiser' doesn't sound Jewish, necessarily, and I didn't know if Marc had remembered to volunteer the information. I looked up the hotel advertisement in the paper, but they didn't say whether their clientele was selected or not, and I didn't like to ask him about it so I just sat and worried. To be thrown out of a hotel on arrival seemed a rather grim way of starting a week end. It was all right, though, so I guess he had remembered. Incidentally, how do you suppose it's done?"

"What?"

"I mean how do they manage to work it in gracefully? Do they say, 'I should like to reserve two rooms and a bath for three days beginning Friday, the 27th, provided you have no objection to Jews,' or do they just write an ordinary letter and stick 'By the way, I'm Jewish' in a postscript?"

"Eric, for heaven's sake!"

"Sorry," said Erica. "But it all goes together, doesn't it?" She pushed her plate away from her, and said in complete despair, "I never knew anyone who seemed to be so alone—even with me, and I know I'm closer to him than anyone else has ever been. But there's still something—something I can't get through, except for a little while, and then he's on the other side of it again, with—whatever it is—between us. I used to lie awake at night after he'd gone to sleep and look at him, and just cry."

"Eric . . ."

"But Mimi, I want to know *why*. Marc's never done anything to anybody."

"It's going to get better, darling!" said Mimi in agony.

"Oh, sure. Sure, we're going to win the war so we can go on hanging out our own 'Gentiles Only' signs instead of having the Nazis do it for us. After all, that's what's known as democracy, isn't it?"

"You don't mean that, Eric." It seemed to Mimi that the most intolerable aspect of this intolerable situation was what it was doing to Erica and, as her eyes filled with tears, she said, "Don't talk like that. You mustn't change, Eric. You've got to go on being the same person you've always been."

"Have I?" said Erica. "Why?" As Mimi did not seem to be able to think of a reason she remarked, "You just want me to go on being a sucker. Remember, you said there was one in every family."

"No," said Mimi almost inaudibly. "No, that's not what I mean." She took a mouthful of food, then sipped some water and went on more steadily, "If you don't pull yourself together, Eric, you'll go to pieces."

"Not for a while," said Erica matter-of-factly. "Not till Marc says, 'Well, so long, Eric. See you after the war.'" She paused and as she saw Mimi's expression, she said, "Mother and Charles bought their share, Mimi, and provided I can arrange not to go to pieces in front of them, they're not even going to have to pay for it. So stop worrying. What are you crying for?"

"Oh, shut up," said Mimi. She found a handkerchief in her bag, a very fine linen handkerchief with the initial "M" worked into an intricate embroidered design in one corner and she glanced at it, remarking, "Max gave me that," and dried her eyes.

"You've got to put this Max business behind you, Mimi, and forget about it," Erica

SAD MESSES

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HOMER, Nebraska	A flood washed all the labels off the bottles in a liquor store.
ALAMEDA, California	After a gunman held up a grocer, he poured a bottle of ink over his victim.
SHOTLEY, England	Authorities discovered a technicality which voided all the marriages performed in St. John's Church during the last century.
BLACKPOOL, England	Through an error, 800 people at a football match all received the lucky program number entitling them to free grandstand tickets.
CHICAGO	High-school boys poured sugar into the motor of their teacher's car and their parents paid the $296 repair bill.
TULSA	A divorcee allotted $10 per week alimony received 1,000 pennies in a bucket of molasses.
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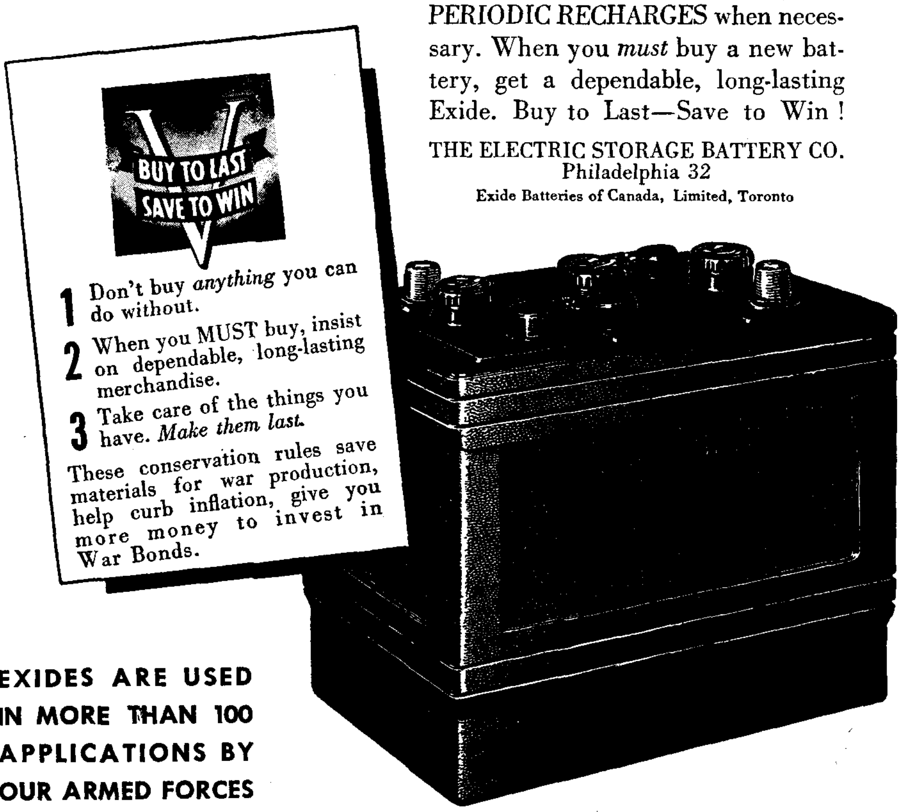
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said. A moment later she was rather surprised to hear herself adding suddenly, "And *you've got to marry John.*"

Mimi shook her head, smiling, her face stiff, and said, "It's going to be a bit too much this time, Eric, even for John."

"Do you want to marry him, Mimi?"

"I don't know," Mimi said helplessly. "I'm so muddled, I don't know anything any more. What difference does it make, anyhow?"

"Well," said Erica, straightening up, "well, I'm for you, darling. Keep your chin up."

René had taken his sister to the hospital at noon that day and shortly before midnight, Madeleine's son was born.

"When can we see Madeleine and the baby?" Charles Drake asked his wife, when the excitement was over and they were on their way upstairs to bed.

"They might let you look at the baby through the nursery door—it's made of glass," Margaret Drake said, and added hastily; "but you won't be able to see Madeleine for about a week."

"A week!" said Charles, exploding. He thought, and then asked suddenly, "They wouldn't make her father wait a week, would they? Or her mother?"

"You're not her father and mother," Mimi pointed out.

He thought some more and finally admitted grudgingly, "Well, maybe you're right about the baby. If I have to look at my grandson through a glass door, then I'll look at him through a glass door, but I'm not going to have Madeleine lying there for a week seeing nobody but that ass René and a lot of sour-faced nurses, and that's final. Final," he repeated, giving it a bit more emphasis. "She's probably lonely, lonely as the devil, with Tony . . ." He left the sentence unfinished, shaking his head, and then announced, "I'll go and see her on my way home from the office tomorrow."

"Don't you think someone should warn Royal Victoria Hospital that Charles is impending?" Mimi asked her mother, as Charles disappeared into his study.

"What difference would it make?" asked Margaret Drake wearily. "He'll get in anyhow; he always does."

His wife was right. Charles arrived at the hospital the next day with a long box of flowers, a bottle of his best brandy "for emergencies," two baskets of fruit and his portable radio. For the baby he had brought a large pale blue Teddy bear.

In the corridor, he passed a room which was evidently the nursery, came to a dead stop and discovered that a newcomer labeled "Drake" had been placed most conveniently a few feet away on the other side of the glass door. He stood for a while, admiring what he could see of his grandson, and then advanced down the corridor to the door of Madeleine's room where he knocked gently with one foot, informed the nurse that he was Mr. Drake and would be staying ten minutes, and walked straight in.

ON MONDAY night, Erica had dinner with René in the flat which he had been sharing with his sister again since Anthony had been overseas. Until late in the evening she found it difficult to keep her mind on what he was saying; she was too tired, too lonely for Marc and too uneasy about Mimi, who was looking as though the bottom had dropped out of her world.

It was about eleven when René elected to tell her almost casually that he was in love with her and still hoped to marry her, as he simply could not believe that she would ever marry Marc. His reasons for not believing it seemed to be much like those of Charles Drake and almost everyone else, so she found herself once more in the position of having to listen to the same arguments all over again. It never seemed to occur to anyone that you might be deathly tired of simply listening.

SHE interrupted him at last and tried to give him some idea of what was actually going on. Toward the end, she said, "I can't do anything. I can't convince Marc unless I can convince my family first, and nothing's going to convince them. Marc won't be the cause of a final break between us. He just won't, that's all, partly because he wouldn't do that to anyone's father and mother, and partly because he thinks that if marrying him means that I have to give up my parents along with—well, whatever it is you have to give up when you marry a Jewish lawyer, and for whatever it's worth, I don't know—then it's too much altogether."

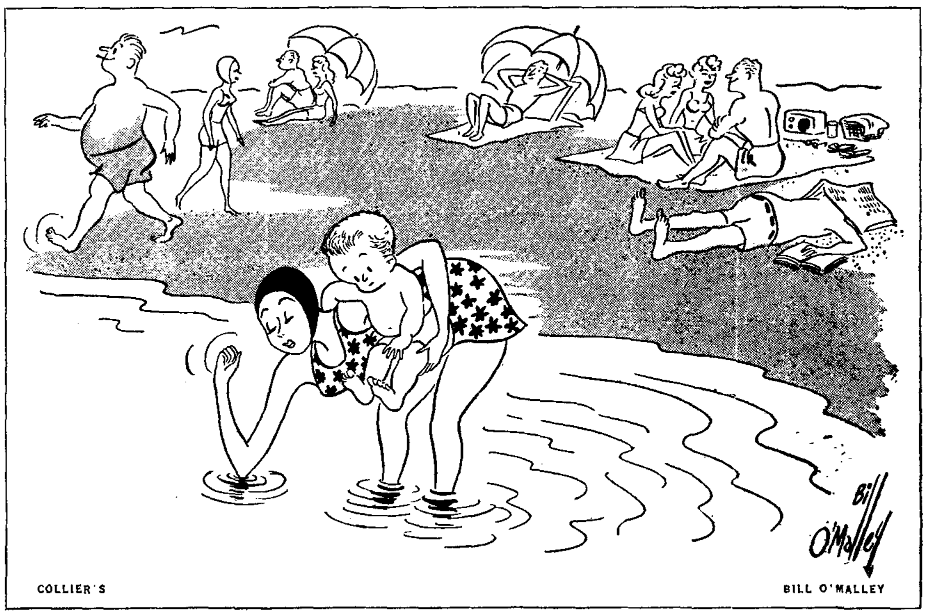
She leaned over to put her cigarette out in the ash tray on the coffee table beside her, and then lying back on the sofa again with her head resting on the arm, she went on, "I'm so scared and miserable most of the time nowadays that I guess I can't help showing it, and of course when I do, Marc thinks he's responsible for it, that if it weren't for him my life would *still* be just like a duckpond, and he gets just that much more discouraged."

She stopped again, wondering why she was saying all this to René, whose point of view was essentially the same as her parents', only more so, because *he wanted to marry her* himself. She smiled at him apologetically, and said finally, "So you see, René, my family holds all the cards. Provided they just go on doing nothing, they can't lose, and I guess they know it. And if you put your money on the Drakes, probably in the long run you won't lose, either."

When she got home shortly after one, Erica found a letter from Marc, saying that he would probably have his forty-eight-hour leave the following week end and asking her to meet him in Ottawa on Saturday morning, and there was a note from her father on the hall table, telling her to call Operator 14 at Farnham, regardless of how late it was.

Anyone using the phone in the downstairs hall could be heard all over the house. Her father always slept with his bedroom door open, and she went into the kitchen and dialed long distance, wondering what it was all about. She knew no one in Farnham.

She sat on the edge of the white-topped kitchen table, listening to a faint voice repeating, "Hello, New York—New York, please—hello, New York . . ." and then suddenly a man's voice said in her ear, "47 Garrison, Captain Henderson speaking."



"On your call to Miss Drake in Montreal, Miss Drake is ready. Go ahead, please."

"Hello," said Erica.

"Hello, Miss Drake, this is Jim Henderson speaking. Sorry to bother you so late, but I've been trying to get in touch with you ever since around ten."

She could not remember meeting anyone named Henderson and she said, "I'm afraid I . . ."

"I'm a friend of Major John Gardiner's. As a matter of fact, it's about him that I'm phoning you. You see he . . ."

Erica interrupted. "I'm afraid you've got the wrong Miss Drake . . ."

"Oh. I was hoping you might have some idea where he is," said Captain Henderson, his voice dropping with disappointment.

Erica said, completely at sea, "Well, I know he has a flat here—I can give you the number if you like. And you can usually get him through headquarters during the day . . ."

"Yes, Miss Drake," he said patiently, "I know that. But what I don't know is where he is now. He's supposed to be here. He came down on Monday, went up to headquarters on Saturday afternoon, and hasn't been heard of since."

"Do you mean John is missing?" said Erica incredulously.

"If it were anyone else, I'd say 'missing' isn't the word for it!"

SHE said, "Just a minute, please. I'll get my sister."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I've been trying to tell you—you've got the wrong Miss Drake. John is a friend of my sister Mimi. If you'll hold on a minute, I'll go and wake her and find out if she knows anything."

"I'd like to talk to her myself, if you don't mind."

"No, certainly."

Erica ran up the back stairs, down the hall and into Mimi's room, where she shook her by one shoulder, saying quietly, "Wake up, Mimi—wake up!"

"I'm awake." Mimi turned over, opened her eyes and asked, "What's the matter?"

Erica told her. Mimi stared at her, fully awake now, then suddenly got up. "Which phone is it?"

"The kitchen. I didn't want to make a noise."

"Come down with me, Eric."

Mimi did not stop to put on slippers or a dressing gown, but rushed ahead of Erica down the back stairs.

Into the phone, Erica heard her say, "This is Mimi Drake speaking . . . Yes, Captain Henderson, I remember. What's this about John? No, not since Saturday night, but wasn't he supposed to have leave over the week end? . . . Oh, I see . . . What!" She put out one hand, feeling for the edge of the table so that she could lean on it, and said dully, "I'm afraid not. I don't know where he's likely to be, except the usual places. You know all those . . . Yes," she said, her voice so heavy that Erica looked at her in alarm. "Yes, I think he had. All right. As soon as you hear anything, would you let me know, please?"

She hung up and sat down on the table. Finally she said, "He didn't go back on Saturday night, Eric."

"Why not?"

"I guess because of me," she answered, after a pause.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. Because of me."

Erica sat down on the edge of the cupboard facing her and asked, "Just how much did you tell him?"

"Everything."

She added after another pause, "I told him everything for the last six years."

"Mimi, you fool!" said Erica softly. "You damn' fool!"

Mimi said desperately, "Don't you see, Eric? I had to! I had to give it to him straight. There wasn't any other way of doing it. Where do you suppose he is?" she asked, her teeth chattering.

"Down in some joint on St. Antoine Street, though, if he is, I don't know why the M.P.s haven't picked him up by this time."

"But people don't do that sort of thing, Eric!"

"People like John do. He probably started drinking and then eventually passed out, and, when he came to, the only thing he could think of was you, so he got drunk all over again. Where do you suppose he is?"

"I don't know," said Mimi frantically.

"You'd better go back to bed or you'll catch cold."

"Come and talk to me, Eric. Please."

They went back upstairs, and Erica undressed, and with a satin negligée which Marc had given her thrown over her shoulders, she went into Mimi's room and sat down beside her on the bed. "What did Captain Henderson say?"

"Just that he hadn't turned up when he was supposed to, on Saturday night. He asked me if I knew whether John had had some kind of shock. What will they do to him, Eric?"

"I don't know." She remembered suddenly that Mimi had been looking worse since Saturday, instead of better, and she asked, "Why didn't you tell me, Mimi?"

"I couldn't. I didn't realize how much he meant to me until I saw him walk out for good. I knew he was going to, of course. I knew it all along."

"What did you tell him exactly?"

"I didn't make it any worse than— It was rather difficult, anyhow," Mimi said, smiling faintly in spite of the tears in her eyes. "I told him about Peter; I told him the reason he himself had never had a chance was because he reminded me of Peter. . . ."

"That was a nice touch," commented Erica. "Did you tell him why he reminded you of Peter?"

Mimi nodded.

"A still nicer touch!" Erica said. "You couldn't have done much better if you'd tried."

Mimi said quietly, "I did try. I thought I might just as well let him know the whole truth while I was at it. Then . . ."

"Well, go on," said Erica, after waiting for a while.

With the tears starting down her cheeks, Mimi said, swallowing, "Then he got up and walked out."

"Out of where?"

"Here—downstairs, in the drawing room." Mimi sat up with a jerk a moment later, saying wildly, "What will they do when they find him, Eric?"

"I don't know," said Erica.

ON FRIDAY night when Erica had already started to pack in order to catch the early train to Ottawa next day, Marc telephoned her long distance to tell her that his forty-eight-hour leave had been canceled, and that a week from the following Monday, on September 14th, he was to start his embarkation leave.

Erica had taken the call in her mother's room. She was alone on the second floor; the rest of the family were downstairs, having coffee in the drawing room, and in the intervals when neither Marc nor she was talking, she could hear the clock ticking in her father's study.

Everything was the same as it had been the first time he had called her, the night Mimi had come home; she was even wearing the same gray flannel suit. But now it was September, instead of early in July; the summer was over, and Marc was to start his embarkation leave a week from the following Monday.

"How long have you got, Marc?"

"We're due in Halifax on the twenty-fourth. There's a bare possibility of a postponement, in which case I'd get more time. But it's nothing to count on."

"What day is the twenty-fourth?"

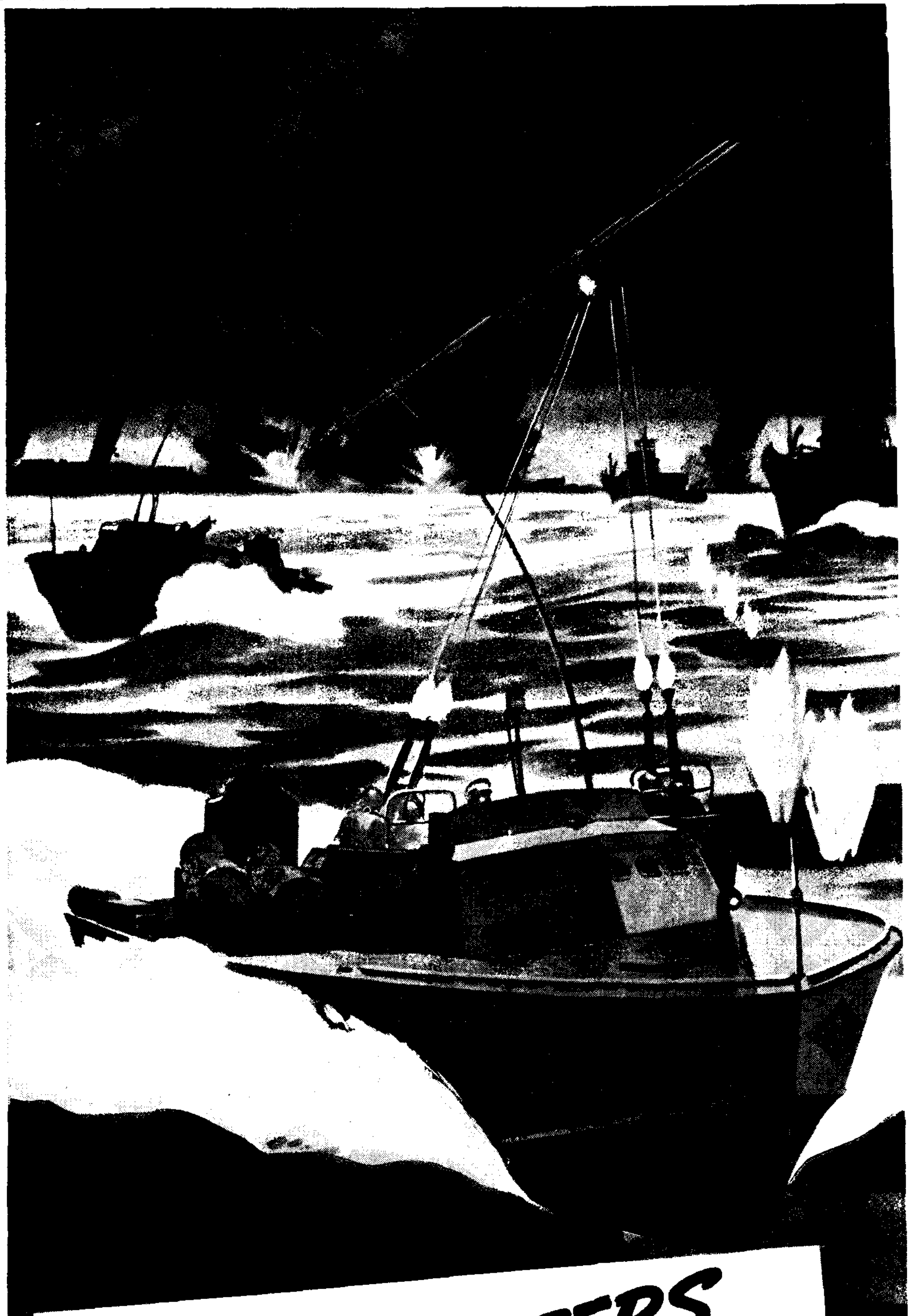
"Thursday. The Halifax train doesn't leave till seven-thirty at night, so I'll have most of Wednesday in Montreal. I can report any time up till midnight."

"When are you going to Algoma?"

"If I leave on Friday, I'll be there Saturday night, and that will give me three days at home. Can you be at the hotel on Monday night, Eric?"

"Yes, don't worry. I'll be there."

"That means we'll have three days together, too—a bit more, as a matter of fact, and then I'll be seeing you again on Wednesday on my way through." He paused and



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Federal-Mogul "Equi-Poise" propellers, renowned the world around for unexcelled performance since the days of Miss America X, are the "wings" of these deadly infighters.

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Tomorrow, "when men sail for fun again," "Equi-Poise," and other fine propellers improved by new developments, by advanced techniques of precision manufacture, will provide new standards of perfection for motor boating enthusiasts. Federal-Mogul Marine, 4023 Beaufait Avenue, Detroit 7, Michigan.

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ARMY E NAVY

ARMY E NAVY

The coveted Army-Navy "E" awarded Federal-Mogul Marine Division, Greenville, Michigan, plant 2, and plants 1 and 3, Detroit, for high contribution to American freedom.

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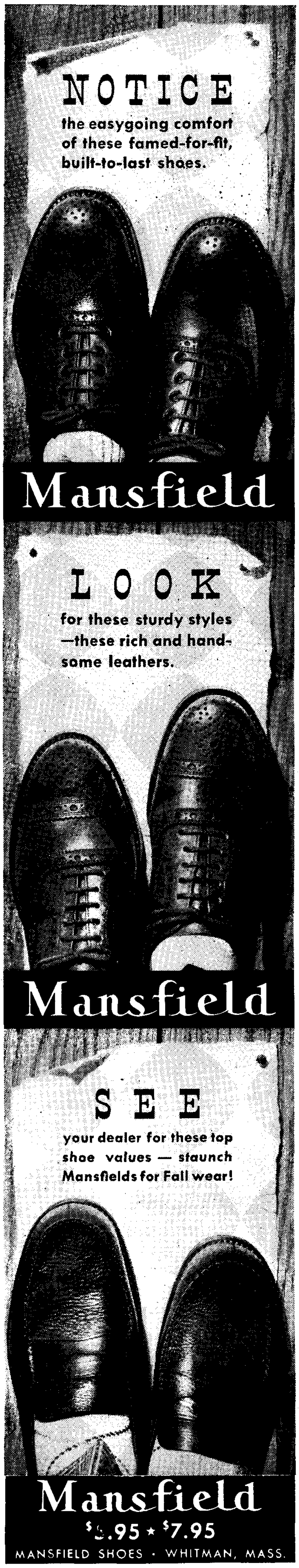

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then asked, "What is the Post going to say, Eric? Do you think they'll mind?"

She had no idea what the Post would say, and she did not care whether they minded or not.

Before she could answer, "There won't be any hitches, will there, Eric?" he asked anxiously.

"No, darling, I told you, you're not to worry."

There was another flat silence. He said finally, "Well, I guess that's about all, Eric."

"I guess so," said Erica, after making sure of her voice. She did not want to start crying again.

"Somebody else wants the phone, darling," Marc said. "I'd better hang up."

Erica went downstairs, took her cup of coffee from the tray and carried it over to the window seat. Her mother and father were sitting at either end of the sofa facing the empty fireplace, with Mimi curled up in a near-by chair. Her father was reading the evening paper.

One of them asked, "What's the matter, Eric?"

"Nothing," said Erica.

Mimi came over and sat down beside her. She had been looking a little better since Captain Henderson had reported that John had turned up at headquarters, somewhat the worse for wear, on Tuesday morning. He told Mimi that there was nothing to be alarmed about; John's record was too good for anything very drastic to happen to him just because he had gone temporarily nuts." As a matter of fact, his C.O. had covered up for him by simply putting him down for three days' leave, beginning the previous Saturday.

"Have you heard from John yet?" Erica asked.

Mimi shook her head.

"You will, darling. He's sure to call you sooner or later."

"Is he?" asked Mimi. "Why?"

Erica did not know why she was so sure that he would call her. She said at last, "I guess just because he's John."

"Was that Marc?" asked Mimi, after a pause.

"Yes."

She waited for Erica to say something else, but nothing came.

"Erica," said her mother from the sofa.

"Yes, Mother?"

"Your father thinks he may be able to get away for a holiday after all, though probably only for about ten days starting next Saturday—I think it's the nineteenth. If we go up to the cabin, is there any chance of your being able to come with us?"

Why that week for their long overdue holiday? Why that week, of all weeks, unless there had been a special fate appointed to make certain that everything which affected Marc and her should always go wrong?

She said, "I'm sorry, Mother, I can't manage it then."

"When are you going to take your holidays?" asked her father.

"It's not that." She waited a moment, gripping the edge of the window seat with both hands, and then said, "I'm going to the Laurentians for a few days week after next. . . ."

"Why?"

"Marc's going to be on embarkation leave. He starts on Monday, but he has to go to Algoma on Friday to spend the last three days with his family."

THERE was the usual silence, only this time it was more complete, if possible, and lasted longer.

Finally her father remarked, "Evidently his family matters more to him than yours does to you."

"This is the only holiday your father is going to have this year, Erica," said her mother.

"It's the only embarkation leave Marc is going to have, too," said Mimi.

"I think you'd better mind your own business, Mimi," said her father.

"Erica's business *is* my business," Mimi said, with sudden fury.

"Mimi," said Erica. "I don't want to have a row."

"It seems to be Mimi who's having it," said her mother.

Erica sat motionless, her shoulders down, and her eyes fixed on some point out in the middle of the light broadloom rug which ran the full length of the room. With her long fair hair and slender figure, she looked like a child waiting in a railway station for someone to come and take her away.

Mimi gritted her teeth, her eyes watching her father and mother at either end of the sofa. Evidently neither of them had anything further to say, and at last she asked, "Couldn't you go up to the cabin without her?"

"We could," said Charles, "but you can hardly expect your mother and me to get much pleasure out of a holiday while Erica is having one of her own with Mr. Reiser." He paused, then added, "We're not quite that detached, though doubtless we should be by this time."

"I see," said Mimi.

"We should take a few lessons in detachment from Erica. She seems to manage a great deal better than we do," Charles added.

"Oh, leave her alone, Charles!" Mimi said. "You've got everything you wanted, except for three days the week after next. Why don't you take your winnings and be sporting enough to call quits?"

"I don't want to have a row, Mimi," said Erica, for the second time.

Mimi got up suddenly, leaving Erica by herself on the window seat, crossed the room and standing in front of her mother and father with her back to the fireplace, as though she wished to indicate that the row was to be confined to the area immediately around the sofa and did not include Erica, she said, "I've kept out of this up until now only because Erica wanted me to, and not because I agreed with you, but it's gone too far altogether, and I can't keep out of it any longer."

She began, "I told Erica at the very beginning . . ." and then broke off, her eyes following Erica as she got up from the window seat and ran out of the room. She stared at the empty doorway through which Erica had disappeared, listening to her footsteps on the stairs, and then, returning to her father, she said, "I told her at the beginning that she was going to have to choose between you and Marc because you would make it impossible for her to do anything else. She wouldn't believe me. She said that sooner or later you'd come around; if only she were quiet and didn't say anything so there wouldn't be any rows, then she was sure you'd come around. She was wrong about that, but I was wrong, too. I didn't realize how much you mattered to Marc. There was no choice; so far as Marc was concerned, it was either both of you, or he was out of the picture."

"Evidently he has a few more scruples than we gave him credit for," said her father.

"He has a lot more of what it takes to make a first-rate human being than you've ever given him credit for, I know that!"

Her father shifted his position on the sofa, and with his steady dark eyes fixed on her face and, his expression still unchanged, he said, "What you mean is that there was never any choice so far as Erica was concerned, either. She had chosen Mr. Reiser at the very start of this infatuation of hers, and her mother and I could simply take it or leave it, that was all."

MIMI surveyed him in silence for a moment, and said finally, "Listen to me, Charles: Erica is in love with Marc. She's not infatuated with him; she loves him. Her whole life is going to be different because of what you've done. But it can't be undone now, and I'm not going to argue about it. I'm only trying to warn you."

"Warn us?" repeated her mother, staring at her.

"In less than three weeks, you're going to be rid of Marc Reiser for good. That's enough, isn't it?" Mimi asked both of them. "Surely you don't want to get rid of Erica, too."

"Mimi!" gasped her mother.

"I know the way you feel about things," said Mimi, looking down at the floor, "but you can't stop Eric from going away with Marc the week after next. If you try, she'll go anyhow, but she won't come back again." She raised her eyes, looking from one to the other, and said desperately, "Don't you see, if you try to stop her, you'll put her in a position where she has to choose between you and Marc? She can't come back again, after you've told her not to go, and particularly after the kind of row you'll have if you do. She's just about at the end of her rope and she knows it. That's the reason she keeps saying, 'I don't want any rows, I don't want any rows.' You simply must not make an issue of it."

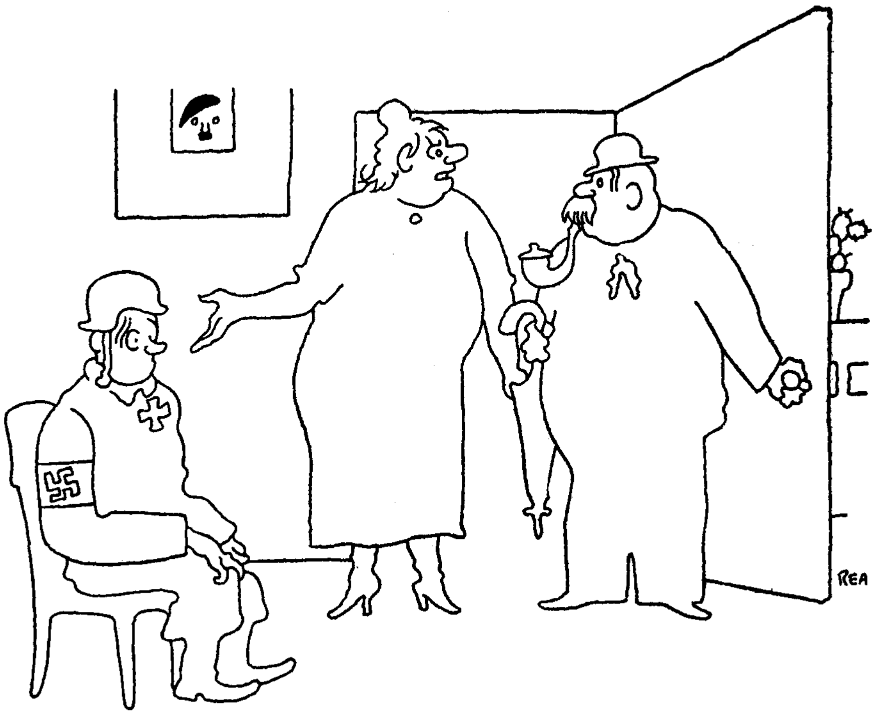
"Do you realize what you're suggesting?" asked her father, when at last he had found his voice.

"It's a question of what matters most to you, Charles. I'm sorry for you, but I'm not half as sorry for you as I am for Erica."

"That's quite obvious," Charles said, his voice shaking.

Mimi said, her face strained, "Maybe I shouldn't have let you go on, maybe I shouldn't have kept out of it, I don't know. I've never got on with you as well as she has, and I haven't been awfully successful in running my own life. I don't suppose you would have paid any attention to what I thought. I've made the damnedest mistakes about

(Continued on page 40)



"Shame on you—complaining of having to walk a few blocks when our Heinrich has just run all the way home!"

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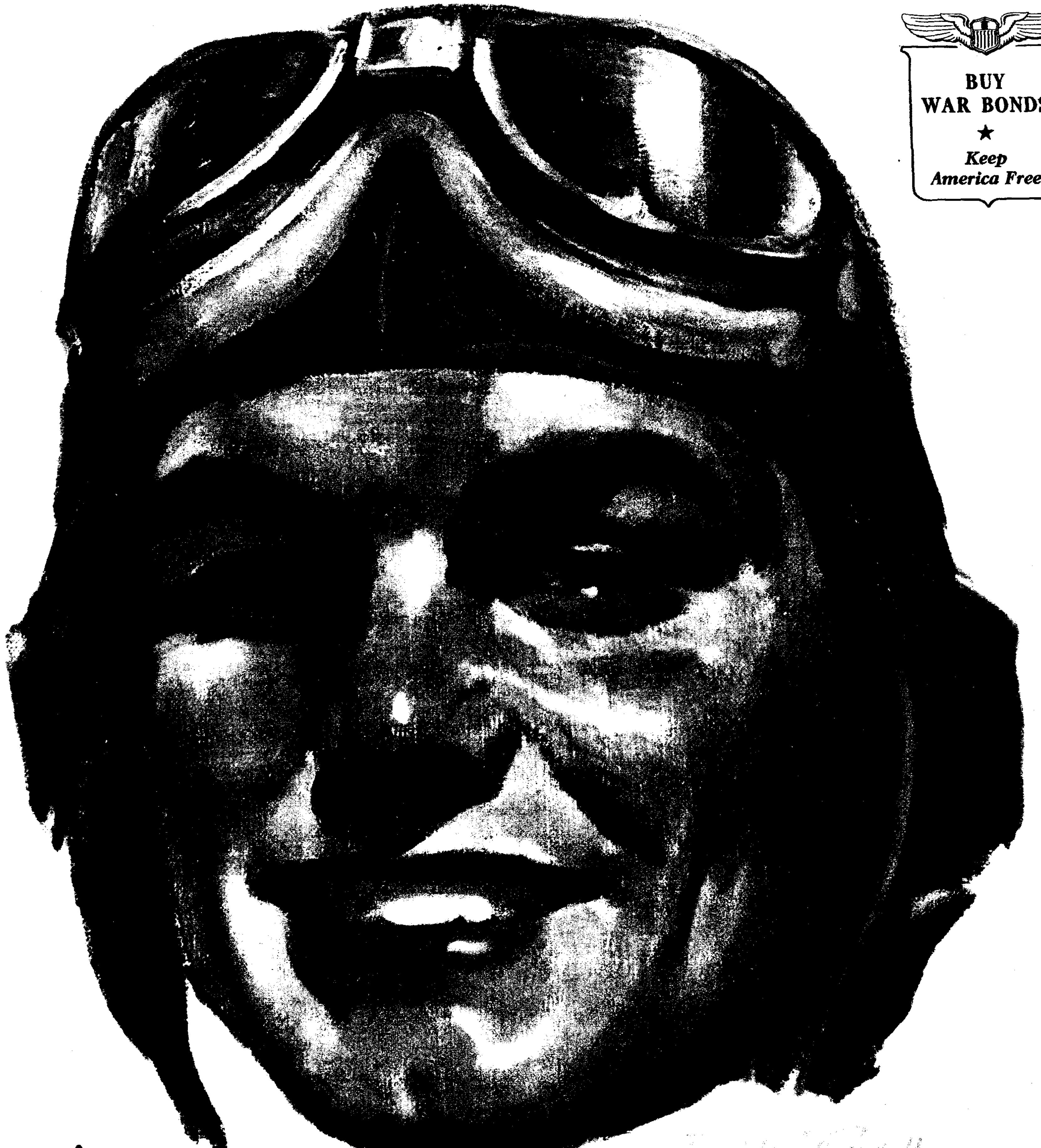

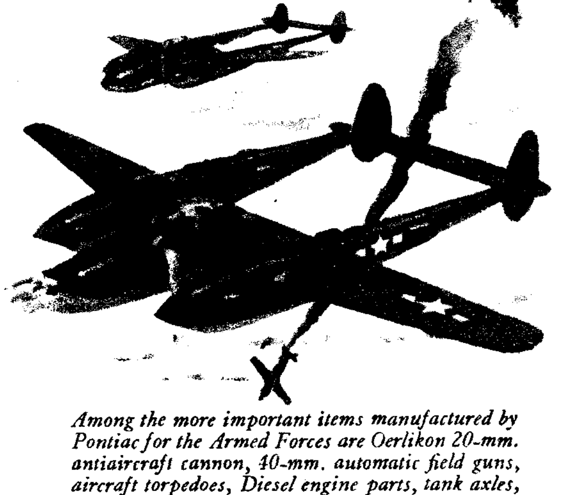

Among the more important items manufactured by Pontiac for the Armed Forces are Oerlikon 20-mm. antiaircraft cannon, 40-mm. automatic field guns, aircraft torpedoes, Diesel engine parts, tank axles, parts for military vehicles and 155-mm. shells. A reproduction of this advertisement, in color and suitable for framing, will be mailed free on request.

Thirty-seven years ago last August he started out as one captain and two enlisted men. Today he's 100,000 pilots . . . 20,000 bombardiers . . . 20,000 navigators . . . 107,000 gunners . . . 550,000 technicians . . . 2,400,000 men in all. He's the guy with the wings on his breast . . . on his shoulder patch . . . and in his heart. He's the U. S. Army Air Force—the greatest in the history of the world.

In the air and on the ground, his is the truly global war. He flies—or keeps 'em flying—on every front from the bleak Aleutians to blistering Burma. He destroys the enemy's vital factories, disrupts his communications, smashes his beaches, destroys his shipping and softens his strongholds. Evacuating the wounded and ferrying priceless freight, he leapfrogs oceans, deserts and mountains. Of him his commanding general has said: *"These boys can do anything—impossible things!"*

Having been producing important materiel for the Armed Forces for many, many months now, we here at Pontiac take a special pleasure in paying this public tribute to the Army's Air Arm. *They're members of a great winning team!*

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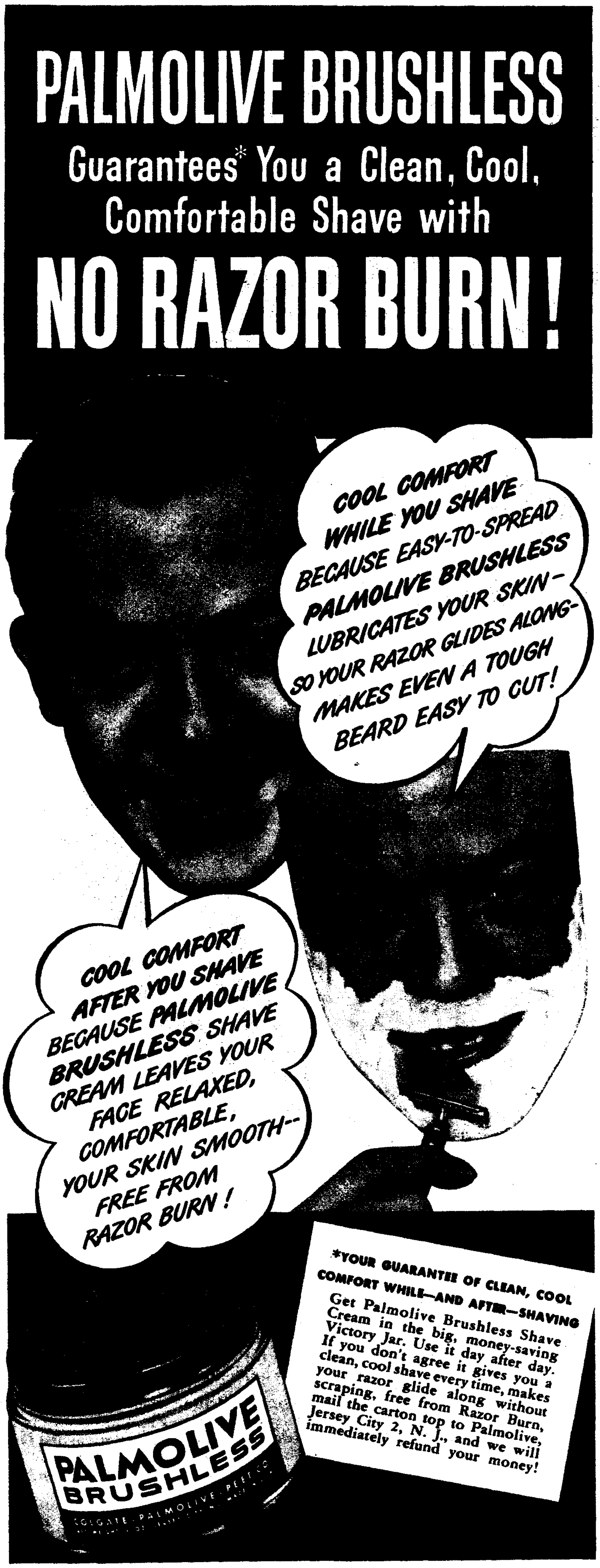

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Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

CARTOON BY RODNEY DE SARRO

Films That Protect

Not all the photographic film you can't get goes to make war pictures, for enormous quantities of it have been snatched up for protection against moisture. Millions of powdered K and C rations for the Army are sealed in aluminum foil protected by the cellulose-acetate film once used for photography only. Many tons of thin sheeting wrap military machinery for safe transit through the worst climates on the globe. The use of this film for electrical insulation saves fifty pounds in the six miles of wiring in every Flying Fortress and reduces the bulk of it besides.

For tomorrow there will be new horizons for this flexible synthetic: "rubberless" garden hose made of spiral paper tape protected by acetate film; better radios and electric motors, and improvements in telephone cables from the superior insulating qualities of this transparent material; new packaging impervious to moisture for medicines, foods, garden seeds. And there will be film-covered cloth for waterproofing water and gas pipes and safeguarding them against corrosion.

Acetate film can be applied to any smooth surface that is flat by laminating it on under pressure with a plastic adhesive. One unexpected use of this covering will be the transparent waterproofing of documents, instruction books and maps that must be used outdoors and on shipboard.

Charts especially can be improved in this way. An added advantage of the film is that it can be marked with grease pencil, then wiped clean when the markings are no longer needed.

Explosive rivets that head themselves up when a small charge of powder is electrically detonated inside them have proved so successful in airplane work that they will be used in the future to hasten the production of radios, refrigerators and automobiles. An improved design, expanding over its whole length as well as mushrooming at the end, will fill the rivet hole tightly without time wasted in fitting.

You'll Be Deaf to Noise

Deafness, a constant tragedy to so many, is actually a blessing in many jobs where the noise and confusion of machinery produce fatigue and sometimes nervous breakdown. To protect the worker in noisy shops of the future, we are promised a new kind of "ear defender" that will give almost perfect insulation against sound.

The defender is a blocking device which entirely fills up the ear opening. Formerly it was impossible to make the closure perfect enough more than to dull the noise. But when the problem became acute in war plants, es-

Earth and High Heaven

Continued from page 38

people," she added, as though she were talking to herself, "so I couldn't really expect you to be very interested in my opinion of Marc Reiser."

"So you were encouraging her behind our backs," said her father.

Mimi said immediately, "If you choose to turn your back, Charles, you can hardly complain about what goes on behind it!"

"Mimi . . ." said her mother.

"Yes, darling?"

"I *am* interested in your opinion of Marc Reiser." All the life seemed to have gone from Margaret Drake's face, and her husband might just as well not have been in the room. Still looking straight ahead of her, she said, "I want to know what he's like, Mimi."

MIMI knew that at last her mother was in a mood to listen and to believe what she was told.

"He's the opposite of everything you thought," Mimi said quietly. "If he weren't, you wouldn't have been able to get rid of him so easily, because he really cares about Eric. Maybe you have to know him to realize what a difference it would have made if you'd only been willing to give him a break, not for his sake, but for Erica's. . . ."

"I wish I had known him." She glanced at Charles without really seeing him and then said to Mimi, "Go on, please."

"I can't tell you what Marc's like, except that he's the same kind of person as Erica; he's the other side of the same medal. They just seem to belong together, that's all. I guess if you didn't know he was Jewish, or if that didn't matter so much, you'd say that there couldn't be anyone better for Erica than Marc."

Her mother went on staring at her for just a moment after Mimi had finished, then, turning away, she began to cry in her corner of the sofa, with her face hidden in her arms.

No one had ever seen Margaret Drake cry like that before. Watching her, Mimi found herself thinking dully that whatever her father did or said from now on, her mother was through. Mimi made a sudden movement toward her, then drew back again. She said, "Well, it wasn't really your fault anyhow, darling. . . ."

"Margaret, for heaven's sake . . ." Charles began.

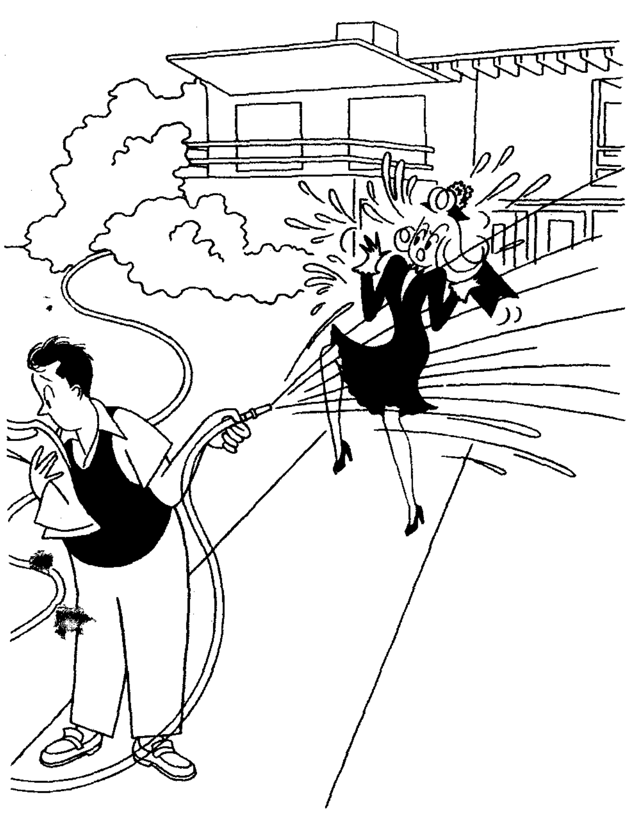
Margaret Drake did not even hear her husband. With her face still hidden, she said, "Of course, it's my fault! All the excuse I've got is that I didn't know him and I didn't realize how much he means to her. And what kind of an excuse is that?"

She could not stop crying, she had to wait again before she could make herself intelligible, and then she said, "Mothers have no *right* not to know. It isn't as though Erica hadn't tried to tell me. She tried over and over again. She even asked me to lunch with her and Marc and all I . . . *I*," she said incredulously, "all I, her own mother, could think of to say was that I was too busy."

"Margaret, stop that!" Charles begged.

"I can't stop." As she felt his hands, she pushed him away, saying despairingly, "Leave me alone, Charles. I don't blame you, I blame myself."

He was thoroughly frightened and he did



pecially among women, University of California scientists started a research which has now ended in a complete solution. Their answer is a flexible, hollow plug of neoprene synthetic rubber, its interior packed with soft plastic containing metal dust that is impervious to sound waves. The defenders will be made in three models to suit every shape of ear. Pushed into place, they conform to the aural canal without exerting pressure or sagging out of contact.

Once properly fitted, the wearer hears only the sounds transmitted by the bones of his head—an insignificant amount causing no strain. Neoprene is permanent, unaffected by body oils and causing no irritation of the delicate surfaces it touches. It can be cleaned over and over with soap and water or alcohol, without damage. One particular advantage this plastic has for women is that it can be made in just the right shade of pink to blend with the flesh and become practically invisible.

Eyes for Your Job

Probably the most important discovery affecting the comfort and efficiency of tomorrow's industrial worker is the fact that scientifically adjusted eyesight will make a man definitely better at his job. "Good eyes," according to present standards, will not suffice. There will be a particular *kind* of vision for each kind of work, no two of them quite alike. An employee's eyes will become tools just as specialized in their application as the hammers, gauges and files he uses to carry on his trade. It will be industry's business to measure and apply every worker's visual skill to the work best suited for it, or to adapt it with eyeglasses to do a given job better.

Long study by doctors and psychologists at Purdue University in combination with Bausch & Lomb optical experts has established the importance of visual skills. Numerous industrial tests have shown that top-notch workers in any trade always have eyes that measure up to certain definite standards. Poor workers nearly always have the wrong visual skills, and become more productive when these skills are readjusted to fit the trade in question.

The new science of industrial vision will require elaborate tests of every worker's eyes, including the measurement of color sensitivity, stereoscopic power and near and far visual acuity. A machine has been invented to score the candidate on each of these factors and many more in a few minutes. Plant-wide efficiency studies will then establish the proper score for every activity from truck driving to toolmaking and small-parts assembly. With the aid of oculists and psychologists consulting the score cards, workers will be reshuffled to make the best use of their visual skills, or fitted with the right glasses for their chosen work.

not know what to do; he watched her helplessly for a while, his face working, and then he suddenly rounded on Mimi. He said, raging, "Well, you wanted your row, and now you've finished, I'd like to know exactly what you think you've accomplished."

Mimi did not answer. At that moment she had remembered a remark that Erica had made to her weeks before when they were walking on the mountain where Erica and Charles had once walked every Sunday afternoon after the Philharmonic broadcast from New York. They had stopped to watch the model yachts sailing back and forth on Beaver Pond, and Erica had said suddenly, "Charles doesn't want to go on this way, but he got started on the wrong track at the very beginning, and he can't stop; he just has to keep on going."

It was in order to stop him before it was too late that Mimi, who detested rows, had deliberately created this one, but as her father turned away from her, back to his wife again, she knew that so far as Charles Drake was concerned, she had accomplished nothing. He had already gone so far that no one else could stop him either.

THIS morning, as Erica sat facing him across his desk, waiting for the verdict, the managing editor of the Montreal Post was in one of his subtle moods. He had said nothing so far, but merely regarded her rather curiously across the desk, listening to what she had to say.

"You'd be away three days in the middle of next week, then, wouldn't you?" he asked, finally.

"Yes," said Erica. "I'd be quite willing to count them as part of my vacation, though."

"Well, we might do that," he said, and then added, "I'll ask Miss Munroe to come in and give Miss Arnold a hand while you're gone."

So it was Miss Munroe again. "I beg your pardon?" said Erica innocently. "I'm afraid I don't quite remember who . . ."

"My niece," said Mr. Prescott coldly.

"Oh, yes, you said something about her in July, didn't you? It seems hardly worth while to bring your niece in for just three days, though."

"No, it doesn't, does it?"

THIS was plainly a holdup, and Erica was not only tired of being tactful with Mr. Prescott, she was tired of Mr. Prescott.

She got up. She said coolly, "As I have no intention of permitting Miss Arnold to be fired in order to make room for Miss Munroe, I think the simplest thing for me to do is to resign from my own job. Then Miss Arnold can take over from me, your niece can take over from Miss Arnold—and I'll have my three days holiday."

It was the first time that she had ever seen the managing editor really startled. He looked up at her, obviously taken aback, and then finally recovering himself, he said, "A rather expensive holiday, isn't it?"

"I don't think so."

Mr. Prescott was strong on clichés. Presumably in order to be able to make the speech about watching her future career with considerable interest, he asked, "Have you any other job in mind?"

"Not at the moment," said Erica, and then discovered when she was halfway to the door that all the time she had been wondering how she was going to manage after Marc left, she *had* had another job in mind without fully realizing it.

Now that she was finished with the Post, there was nothing to stop her from joining up. In the Army, they don't give you time to think, or at least not during the basic-training period anyhow, and by the time that

Remember what you learned from the Franklin?

YOU were a little tike who wore his cap backwards—just like Barney Oldfield—the day Mr. Kenyon gave you a ride in his shiny new Franklin with the sloping hood.

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Because of this, he went on to say, one motor oil was recommended above all others by the people who made the Franklin. And this motor oil was Quaker State.

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If you've wondered about the quality of synthetic rubber passenger car tires, here's your answer. From essential drivers who have purchased more than *four million* Goodyear all-synthetic rubber tires in the past year, come countless reports like these — proof that the Goodyear Research Laboratory's twenty years' experience in improving synthetics insures exceptional tire performance, regardless of where you live, or what kind of work you do.

Timber Inspector

"Our timber inspector has been using Goodyear synthetic tires for the past seven months over all types of roads, including forests. To date they've gone slightly over 33,000 miles and treads are still good. We're happy to tell you about this fine service."

Gulf Lumber Co., Inc., Mobile, Alabama

Builder

"On July 5, 1943 we purchased our first set of Goodyear synthetic tires. To date they have been driven 28,000 miles and the treads appear to be about 50% worn. If this is a sample of the mileage from Goodyear synthetics, we'll have no hesitancy about them in the future."

W. E. Callahan Construction Co., Dallas, Texas

Delivery Service

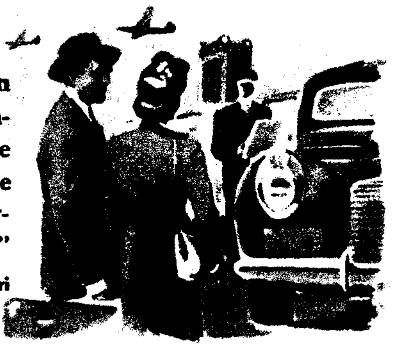
"I purchased two of the first 6.50-16 Goodyear synthetic tires in this part of Iowa. They have given 35,000 miles of service and from the amount of tread design left I will get around 20,000 more miles. I am more than satisfied with your synthetic tires."

John A. Linneman, Burlington, Iowa

Airport Service

"We have twelve Goodyear synthetic tires on our eight-passenger cars operating from downtown St. Louis to the airport 16 miles out. The first two have now gone 18,160 miles and none have required repairs. We are pleasantly surprised with this performance from synthetics."

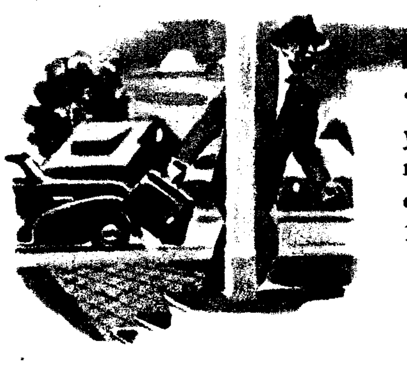
Airport Transportation Inc., St. Louis, Missouri



Highway Patrol

"Two of our cars equipped with Goodyear S3 tires have now gone 20,000 miles and at last inspection tires showed slightly any wear. Barring accidents, they look good for another twenty thousand. This service covers seven months use over all types of roads in the state."

**E. M. Klein, Acting Supt., State Highway Patrol,
Bismarck, North Dakota**



Doctor

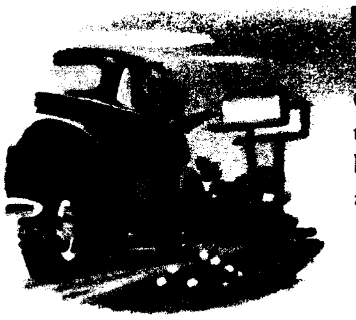
"I am more than pleased with the service one of your synthetic tires is giving. I frequently travel rough country roads and on hurry calls have to drive at fast speeds. So far this tire has run 16,100 miles and shows very little tread wear."

Dr. G. L. Hartenstein, York, Pennsylvania

Rancher

"Since the first of the year I have driven a Goodyear synthetic tire about 15,000 miles over all kinds of roads and mountain passes in my work as rancher, and the tread is almost as good as new. I want to get more Goodyears as soon as the ration board will give me an order."

C. K. Swan, Colorado Springs, Colorado



Rural Free Delivery

[illegible] my rural mail route I have driven two Goodyear synthetic tires 31,800 miles. From their looks I'll get several thousand miles more before wearing smooth. In carrying mail, train and plane schedules must be met, and it's great to know what can be expected from Goodyears."

C. C. Tuberville, Brownsville, Texas

Taxi Fleet

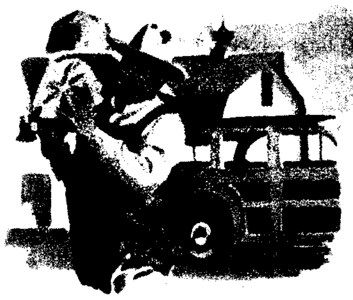
"At present we have more than 200 of your synthetic tires on our fleet. 150 of them have already delivered better than 20,000 miles without recapping and I believe with recaps they will average 35,000 miles each. You should be proud of this splendid mileage performance."

Shreveport Yellow Cab Co., Shreveport, La.

Business Man

"To date I have driven two Goodyear De Luxe synthetic tires approximately 13,000 miles and they show little or no wear. I travel all kinds of back roads, offering the very best test. From their looks, these tires will deliver as much, if not more mileage than the best prewar tires."

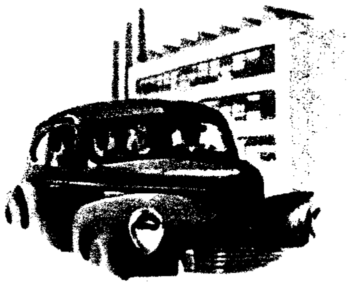
F. A. Hyde, Winchester, Virginia



Farmer

"Accept my unqualified endorsement of your De Luxe synthetic tires. I have two, used in hauling farm produce on all kinds of roads. After 16,000 miles they have never been off the wheels, are wearing evenly and have lots of tread left."

P. H. Adams, Gulfport, Mississippi



War Worker

"I have two Goodyear synthetics on my car that carries six passengers every day to Schenectady war plants — a 110-mile round trip. They've now gone 25,775 miles without trouble, and do not show too much wear. I'm thoroughly sold on Goodyear synthetic tires."

Robert Smith, Lake George, New York

Contractor

"It is my firm conviction that I have received better service from your synthetic tires than I ever had from real rubber. As a contractor, my driving is over some bad roads as well as pavement, but after 17,000 miles my two Goodyears still look good for many more miles."

J. Paul Mooseau, Phoenix, Arizona

Oilman

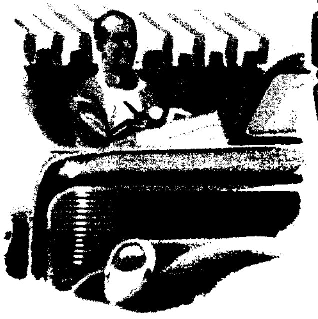
"I am in the oil business and much of my travel is over rough roads. In six months I have put 12,000 miles on three synthetic Goodyear tires and they are still in fine condition, the treads being scarcely worn. Needless to say, I am well pleased."

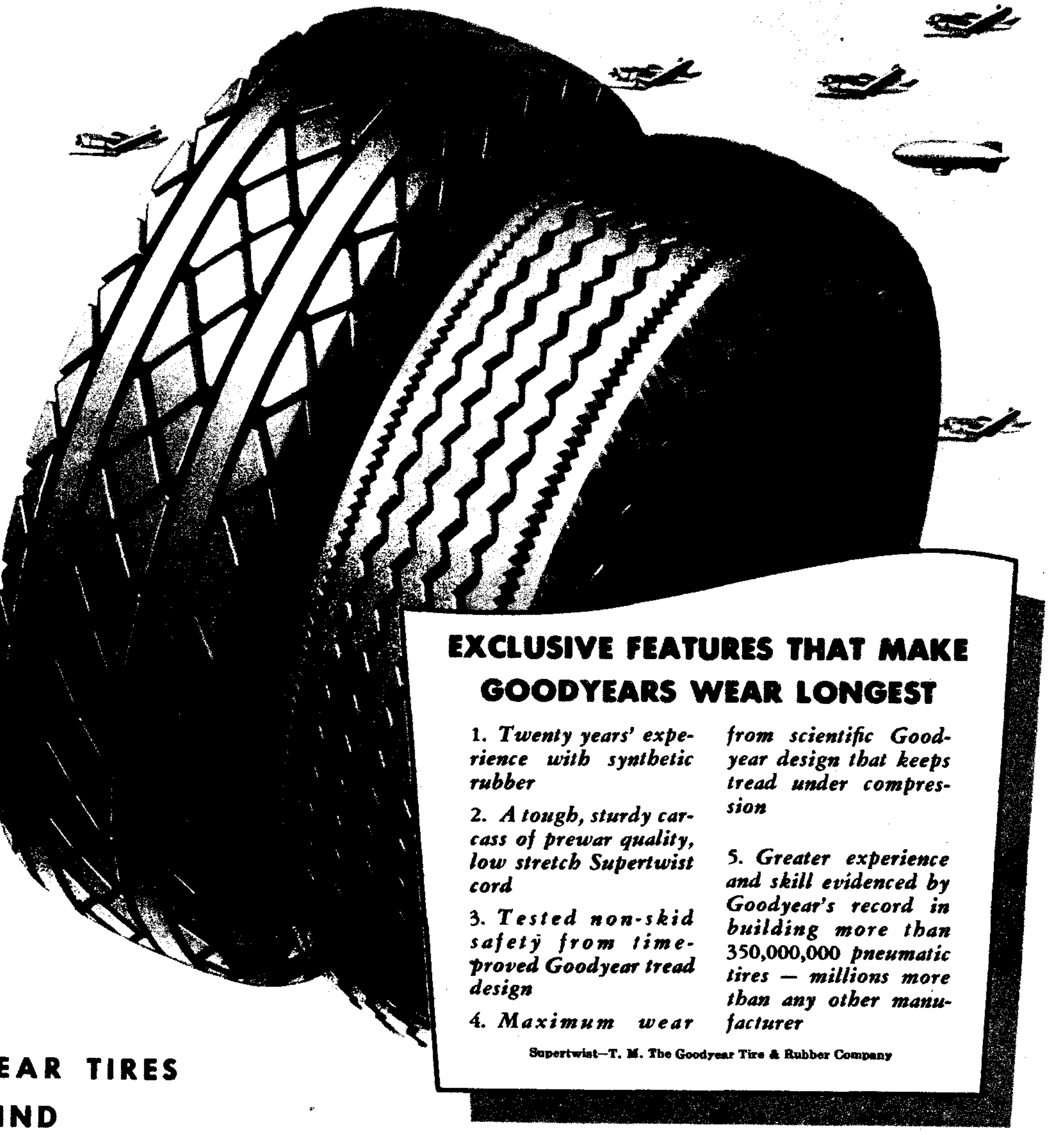
R. C. Stoner, Hollywood, California

Grocer

"Thought you might be interested in the mileage performance of our Goodyear synthetic tires. After 13,816 miles there still remains over half the tread depth, indicating many more miles of satisfactory driving. You certainly have a winner."

Roy Burns Wholesale Grocery, Indianapolis, Indiana





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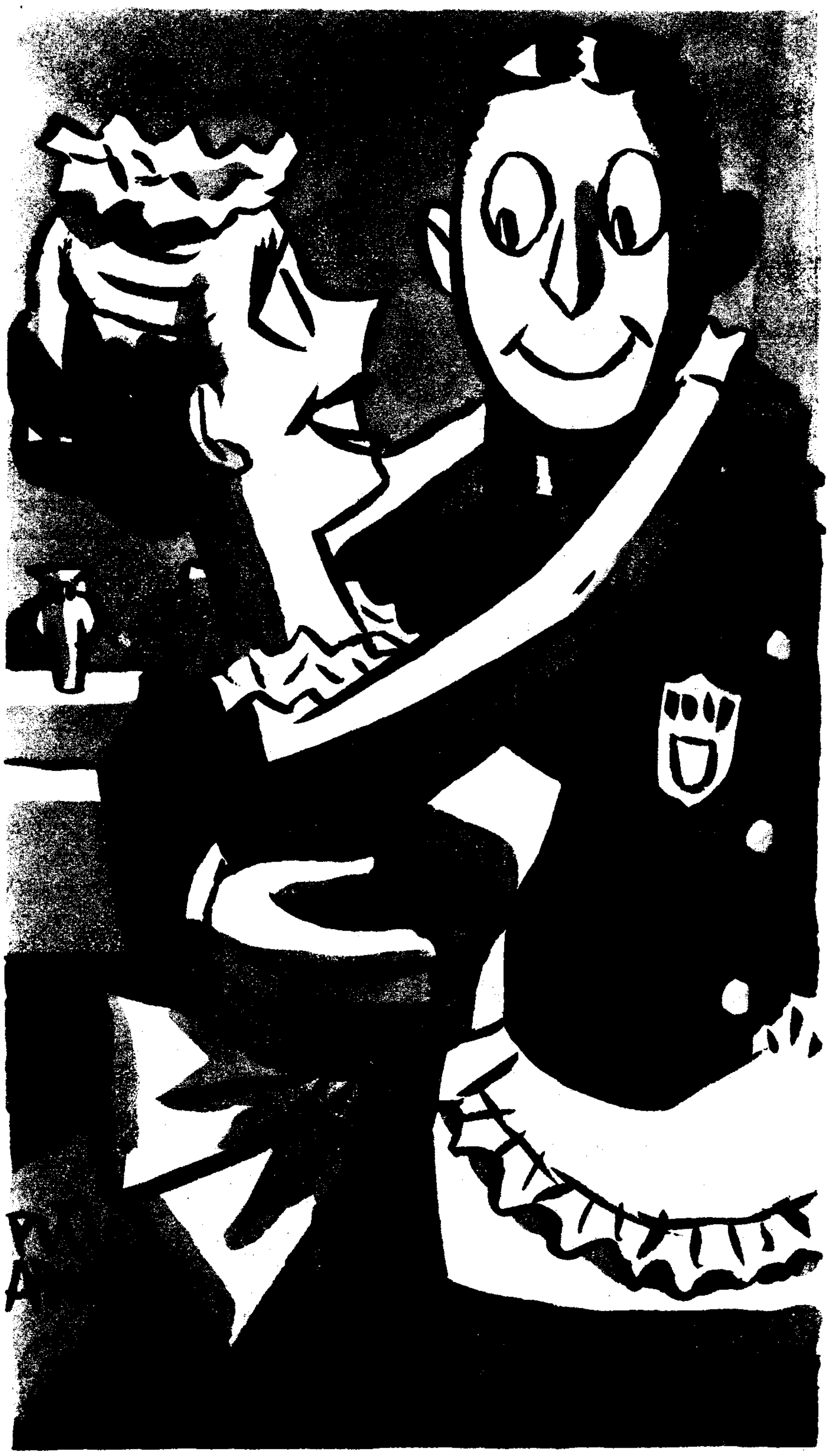

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FIGHT WASTE • SAVE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

was over, she would have had a chance to get used to things.

Back in her office again, she sat down at her desk by the window and announced to Sylvia and Weathersby, "I've resigned."

"Congratulations!" said Weathersby.

Sylvia stopped typing in the middle of a word and asked, "But why, Eric?"

"I didn't feel like making a deal with Mr. Prescott." She lighted a cigarette and added, "It was sort of suggested that one good turn deserves another, and that if I wanted three days off in the middle of the week, I ought to be more reasonable on the subject of Mr. Prescott's niece. I didn't see it that way. So I quit, she gets your job, and you get mine."

"And what about you?"

"Oh, me," said Erica, "I'm going to join the Canadian Women's Army Corps."

"Eric," said Sylvia, after a pause.

"Yes?"

"What does the CWAC do about leaves if you're married to someone in the Army?"

"I think they arrange it so that you have your leaves together."

"Do you mind if I join up with you?"

"Mind!" repeated Erica in amazement. "Darling, would you?"

Sylvia had had one week of marriage which had ended three days before when Mike had gone off to camp; they had been the longest and emptiest three days that she had ever lived through, and she said, "Yes," adding more definitely, "Yes, I would."

"Leaving me holding the bag with Mr. Prescott's niece," said Weathersby, brooding. "But I'll catch up with you," he said, pointing a finger at them. "Six months and I'll be old enough for the Air Force."

Erica and Sylvia started to laugh. They went on laughing for a while, and finally Erica said, "Well, it's almost over, children, but we've had an awful lot of fun."

FROM the Friday evening when Erica had told her parents that she was going to spend the first half of Marc's embarkation leave with him in the Laurentians until a week from the following Monday, less than two hours before her train was due to leave, Charles Drake did not mention the subject again. During those ten days, he scarcely spoke to her at all; even the indirect references to Marc which had acted to some extent as escape valves, had abruptly come to an end.

Shortly before three o'clock on Monday afternoon, Erica went up to her bedroom to pack, and a few minutes later she returned from her bathroom with a handful of toilet articles, to find her father standing against the closed door leading to the hall.

Erica had not heard him come in and, on first sight of him, she started, dropping one of her cosmetic jars on the soft carpet, although she had known all along, and in spite of his silence, that some kind of ultimatum was inevitable. He was simply not going to allow her to walk out, on her way to spend three days with Marc, without making any effort to stop her.

She picked up the jar and asked calmly, "What are you doing home at this hour, Charles?"

"I wasn't getting any work done. I couldn't keep my mind on it." He watched her for a moment in silence, while Erica went on with her packing, and then said jerkily, "I came—to ask you—not to go."

He moved out of the shadow by the door into the light, a big, gray-haired man with hands clenched at his sides, and said, "That other week end you were away was bad enough but I didn't know definitely . . ."

"There's nothing more to know now than there was then."

He went on as though he had not heard her, "I didn't know for certain that he was going to be there, or whether you—whether you were definitely . . ."

His voice trailed off; he left the sentence unfinished and fumbled in his pocket with one hand, taking out his cigar case and a bunch of keys, then putting them back again. He looked almost ill; the flesh around his fine dark eyes was puffed and discolored, and in the strong light from the windows his skin had a yellowish tinge. He said, trying to keep his voice level, "You can't expect your mother and me to sit here for three days, from now till Thursday night, while you—while you . . ."

He swallowed, and then said with sudden violence, "We can't stand it. I tell you, Erica, we can't stand it! We're too old. If you go through with this thing, you'll leave a mark on us that will last the rest of our lives."

"You sound as though I was going to commit murder."

She took two pairs of shoes from the cupboard, then sat down on her bed with the shoes in her lap, remarking aimlessly, "It's a bit late, isn't it? Marc left Petawawa two hours ago, and it's less than two hours till my train goes. Why didn't you get all this over with last night or even this morning? You went off downtown after breakfast without saying a word."

"I wasn't going to say anything. Your mother didn't . . ." He stopped again.

"What made you change your mind?"

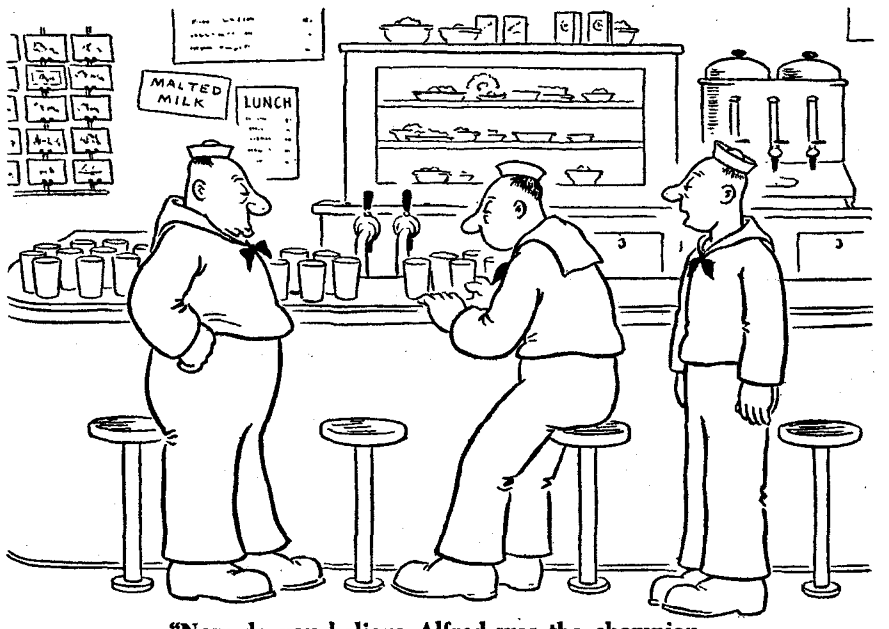
With his eyes fixed on her face, he tried to say something, but nothing came. At last he answered only, "I told you, I can't go through with it."

"I don't know what you want, Charles, except that you seem to want everything."

"All I want you to do is to stay at home and behave like any decent girl who values her own self-respect!"

Erica put one pair of shoes into the suitcase lying on the bed beside her, and looking down at the other pair in her lap, she said hopelessly, "You haven't the remotest idea what this is all about because you've never given me a chance to tell you. Ever since the begin-

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Now do you believe Alfred was the champion annual Sunday-school picnic lemonade drinker?"

ning, whenever I tried to tell you, *you told me.* You knew. You knew without being told, just as you knew exactly what Marc was like without ever having met him."

He said, staring at her, "I'll admit it hadn't even occurred to me that you might try to justify yourself by putting the blame on me. . . ."

"I'm not trying to justify myself! I don't give a damn about justifying myself."

She began wrapping the second pair of shoes in tissue paper, with her hands shaking. She had no idea where this was going to end, but she knew that if she lost her temper it could end only in disaster. She had kept her feelings dammed up for too long.

"Do you know what I've been doing for the past two months, Charles?" she asked, without looking at him. "I've been trying to outbalance what the experience of thirty-three years has done to Marc. It's been quite job with only two months to do it in, and now when all I've got left is three days, you . . ."

He said, cutting her short, "You've got the rest of your life!"

"I've got to prove—" She stopped, glanced at him and said, "No, I haven't got the rest of my life. It isn't even a question of whether he comes back or not, but whether I'll ever see him again if he does."

EVIDENTLY he did have at least a vague idea of what it was all about, for he said, "Isn't it possible that instead of all those subtle reasons you keep looking for, it may simply be that he's not really in love with you?"

She turned suddenly and said, facing him, "And supposing he isn't in love with me, or not enough in love with me—then why?"

"Why what?"

"Why isn't he?"

He fumbled for his cigar case again and answered finally through a cloud of smoke, "You wouldn't be the first girl to find out that respect is what matters most in the long run."

"Doesn't that depend somewhat on the individual?"

"No, it's just human nature."

"There's a generalization to take care of everything, isn't there?" asked Erica, starting toward the chest of drawers behind him.

He said angrily, "Generalizations only exist because they represent the accumulated experience of the human race right down through history!"

"And so whenever we find someone who doesn't fit, we go to work on him and by the time we've finished, we've damn' well made him fit!"

He scrutinized her in silence for a moment as she stood with her back to the chest of drawers, and at last he said, "You haven't any idea how much you've changed in the past three months."

"It doesn't do to lose all your illusions at once, does it?"

"Eric, for heaven's sake!"

She could feel the anger mounting higher and higher inside her, but it had not yet broken loose, and she said almost conversationally, "You know, Charles, I had illusions about practically everything. About you and Mother and this precious country of ours, and the kind of world we're supposed to be fighting for—I was so full of illusions that, really, I must have been quite a spectacle."

"I liked you better that way, Eric," he said, under his breath.

"I liked you better, too."

It was as though she had struck him. She took note of his reaction, without reacting herself in any way. He might just as well have been someone else, not her father.

He said, his voice trembling, "Listen, Eric. I don't know what's already happened between you and Reiser, and neither your mother nor I want to know."

"Is Mother included in this?"

"No. She doesn't even know I'm home." He paused, and forcing himself to speak more matter-of-factly, he said, "We'll forget about it—that's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Go on," said Erica, watching him.

"Anyhow, we didn't ask you not to go last time, and it isn't as though you went in spite of everything you could do to stop you. But this time, we are asking you . . ."

"Yes?" said Erica. "What right have you to ask me not to go?"

"What did you say?"

"Are you and Mother the only ones who have any rights?"

"I don't think I have to answer that."

"As you like," said Erica, shrugging. "Go on. I'd still like to know what you're getting at."

"I told you. I don't want you to go. If you do go, you'll go deliberately this time, knowing exactly how we feel about it and the price we're paying for your three days of happiness or whatever you call it, and as long as you live, you'll never be able to forget what you did to us and to yourself, and neither will we. You'll never be quite the same to us again."

"You don't mean that," she said incredulously.

"I do mean it." He looked straight at her. His face had become quite colorless, and he said, "We'll go to our graves knowing that when it came to a choice between your mother and father and a rotten . . ."

"Don't say anything about Marc," said Erica warningly.

"I'll say anything I like!" he burst out angrily.

"I don't think you'd better. I've had about enough from you on the subject, Charles. I don't intend to listen to any more."

"If you'd listened to me in the first place, none of this would have happened! I told you Reiser was just out for what he could get. I told you that, didn't I? Well, he got it, evidently, and I was only wrong about one thing—I'll admit I was wrong about that. I thought he really intended to marry you."

Erica stared at him in silence and finally she said, her heart pounding, "Charles, get out. Go away . . . please go away, because I—I . . ."

"No," said her father.

"All right," she said faintly. "I guess I can't make you." It was twenty minutes to four, and her train left at five, but she did not move. Still standing with her back against the chest of drawers, she said, "What you want me to do is wire Marc to meet me at the drugstore on the corner of Peel and St. Catherine. That's your idea of a suitable way for Marc to spend his last leave, isn't it? Meeting me on street corners, going from Charcot's to the Ritz bar and from the Ritz bar to a bench in Dominion Square, looking for a place to sit down because his car's in storage and we can't sit in it any more. Well, why not? you're probably asking yourself. He must be used to it by this time."

SHE took a step forward and, looking up at him, said, "I'll tell you why not, Charles. He's had enough of that. For me to ask him to come here and do just what we've been doing ever since we met, would be like saying, 'This is all you get. This is all you're ever going to get if you stick with me,' when the one thing I've been trying to get into his head from the very beginning is that this is *not* all he's ever going to get. Heaven help me, I even promised him that you would not only change your mind but that you'd like him and be really nice to him. You don't realize what a difference it would have made if you'd given us a break."

"Oh, yes, I do," he said, before he could stop himself.

"Yes," said Erica. "Yes, of course, you realize. I forgot. And now you want us to stay in town for your sake."

"Eric . . ."

Turning away from him, she said, "You're just wasting your breath."

She went back to the chest of drawers and, gathering up a few articles of clothing, she carried them over to the bed and put them in her suitcase.

When she glanced at him again, she found that his expression had changed, and she regarded him without interest, waiting for whatever was coming next. She had an odd idea that it was something which he had been holding in reserve until now, intending it to be used only as a last resort.

Finally he spoke with a visible effort, stumbling over the words: "Erica—if your mother and I—if we agreed to have him here, the way you said . . ."

(To be concluded next week)

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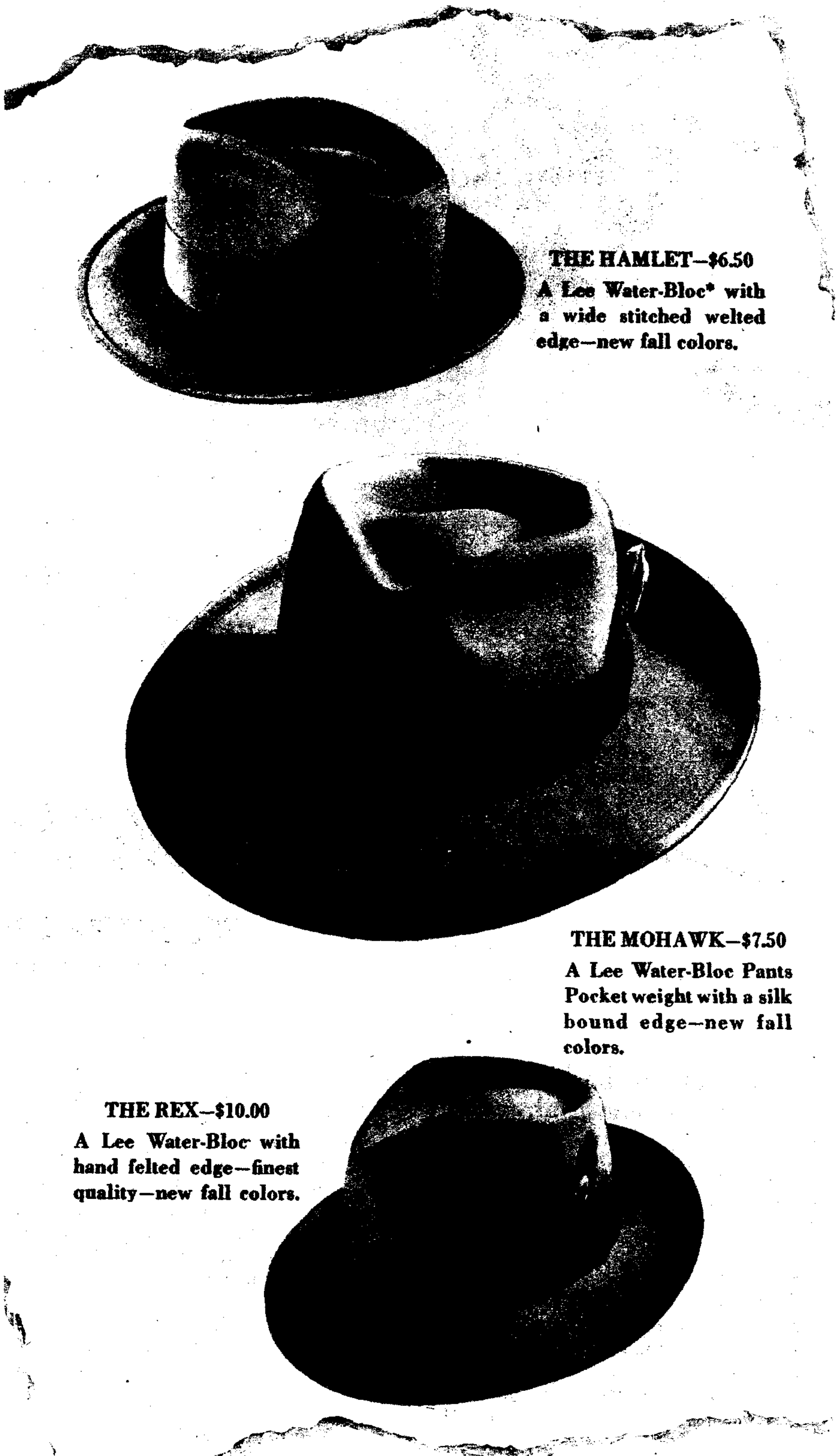

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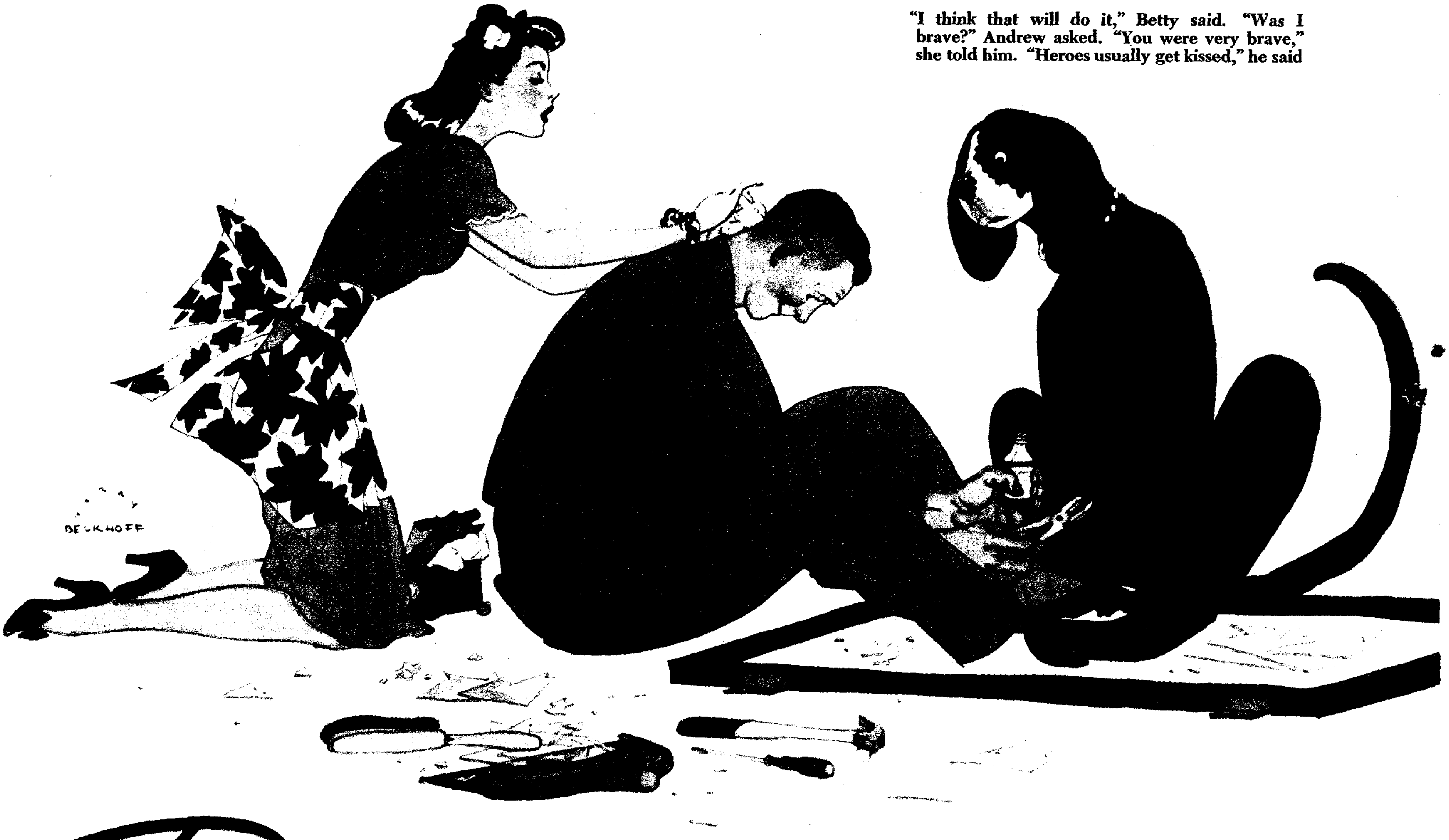


"I think that will do it," Betty said. "Was I brave?" Andrew asked. "You were very brave," she told him. "Heroes usually get kissed," he said

Deacon and the PFC

BY ARTHUR HEINEMANN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

It was love at first bark when Deacon laid eyes on Andrew. But it shouldn't happen to a dog—what Deacon did to Andy's private life from then on

HE HAD dozed on the sunny bench since three, and it was five now, and he still had nothing to do for hours. His uniform was wrinkled. The back of his neck was stiff from the bench rail, and his mouth felt as if he had been snoring.

Sounds washed past him infrequently. He had chosen this bench because of its isolation; the city was a distant geometrical backdrop of cement and windows over the trees, and the squall of horns and the movements of people were far off.

There was nothing to do until eight tonight. Virginia was probably shopping; she always stayed in the stores until they closed, darting purposefully from hats to blouses to pins to shoes to china, just as she used to before the war. At six-ten she would be in her apartment, disheveled, her bundles on the bed with her hat and gloves and dress. He could telephone her then, but there would be little pleasure in it. She was at her poorest on the telephone, and he always left the booth with a feeling of dissatisfaction, wondering why he had called her. She would be in the tub until six-thirty; she would eat a hurried and indigestible cold plate left by the maid in the refrigerator, and then it would take her over an hour to do her hair, her eyes, her lips, her nails, her skin. He always marveled that the result could seem so innocently natural. She was a dewy, translucent flower; she was a questioning child.

At eight o'clock, her doorman, ignoring the single stripe on his sleeves and remembering him as a civilian, would say, "Good evening, Mr. Fevelle." She would answer his buzz herself with an "Andrew darling!" as if his visit were completely unexpected, but a delightful surprise.

And some time later in the evening he would probably ask her to marry him.

He lay back on the bench, his head resting on the top rail, his feet stuck out almost to the middle of the path. His eyes were still closed. He was bony and long, and in repose his face had the chiseled dignity of an Indian's. He looked, and was, awkward.

A dog loping amiably down the path swerved to investigate him. He was a fantastically big and black dog; he had the look and the loose build of a hound. When he skidded to a stop in front of the bench, his head was level with Andrew's.

From around the bend of the path, a voice asked, "Deacon, where are you?" The dog waved his tail in acknowledgment, and sniffed deeply at Andrew.

In his doze, Andrew heard the voice and the sniff, and he was aware of some alien presence near him. He kept his eyes closed. Earlier that afternoon, a fat four-year-old girl had asked her mother loudly was the soldier drunk, and why was he asleep if he wasn't drunk, and why didn't he sleep in his bed if he was taking a nap; Andrew had kept his eyes closed and the child had gone.

The voice was nearer. "Deacon, come here! Deacon, do you hear me?"

The descending sun was warm on Andrew, and his mind drifted. Time was endless. He thought of the way his friend Smitty had wangled his week-end pass for him and the emptiness of it so far.

The voice said, "Deacon, get away from him! Deacon!"

Something like a wet washcloth slopped over Andrew's face and around his ear. His head jerked up and his eyes opened.

The dog was happy to see Andrew awake. He heaved his black bulk up; rested his paws on Andrew's shoulders. The bench tilted upon its back legs. By then Andrew got a clear view of his bulk; he let out a strangled cry and tried to shift position. The bench, with Andrew and the dog, turned over.

ANDREW was dazedly aware of the girl's apologies as she helped him up, and of the bump on the back of his head. Then he saw the dog again, sitting like the Sphinx and almost as large; he took a precipitate step backward, tripped over the bench and went down again.

The girl held her hands to her mouth; she sat weakly down on the overturned bench, shaking. Deacon came over to kiss her anxiously. She pushed him away and wiped her eyes. A new spasm shook her as she held out a hand to help Andrew up.

She gasped. "I'm sorry. I really am sorry."

"That's all right." Andrew got to his feet carefully. "Anything for a laugh."

"Oh, but really—I shouldn't have laughed. It wasn't funny." She turned her head suddenly to hide the smile. She was small and black-haired; she wore slacks and a loose sweater, and she looked carefree and real.

Andrew said, "It was just that I didn't expect company. Is he a—dog?"

"He's perfectly harmless," the girl said. "Aren't you, Deacon?"

He waved his tail and looked at Andrew.

"He's big," said Andrew. "Of course that's obvious."

"It's glands."

"Oh!"

"Overdeveloped physically."

"Yes?"

"But not mentally," she added. "I'm sorry. I should have asked—are you hurt?" She stepped around in back of him to look at his head.

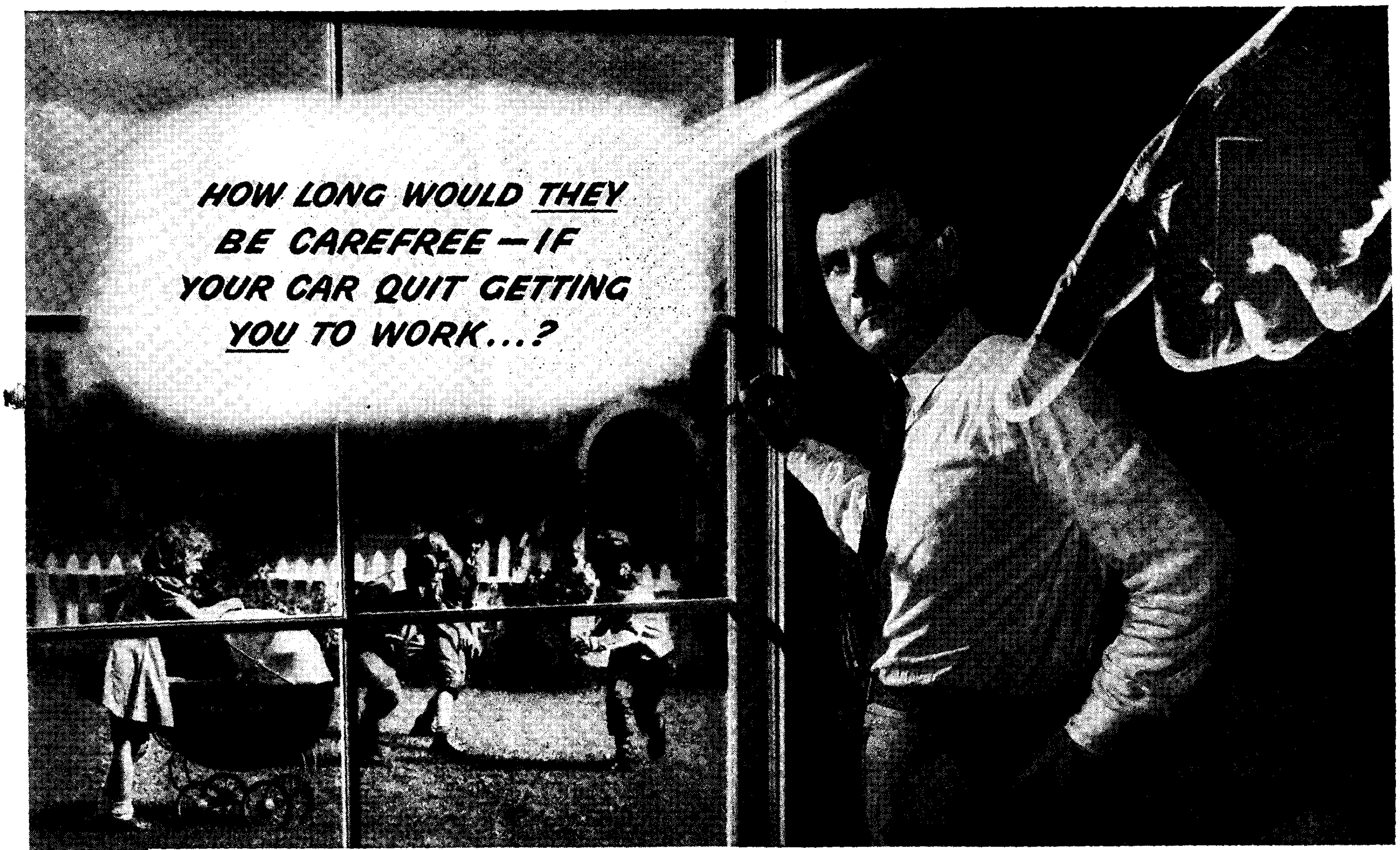
"I don't think I am." He rubbed his head and neck and winced when his fingers found the bump.

He said, "Don't worry about it. Nothing serious."

He stood straight, and saw her clearly, liking the casual good humor and friendliness in her face. Her skin was clear, and the sun had brought the beginning of a flush to it. For a moment he thought: Something could happen of this. I'd like it.

She wouldn't turn heads as Virginia did, but she was pretty, her nose pert, her chin pointed, her eyes glinting and alert. But there was probably some very decent and very likable young man firmly fixed in the pattern of her life. He had had these feelings before—since the Army made him a uniformed and uprooted civilian.

(Continued on page 55)


HOW LONG WOULD THEY BE CAREFREE—IF YOUR CAR QUIT GETTING YOU TO WORK...?

"Read the facts! 200,000 more cars are gone for keeps, every 30 days. And 4 out of 5 Americans must drive to work, or risk not working at all. I want to keep your car from quitting..."

Al Wright *Speaking for the Automobile Service Men of America*

"Is it a new thought to you—that your family's happiness and security actually rest on the four wheels of your car? If that car quits getting you to work, you may buck next winter's blizzards on foot—or risk facing 'payless pay-days' because you couldn't get to work at all.

"As an automobile service man, I know the jolt that's ahead for a lot of people who are driving now. Streetcars and buses are overcrowded. The government has warned that 4 out of 5 must keep on riding to work in private cars, if they're to ride at all. *Yet more than 200,000 of these people every 30 days are losing their vital cars for keeps!*

"So the Alemite people are simply trying to serve you when they send me every month with this reminder: *your car is due again for vital maintenance service.* They hope your service man is one of the thousands who use Alemite lubricants to give you 'tops in protection.' But whether he is or not, see him now! Get these maintenance services that mean so much:

1. Prevention of wear and breakdowns. Without regular care, less and slower driving can result in faster wear. Today's conditions demand every-30-day chassis lubrication, motor flushing and oil change. Also periodic servicing of steering gear, wheel bearings, transmission and differential.

2. Tire conservation—through frequent inspection of wheel alignment and balance, brake check-up, and rotation of tires.

3. Gas mileage check-up—to stretch mileage by cleaning and respacing fouled plugs, cleaning air filter, and tuning motor.

"Don't gamble with the car that helps you hold your job. Give it the regular care it needs—so you'll keep riding and working!"

SEPTEMBER 1944
AUGUST 1944

Another Month Gone—

It's later than you think!

●

See Your Service Man Today ...Then Every 30 Days!

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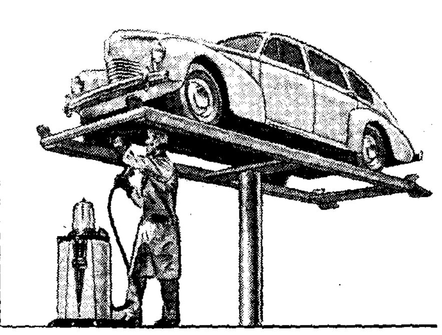
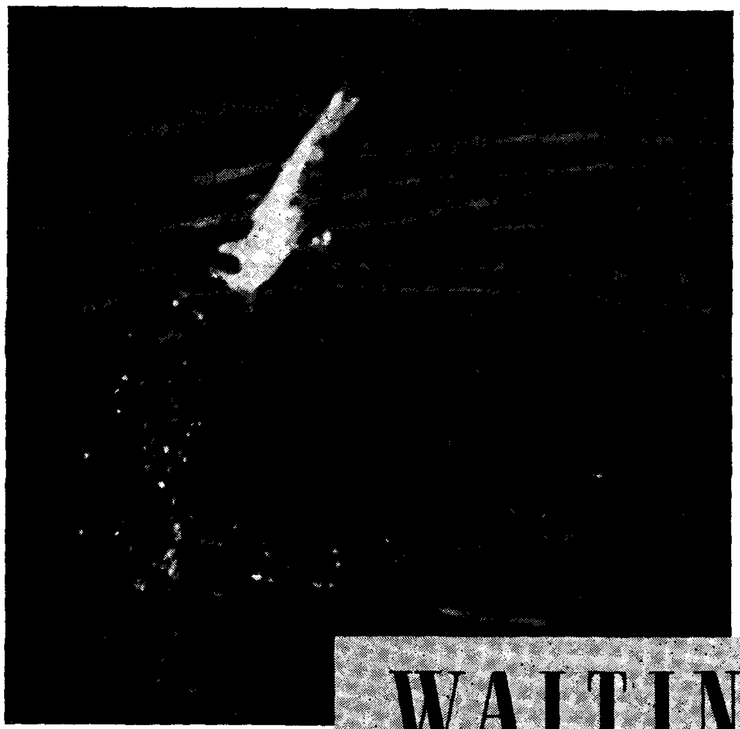


DO YOUR DUTY • • • BUY WAR BONDS



WAITING..

With 12 million red-blooded men busy in the armed services, lots of fine fish are growing fat (and careless). The "good spots" are better than ever—just *waiting* to be fished.

Beautiful fishing models of Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motors will be waiting too, when the right day comes.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSE

WAITING..

We have been making lots of outboard motors right along. For war. It will take some time, of course, when materials and manpower are released, to stock up on the deluxe models you want. But we will do our best to see that they are ready when Johnny (and Jane) come marching home. In the meantime, if you are interested in selling AND SERVICING outboard motors after the war, write us—no matter what your location may be. JOHNSON MOTORS, Waukegan, Ill.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES
for DEPENDability

ARMY (E) NAVY

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

From Poll to Poll

Continued from page 22

dollars to Doctor Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., for advance information on your movie preferences. A short summary of a proposed movie is used as the basis of interviews with a cross section of moviegoers. If those interviewed say, "I wouldn't care for a movie like that," the moviemakers revise their plans. For ARI findings prove out at the box office.

Churches, labor unions and lawyer groups make use of the polls in formulating their policies; and no radio program remains on the air unless opinion research proves its popularity.

The pollsters all use approximately the same technique—personal interviews by a corps of trained investigators with a selected cross section of the population. Usually, the number of people questioned ranges from 2,500 to 10,000; interviews last from 20 minutes to an hour, and they cost the pollsters from 30 cents to $3.50 per interview—although Roper charged the man who didn't know what to do with his two million dollars $156 apiece for interviews with industrial leaders. Most polls are completed within ten days, but last-minute election polls can be telegraphed to completion within 48 hours.

The pollsters go to a lot of trouble to phrase questions in exactly the right words. Roper found that if he asked the question "Should the United States do everything in its power to promote world peace?" he got an almost unanimous "Yes." But if he changed the wording to read "Should the United States get involved in a plan to promote world peace?" he got a sharp increase of noes.

"Apparently, 'involved' is a bad word," Roper says, "and we should not become involved in anything, even virtue."

Sometimes it's hard to get true answers. If a smart-alecky college girl comes around and starts asking questions of a man in overalls, he may wonder suspiciously: Is this a spy for the boss? or Will what I say make Uncle Pete lose his job? To inspire confidence, pollsters try to hire interviewers from the same class as the people they wish to question.

A pollster double-checks to make sure he questions a true cross section of the people. If there are too many telephones among those interviewed, as compared with the number of telephones in the country, the pollster knows his cross section included too many high-income people. If too many interviewers report that they have gas in their homes, the pollster knows he has questioned too many city people, too few farmers.

The pollsters know all the difficulties—and still are sure they get at the truth. As proof that they can find out what the entire voting population thinks by questioning only a few people, they cite Doctor Gallup's survey on the NRA in 1936. The question "Would you like to see the NRA revived?" was submitted first to 500 people. Of these, 54.9% answered "No." The same question then was submitted to 30,000 people, and almost exactly the same proportion—55.5%—again answered "No." Presumably the same result would have held if every adult in the country had voted on the question.

It is all worked out according to mathematical formulas regarding the laws of chance and probability. Thus, if you can take it, an analysis of a poll on isolationists reads in part: "Therefore P43/2 is the probability that a person who is actually an isolationist will give a 'No opinion' answer on Question 4. Of course Pi 1/k + Pi 2/k + Pi 3/k = 1, that is, on any particular question, say the I-th, the total of the proportions of the people actually in the K-th category giving responses in categories 1,2,3, is equal to one, which is no more than saying that . . ." and so on.

Influence on Public Events

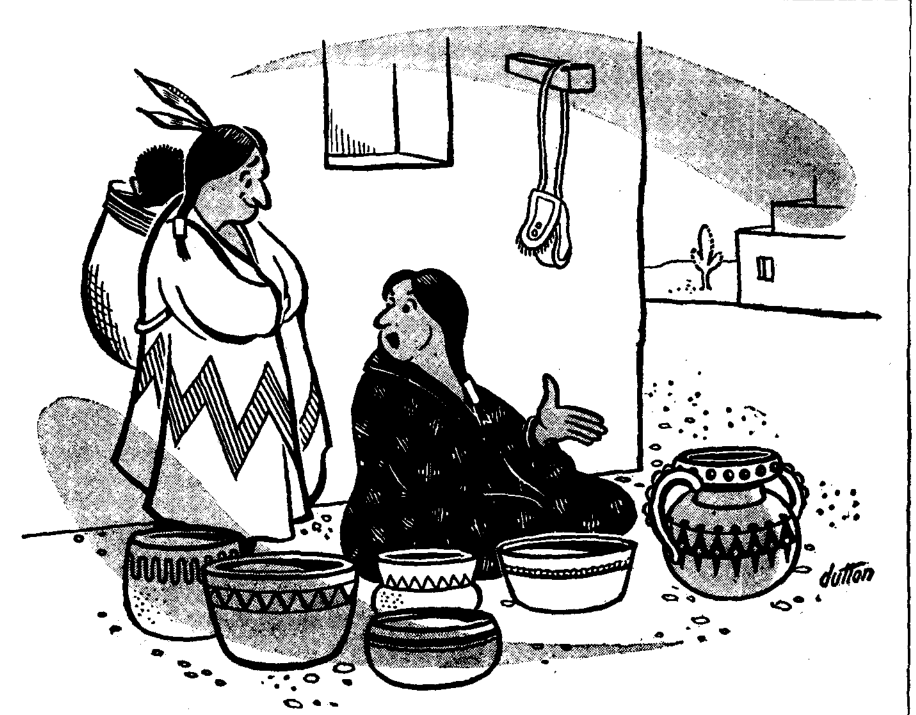
As the polls grow in scope and accuracy and in the public regard, their power to affect the course of events increases. Legislators give heed to them, and President Roosevelt scans them with care. Princeton University maintains an office to keep score on the pollsters—logically, perhaps, since many of the pollsters live and do their work in Princeton. Doctor Hadley Cantril, director of the university's Office of Public Opinion Research, has assembled the most complete public-opinion records in the world. He tests techniques and charts progress.

Doctor Cantril regards polls as wholesome influences in the life of the nation. They cut down the influence of pressure groups, he says, by proving to a legislator that the loudest talkers don't necessarily represent the will of the people. When Selective Service was a controversial issue, Congressional mail was overwhelmingly against it. Yet all polls showed the people were overwhelmingly in favor of it.

Polls reveal public ignorance, showing where education is needed. "Lend-Lease?" said the lady to the poll-taker. "Sorry, I never heard of it, but if you tell me the time and the station I'll be glad to listen—" And 20 per cent of the people didn't know any more about Lend-Lease than she did.

Above all, the polls permit the people to speak, not only at election time, but all of the time, on every public issue.

THE END

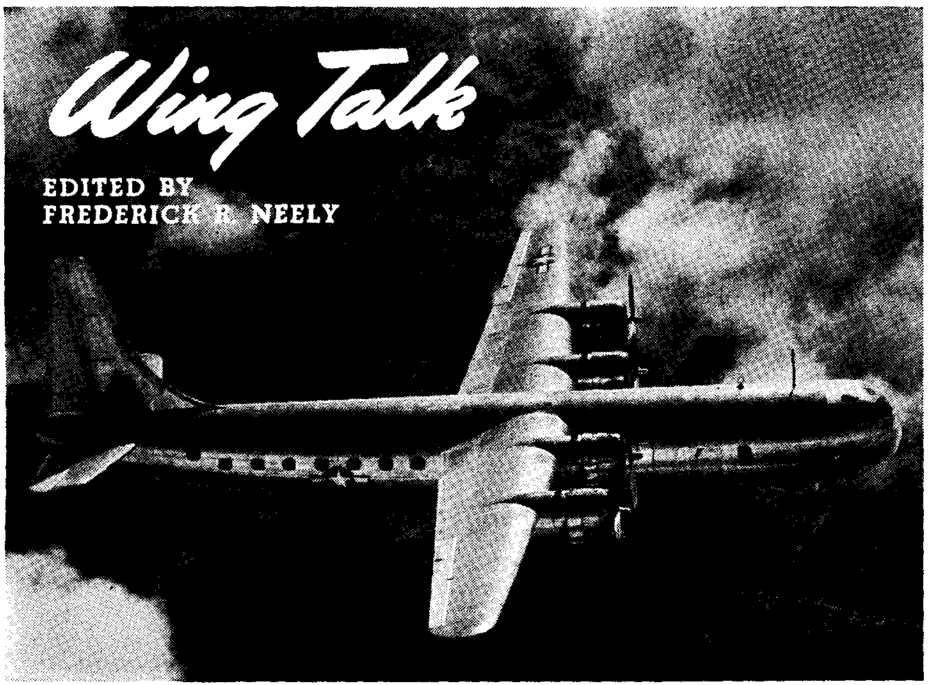


"I've been trying to sell it for years. It was one of my wedding presents!"

COLLIER'S AUBREY W. DUTTON

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



OTTO MENGE

Using the wing, power plant, and landing gear of the B-24, the Model 39 Liberator Liner has been designed to accommodate 48 postwar passengers

FROM San Diego to Seattle, the West Coast is alive with plans for building big airplanes after the war, and if it holds the lead it now has over Eastern aircraft plants, it may well become the world's headquarters for mammoth passenger and cargo planes.

Favoring the West are four big plants with world-wide battle testing and experience—Consolidated Vultee, Douglas, Lockheed and Boeing—all of which have products convertible for commercial use or which embody so much basic knowledge that commercial models can be developed from them with a minimum of delay.

One to take early advantage of this happy condition is Consolidated Vultee which is now testing its new 30-ton Liberator Liner, known in the trade as Model 39. Executive Vice-President I. M. (Mac) Laddon saved himself and his company much time and money when he decided to utilize the B-24 Liberator wing, engine arrangement and landing gear, and the new single tail which has been proved on the Navy version now performing magnificently in the Pacific as a long-range spotter.

The Liberator Liner will carry 48 sitting passengers or 24 lying down and cruise at 240. If pushed for its maximum range of 4,000 miles nonstop, the throttles would be cut back to 200 miles per hour as the most economical cruising speed for that distance. However, flights up to 2,500 miles only are intended. Its four Pratt & Whitney engines develop a total of 4,400 horsepower.

Spectacular and distinctive is the wing-amidship, 90-foot, torpedolike fuselage, which is 24 feet longer than the C-87 Liberator Express, the transport version of the B-24 Army bomber. The maximum diameter of the fuselage is ten and a half feet and, with the wing mounted virtually on top, the passengers have unobstructed vision of the ground.

Moving up the coast from San Diego into the Los Angeles area, you'll find much big plane activity at Douglas (about whose DC-7 we've already reported) and at Lockheed, now turning out the Constellation and working on one even bigger. Douglas has let it be known that it has plans for an enlarged version of the DC-4 (Army C-54) to be known as the DC-6 with a fuselage about seven feet longer and with larger engines.

Up in Seattle, Boeing, while building the gigantic B-29s, gets time now and then to think about a big landplane modeled somewhat after the Superfortress, and also a bigger flying boat than the old work horse of the Atlantic, the Boeing Clipper. Boeing is doing a modification job on the five 307 Stratoliners which TWA was just getting into operation when war came and which were turned over to the Air Transport Command. They have been returned to TWA, and Boeing is installing B-17 wings, engines, tail and landing gear on them. This reliable combination hooked onto the big fat fuselage of the 307 will give an additional pay load of several thousand pounds.

Due to get into the air late this year or early next is Howard Hughes' 200-ton, eight-engine flying boat, originally projected as the Kaiser-Hughes answer to the submarine menace. Mr. Hughes will say absolutely nothing about this, and so will we.

Peering a little farther into the future, you can see Consolidated Vultee's plans for a 400-passenger, six-engine, pusher-type transport; and there is advanced thinking in the engineering departments of North American and Northrop, too.

Switch back East, and you'll find Glenn L. Martin working on 20 more copies of the successful 70-ton Mars and toying at the same time with something much bigger. Curtiss-Wright, United Aircraft and Fairchild have tipped enough of their hands to let us know that big things may be expected of them also.

Thus, in general, big-ship development is coming gradually and in an orderly manner, both engineers and manufacturers preferring to take advantage of known and proved designs and practices.

WE TOLD you in Wing Talk for June 17th how easy it's going to be for you to qualify for a private license. Now the Civil Aeronautics Board and its administrative agency, the CAA, have plans for saving you money, time, and form-filling and giving you, as a plane owner, greater responsibility, too.

For one thing, you won't have to keep a logbook detailing the operation of the plane; and you'll need to have it inspected only once a year instead of every 100 hours. But the prize proposal, which is being received jubilantly by the private pilot who likes to tinker, allows you the right to perform routine maintenance and minor repairs to the plane, engine, instruments and propeller. You can change a wing, put on a new tail wheel, replace an instrument and do things like that. However, you can't monkey with the engineering and aerodynamic characteristics of the plane. For this you've got to call in a certified mechanic, a repair station or the manufacturer.

This liberalization applies only to the private owner who uses his airplane for noncommercial purposes, and it may result in the setting up of a separate category under the designation NP (N being the international identification meaning United States registry, and P for personal or private). But the commercial operators, other than those on scheduled airlines, may be included in these new rules, to expedite the return to service of their airplanes, which make money only when flying.

(Continued on page 61)

Slow sun-ripening makes a
MELLOW APPLE

and slow flavor-aging makes a
MELLOW
GINGER ALE!

Clicquot Club
Extra Ginger
Clicquot Club
Full Quart
Ginger PALE DRY Ale

Clicquot Club
GINGER ALE
OVER FIFTY YEARS A FAVORITE

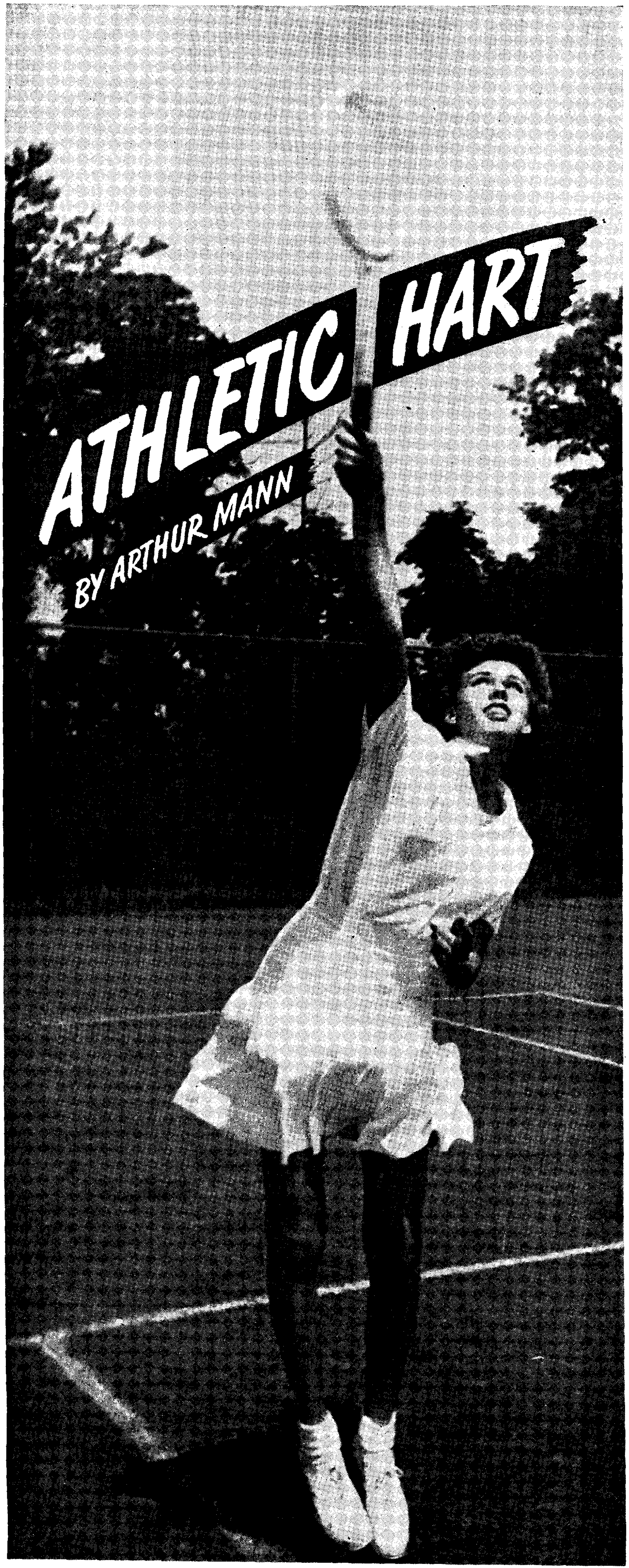
N. W. AYER & SON

How do you like your apples — hard and green and puckery — or red-cheeked, juicy and tangy flavored, ripened s-l-o-w-l-y on the bough?

You'd choose the *ripe* apple, of course — just as your taste prefers the delicious, mellow tang of *flavor-aged* Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Finest Jamaica ginger and other ingredients are allowed to blend and ripen slowly, month after month, till the peak of taste-perfection is reached. *Flavor-aging* has made Clicquot Club a favorite for over 50 years!

●

- *For the extra sparkle and longer life that make a super-drink — Clicquot Club Sparkling Water holds the secret . . . Bonded Carbonation!*



MAX PETER HAAS

ATHLETIC HART

BY ARTHUR MANN

Tennis enthusiasts moan that Doris Hart, one of the best players in the country, plays a "lazy" game. There's a reason, though. Not too long ago, she was slated for a lifetime as an invalid

THEY laughed when she sat down after dividing two sets with the national junior champion in early 1941, because she was only fifteen and just a Miami schoolgirl trying to make good in the semifinals of a Fort Lauderdale invitation tournament. She had taken the first set, 6–2, and dropped the second by the same score. The crowd settled back to watch the champion, almost ten years older, overcome another of these do-or-die locals.

But the third and deciding set was far from funny. The fuzzy-haired Doris Jane Hart produced deep and well-placed drives from an endless assortment that belied her tender years.

Her pretty, determined face mirrored none of the tyro's traditional nervousness as she drove Pauline Betz hither and yon for the unreturnable. She confounded the agile champion with a tantalizing drop shot that cleared the net by inches, and her masculine type of service packed a most unexpected sizzle. Fighting for every point, and with the score tied at 4–all, she broke through Betz's service and went on to defeat the best woman player on the courts that year. Moreover, she did it again at Miami, and a third time in the Southern Championships at Louisville.

The star of Doris Hart has been on the rise in the tennis firmament ever since, for she has battled through the rankings from 18th in 1940 to third for last year's competition. Winning the National Junior title in 1942 and 1943 was expected, for the girl "on the way up" usually does.

What amazed everybody around Lauderdale and Miami was the fact that this Hart girl played tennis at all, because doctors had once ordered the amputation of her paralyzed right leg, and later reduced her to physical helplessness with a pair of severe operations.

But there she was, beating the national champion, and here she is today, just turned nineteen, with the best feminine tennis game in America. Experts call her as good as Alice Marble was at nineteen, and perhaps better.

A Masculine Style

Opponents concede that she packs the best service ever shown by any woman player, second ball as well as first, and old-timers go back twenty years to Eleanor Goss before finding a "man's service" to compare with Doris Hart's. Her unsurpassed drop shot is an uncanny weapon that barely clears the net just when the opponent is set for a stiff return to the base line. You can go through her complete set of strokes—backhand, forehand, volley, cut shots, placements and a Tilden-like follow-through—without finding a single weakness.

Then why, you may ask, doesn't she run away from the field?

A decade ago she would have done so. Tennis players of today, regardless of their stroke equipment, cannot dominate the field. There will never be another Tilden, Budge, Vines, Wills-Moody or Marble as long as the ball is slowed up by a heavy nap that resembles beaver fur. The fuzzy nap was introduced a few years ago for the purpose of slowing down the flight of the ball to create ten potential stars instead of one superplayer. Today's tennis ball creates more competition at the top, and forestalls the potential superplayer considerably short of his or her natural apex.

"I can't complain about the ball—or anything about tennis," the Hart girl is quick to assure you. "I'd love the game if they used a wooden ball. It has brought me fun and companionship, travel and excitement—experiences that I'd never have known otherwise.

"More important, thanks to the stubborn insistence of my brother, it has brought me health, because I was supposed to sit back and be a sort of invalid."

Thus, you could never convince Doris Hart that she is potentially unbeatable. Her growing army of well-wishers moan about her so-called lack of competitive spirit when she gets Betz, Brough, Bundy, Osborne and Arnold on the ropes with her flawless game and then seems to let up. Their dejection only makes the Hart girl laugh.

Just Glad to Be Alive

"I'm so glad to be alive and playing," she explains, "that I haven't developed the killer instinct. I like to win, all right, but I don't like to run. I've often wondered if I'm lazy. I like a hard-hitting game to the base line, with the pace changed now and then by a drop shot. After all, if you hit a ball hard enough with plenty of top spin, the other fellow can't soften the return, except by accident.

"I get overconfident, too. Three years ago in the nationals at Forest Hills, I met Pauline Betz in the first round and took the first set, 7–5. Then I eased up and lost the second, figuring she'd be tired. But she wasn't. She ran all over the court after everything in the third set and won.

"Last year we met in the semifinals and put on a thriller for the first set. But Pauline won it, 9–7. She rested up in the second, and I won it. After that, I decided to drop-shot her in the third. I lost twelve points on drop shots, but I learned a valuable lesson, thanks to Alice Marble. She advised me never to abandon a winning game, and always to try something else when you're losing. She also told me to improve my second service, which I have, and now I believe it's as good as the first."

The latest feminine tennis wizard was born in St. Louis where, before she was three, she fell against a metal toy and slashed her knee. Infection developed and spread through her body. Both legs were affected, but the right, in particular, was drawn up behind her and appeared to be lifeless. The best doctors could offer only amputation as relief.

The mother delayed decision, and finally they had the child on the kitchen table for an emergency amputation before Mrs. Hart finally located an old family doctor. He rushed over and declared that the lifeless leg might respond to massage.

The mother clutched the shred of hope and began a seemingly endless task of coaxing life into the leg. The Harts moved to Miami for the beneficial tropical sun. For three years, the mother massaged legs and fed upon the slow stages of triumph, for after Doris was five years old, she began to take steps again. The massaging continued, and there were daily exercises in Henderson Park. She played with brother Dick, who was two years older. They watched people on the tennis courts and marveled at the dexterity needed to keep the ball in motion.

Another tragedy ensued when, at the age of ten, her frail body collapsed

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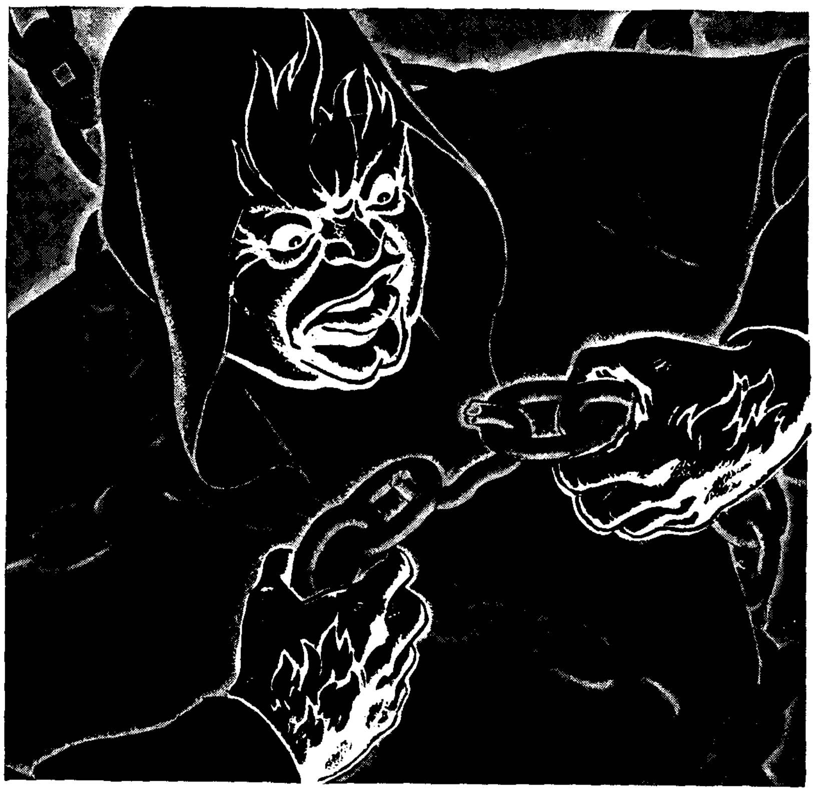


WARNING !

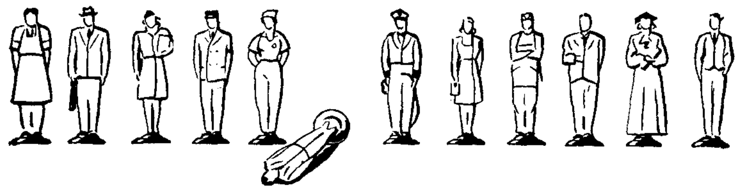
...he's breaking loose again

Look who's on the rampage again—our old enemy, the Fire Demon. Last year fire destroyed more than *380 million* dollars worth of property, a higher toll than in any year since 1932.

Let's put the Fire Demon back in his chains where he belongs. Confine him! Make it impossible for him to ravage our country—block our war production program by destroying factories, homes and lives.

You yourself can help weld together the broken links that are letting the Fire Demon loose. You can do it by the thoughtful application of common sense fire-prevention methods in your home and place of business. If you want helpful fire-prevention information, write the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 85 John Street, New York 7, N.Y., and specify the type of property you want to protect. And consult your insurance agent or broker.

Above all make certain of the adequacy of your fire insurance in these days of increased values.

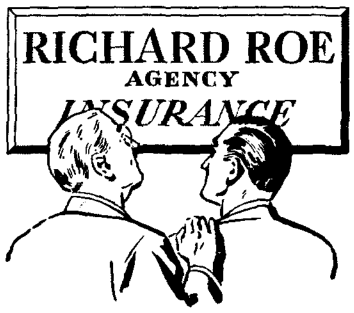


Will YOU be THE ONE out of twelve?

Think of twelve people you know, including yourself. Chances are that within the coming year one out of the twelve will be disabled, temporarily or permanently, due to accidental injuries. You can face the statistics with more peace of mind if you're insured under a Hartford "Fashioned" Accident policy. It contains a schedule of many coverages—from which you select the ones best fitted to your needs, your occupation and your circumstances. It's a *new* kind of accident policy, tailor-made to your requirements.

Speaking of "Hemispheric Security"

Hartford *Residence and Outside Theft* insurance covers the luggage you'd carry to travel in Brazil, or the War Bond left at home in Michigan! Protects against robbery, theft or mysterious disappearance in trains, buses, taxicabs, automobiles, hotel rooms, temporary dwelling — anywhere in the western hemisphere.



Looking for a Bright Future?

For the individual who wants to "make a name for himself" . . . *insurance* offers exceptional rewards to those who bring to it integrity, imagination, the ability to think straight and a willingness to work hard. Such individuals can and do progress and prosper and command the respect of the communities they serve.

Any changes in your insurance needs —since December 7, 1941?

INSURANCE ANALYSIS
AND
PERMANENT RECORD

Few indeed have escaped decided changes in their mode of living and the value of their properties since Pearl Harbor. Insurance needs have likewise changed—ask your Hartford agent or broker to survey your insurance hazards, check them against your present insurance and recommend changes and additions necessary to fit your protection to present day conditions.

Right! He *wants* you to *write*

This is to remind you of the letter you've been intending to write to that service man—the boy who worked with you who's now flying from a bomber base in Britain on cross channel missions—the neighbor's boy now getting tossed around in a destroyer. Maybe there are three or four letters you "just haven't gotten around to." How about writing them now?

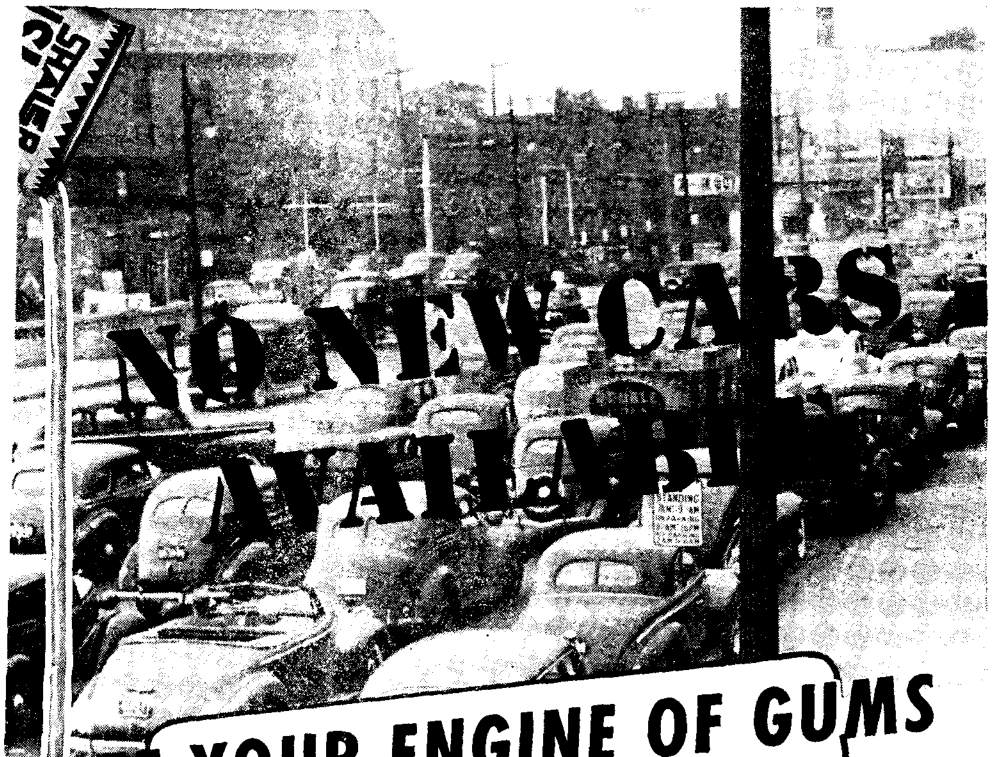
What's back of the Hartford Stag?

Back of the Hartford Stag on your insurance policy is a 134-year record of financial strength, a well-earned reputation for prompt, fair payment on all just claims. Many generations of Americans have safely put their confidence in this familiar symbol of sound protection.

HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Hartford, Connecticut

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance



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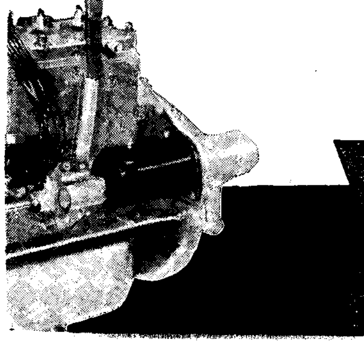


The Natural Thing

Continued from page 13

cared about the cake, really? I believe now that she was holding the hope that she could change me; a hope that was a hostage to her own fear for herself and for me, and a sort of part of loyalty to Aunt Jane.

I'LL remember that school entertainment until the day I die because of the way I felt when I saw May Beaseley dance and because of the thing that happened next day at Callahan's grocery store. For when I heard the music start and saw May Beaseley come across the stage, I knew in my heart that I had been a coward for not being a part of this, no matter what the cost. It belonged to me in some intricate way that I couldn't pretend to understand. I was ashamed as I watched the people who were watching May. They weren't getting much for coming, and I was even sorry for May, who looked as miserable as the audience did.

"Father," I whispered, but Father was sitting with his feet in their freshly polished shoes pressed flat against the floor. His mouth was tightly closed and he was making little bumps come and go in his jaws.

Mother put her hand over mine. She leaned toward me and the fresh scent of soap and lilac water that always came from her drifted about us.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" she said. "I think May's doing very well. Don't fidget so, Nora."

The cake was sitting in its basket on the floor between Mother and me. The next time May took a turn on the wrong beat I put my foot through the cake! I don't know how it happened. I didn't mean to do it, but my feet were beating time to the music and it happened.

The next afternoon I didn't go home from school, although I knew Mother was waiting for me to go walking with her. I found myself, instead, outside Callahan's grocery store peering through the plate-glass windows where lemons and oranges were piled, bright and perfect as wax fruit. Father stood inside, looking, as to me he always looked in the store, as if he were playing a part. He turned as I watched and went into the back room, his long legs making a dancing shadow against the canned goods that gleamed in the slanting sunlight.

I went around to the back door and into the damp, dark room where the delivery crates were piled on the dirt floor and eggs and vinegar jugs elbowed each other, "Father," I said.

He turned, surprised.

"Father," I said, "Oh, Father, did you think May did the dance well? Didn't you think it was something awful?"

My breath stopped in my throat because if he didn't think so, if he stayed shut off from me, as he had been doing, I didn't think I could stand it. What was I to do with this feeling I had if no one would share it with me? Would I have to cut it off as Father did? Why?

Father leaned back against the crates and his face relaxed. He just stood and looked at me, and something hidden came out from behind his eyes, a lovely, wonderful heartwarming thing. He smiled and I thought the edges of the smile touched his ears. I wanted to laugh and cry and say, "Please, Father, be like this always!" Here he was, complete and true, not hiding himself, not holding himself in check for reasons that I didn't know and that frightened me.

"The dance was worse than awful," Father said.

My face burned; this couldn't be put into words. I threw my coat off. "It should have been—"

"Like this," Father said, and we were whirling across the floor, in among the jugs and crates, out into the bars of sunlight, back into the cool gloom, up beat, down beat, keep the tempo, don't forget your arms, then do forget; forget everything and know forever and ever that this is the breath of life. Father's red curls caught in mine, his feet raised dancing pools of dust, there was nothing else in the world.

I think it was Father who hit the vinegar jugs. The first one hit the second one and the second one hit the third one, and they rolled off the shelf one by one, dropping into the cases of eggs one by one, breaking *them one and all!*

Framed in the doorway, Mr. Callahan glared furiously at us. "Jim," he said, "for the love of heaven!"

Mr. Callahan really was nice about the way he fired Father. "In view of the depression," Mr. Callahan said, "I am laying off men anyway. Jim," Mr. Callahan said desperately, "you never were intended for the grocery business and that's a fact!"

I couldn't be sorry. I agreed with Mr. Callahan too much to be sorry. And Father wasn't sorry either, in that first moment. The radiance lingered on his face and then it went. I remembered Mother then.

Father and I walked home together in the early autumn twilight. Somehow Fath[illegible] wasn't at all surprised by these happenings. It was as though he had known all the time, for years, that there would be this afternoon; that the thing he kept under cover would break through; that he would finally have to be as he was and that Mother would be waiting for the news.

But I was young and I thought that this might be the beginning of something wonderful for Father. "Father," I said, "did you ever think of dancing on the stage? You could, I think. You're such a dancer!"

"No," Father said.

"It would be better than groceries," I said. "Mother and I could travel with you."

"No," Father said, and the truth of that was so beyond words that I fell silent.

I had been with Mother every day of my life and I could not imagine her doing such a *thing—or Father, either, I thought.* All the days that I had spent with Father and Mother in the fragrant, neat house went marching through my mind. I thought of the songs Mother didn't like and Father not singing them because she didn't like them. I thought of her wonderful housekeeping and of him teasing her about it, but really basking in it. Mother and Father canceled each other in some funny, lovable way. They could go on doing that forever. They liked it, they lo[illegible] it, but I was a new person. I couldn't go on being pushed back and forth.

I remember crossing the porch to the door with Father and trembling inside with fear and the knowledge that this was too important, and that I was too young to make it come out right.

Father put his head around the door and called, "Edith." He was going to be light. He was going to be gay. Oh, that won't do, I thought. Father, I begged silently, please fight for our side! But I knew that he would not—that he couldn't.

Mother came from the kitchen. "Jim," she said, "where in the world?" Then she saw me and she saw his face clearly and she wasn't fooled. "What's the matter?" she asked. And then she said, "Your job?" and *started to cry.*

Father took her in his arms and they stood there together in a way that left me on the outside. "It'll be all right, Edith. Don't—don't—"

SO WE were when the first strains of music filtered in from the dusk of the street. It was an automobile with a loud-speaker and as it passed, the notes dropped from it, hard and bright as marbles. One—two—three— On the fourth beat, I saw the toe of Father's sh begin to pat the floor.

Mother felt it and pushed Father away, the tears drying on her cheeks. "Everything will be all right, will it?" her voice rose to a high, stiff shrillness. "Look at you—even now when this has happened! *Stop it! Stop it* once and for all!"

Father sat down in a chair and was still.

I went to Aunt Bridget's house then. In that moment I felt more as Aunt Jane might have felt—determined and cold. As I stood there watching Mother and Father and this thing between them that they couldn't solve, I felt older than they, and I knew that it was up to me to go and get help from somewhere, and I went to Aunt Bridget.

It was dark in the street, and I listened for Mother to call me back, but I wasn't going to stop even if she did. Whatever I might find when I got to the end of this, I had to go. I had to find out from someone, from somewhere, why these things kept happening to me and why I felt as I did about them. I knew now that Mother and Father would never tell me. They had something between them that made this all right for them. Neither could tell me why it wasn't right for me without betraying the other.

I had to ask the way to the house, but when I saw it, fat and bright with lights, I thought: It's like Aunt Bridget herself, and I wasn't afraid to ring the bell.

"Nora," Aunt Bridget said, and she sounded like Father, "come in, child, and tell me all about it."

Right away, a kind of peace came to me and I could tell her. For I knew again, as if she had kept a promise to me made long ago, that Aunt Bridget would understand about the whale.

The story I told her was about the whale, really. It was the story I've told here. And Aunt Bridget wasn't surprised.

"Aunt Bridget," I said, "couldn't we do something about Father? Couldn't he dance on the stage?"

"He did," she said, "until he married."

It was so simple as she said it. I had known it in my heart and in my feet since I was born.

"Why wouldn't they tell me?"

"He loves your mother," Aunt Bridget said; "he gave it up for her."

"How could he give it up?" I said, and it was then that Aunt Bridget laughed and got out her black fur coat and the wide feathered hat.

"We'll go to your house for a bit," she said. "I can't stand to see this happen twice."

AND that is how Aunt Bridget came in her high-heeled shiny shoes to stand on Aunt Jane's rug in the house she had never entered before—to stand there and fight for me in the way I had hoped Father would, but he could not.

"Bridget," Mother said, "in my house! Not since the day—"

"No," Aunt Bridget said, "not since the day I told you you were doing a wicked thing!"

Father was silent, as I guess he had been on that other day. Love can tie you until you can't say anything. "Love is blind," Father had said. However blind it might be, Father and Mother had it still.

"I'll see you through to another job, Jim," Aunt Bridget said; "but Nora's got to dance. It's her life. You can't deny it any longer and look yourself in the face."

Mother fought back. There was Aunt Jane behind her, and all that she had known all of her life until she met Father. "That's not a life," Mother said. "She'll give it up in the end. Just like—"

"No," Aunt Bridget said, "she's your child, too, Edith; she may not give up so easily. Please," Aunt Bridget said, "the child that's coming will make it up to you."

SO MOTHER was having a baby. The walks, Father's tenderness all meant this. Mother's eyes met mine, and I swallowed the lump in my throat. Her hands were shaking, and she put them in the folds of her clean little apron to hide them from us. The faint crackling of starch in the silence seemed to be the echo of my heart cracking across, and I wanted to run to Mother. I wanted to tell her that I would never dance another step in my life, but I knew that it would be a lie.

Father looked at me then, and for the first time, I saw how tired he was and that it was too late for him. He was beaten by time and circumstance and by something in himself that hadn't wanted to do this enough, and he didn't care any more.

Father looked at me. They were all looking at me and I thought I would cry. I heard Father's shaving song echoing faintly in the upstairs hall, I saw Mother sweeping scarlet leaves off the porch on a windy day, and already it seemed that I had left them.

"Nora," Father said, "do you want this more than anything?"

"Yes, Father," I said. I didn't cry, either. . . .

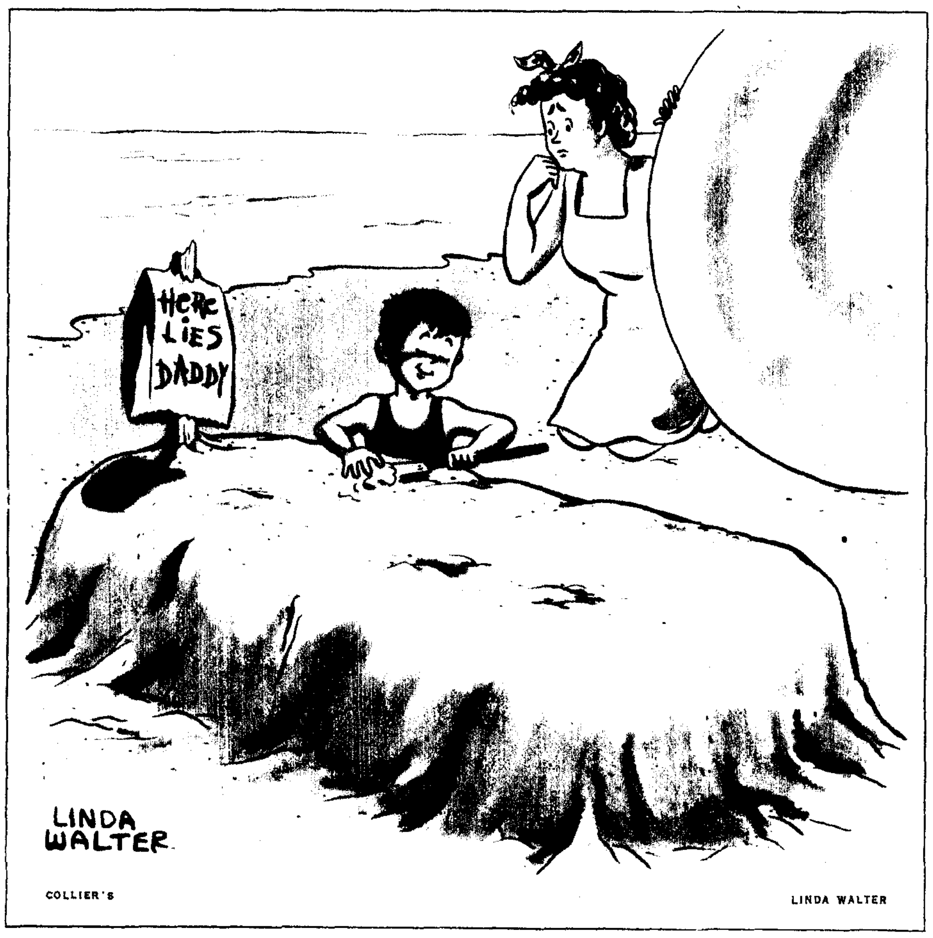
Whenever I do the dance, I think of that day in Conorra and the four of us standing on the hard, bright pattern of Aunt Jane's rug.

I met a whale out walking,
He was fat and full of fun.

It's light, it's lovely, it makes people happy for the moment, and when you put all those moments together it means something real, doesn't it? It does for me.

I've known from the first that I am doing the thing I love to do, and at first it was Father and Aunt Bridget whom I thanked for it, because the whale had meaning for them as it had for me. But now—lately—I often do this dance for Mother and the memory of Aunt Jane. As the years go along, I think I'm beginning to understand them both. It takes a touch, Mother. It's worth doing well, Aunt Jane!

THE END



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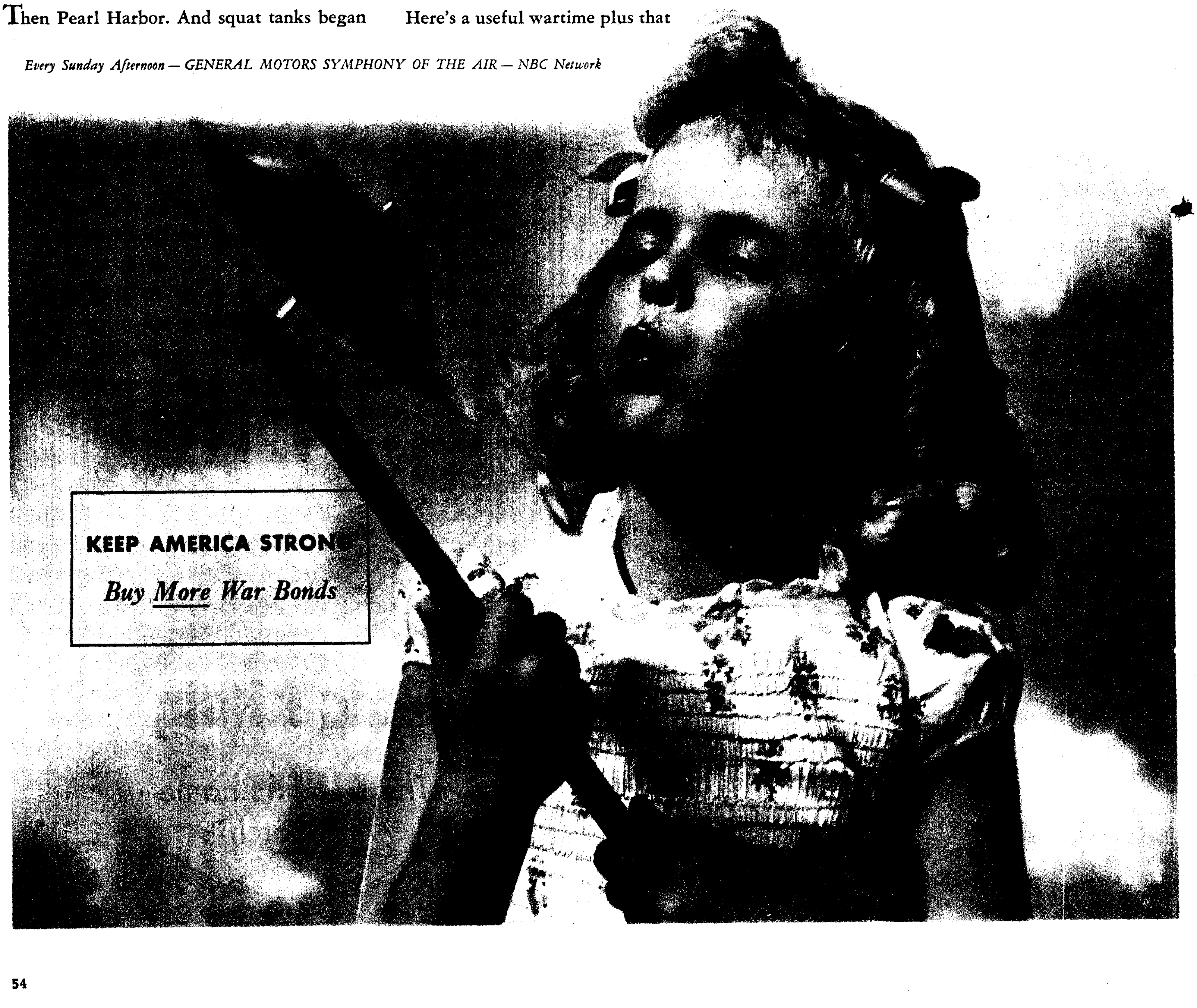


Deacon and the PFC

Continued from page 46

She was saying, "A drugstore's no good."

He grinned. "Well, I'll be back in camp tomorrow. I'll go on sick call."

She was doubtful momentarily. Then she said in apology, "Deacon's too impulsive."

"Why do you call him Deacon?"

"He was a very dignified puppy."

The dog got up and strolled over to join the conversation.

Andrew stepped involuntarily backward, avoiding the bench.

She said, "Honestly, he's harmless."

"I know."

"He just wants to be friendly. Give him your hand."

He looked at Deacon's teeth. "All of it?" [illegible] asked.

Deacon said, "Woof."

Andrew tried not to seem gingerly, and put a hearty hail-fellow note into his voice: "Hello, pal."

DEACON wriggled rapturously, and in hysterical happiness rolled over on his back, looking at Andrew adoringly.

"He wants you to scratch his belly," the girl said.

Andrew bent down and scratched. The dog moaned. Andrew asked, "Is he this way with everyone?"

"No. He picks and chooses."

"I'm flattered."

"He fell in love with a sixty-year-old drunk last week."

Andrew laughed.

The girl said, "If you're sure you're all right—"

He stood up, with a strange pang of disappointment. "Sure."

"I apologize again for him. Come on, Deacon. We've got to go home." She gave him a cool smile, snapped her fingers at the dog and started down the path.

Andrew watched her. Her figure was slight, and the loose sweater and slacks did not conceal its trimness. He thought of his [illegible]sh friend Smitty, who would have been walking down the path with her now with the promise of a date for later.

Andrew grunted and turned to pick up the bench. The dog Deacon was still behind it, gazing affectionately at him.

Andrew said, "Hey, you should have gone with her."

At the same moment the girl's voice called, "Deacon, come here."

"Scat!" said Andrew. "Shoo! Beat it!"

"Deacon!"

The dog wagged his tail. He sat down, cocking his head at Andrew flirtatiously. Then he made a little run at Andrew and skittered away.

"Deacon!"

"Go home," said Andrew.

The girl came into view. "Oh, good Lord," she said. "Deacon."

She caught the dog. He let her fasten his leash, and beamed fatuously while Andrew explained to him that this was all very charming, but they would have to part. She tugged on the leash and he sat immovable, gazing at Andrew. She said something harsh, and he turned a hurt look on her. She pulled on the leash again, and he got up, took a reluctant step, and sat down again.

Andrew said, "Go home."

Deacon said, "Woof."

Andrew looked at the girl. The voice of his friend Smitty echoed in his mind. "Look. There isn't any point to arguing with him. I'll walk home with you, and you can try to wean him away gradually."

She studied him for a moment, and he felt awkward and exposed. A smile caught at her lips. "All right."

HER name was Betty Henderson and she lived with her parents on Ninety-sixth Street, three blocks from the park. She had finished college a little more than a year ago; she was working as a secretary in the publicity department of a publishing house.

Andrew talked about the year he ran an out-of-town stock company and lost his grandmother's legacy, and the time he tried to organize the sharecroppers down in Georgia, and the horrible two years when he did nothing but read books for a motion-picture company.

The walk was too short. In front of her apartment house, they came to an uncertain stop, and talked emptily for a while. Then Andrew, deciding that he would like to prolong this, asked her if she would have dinner with him. He had to go somewhere afterward, he explained, but they could eat something—

Her hesitation was gratifyingly brief. She said that, as a matter of fact, she had to go somewhere afterward, too, but she would have dinner with him, only instead of eating out they could have something up in the apartment—her parents wouldn't mind. He said he used to wow them with his waffles and sausages.

Jogging your Jargon

I

The following sentences are in the special argot (you can call it slang, jargon, lingo, vernacular, or terminology, according to your personal taste) of seven different occupational groups using the English language. Can you tell—(1) to which group each sentence belongs; (2) what each sentence means? (Answers on page 78.)

1 In spite of all his mitt-flopping, Shorty was CQ that night, so he couldn't go out on skirt patrol, but had to sweat it out with the hashburner and a couple of refugees.

2 After shaking the stick so many years, Antonio was *poco agitato* when he had to work as pancake turner on the Green web.

3 The forkhander was a redneck who poured in his swift without ever pulling the string, so the fence-busters drove him to the showers and ruined his ERA.

4 It looked like a piece of cake, but somebody put up a black, and the sausage machines made four Lanks touch bottom.

5 "I'd sure like to dab my iron on that little broomtail," said Cactus Joe, kneeing his cayuse closer to the mestiza on the palomino.

6 The old peterman tried a comeback after crushing out of stir, but he couldn't crack the new-fangled boxes with soup or a can opener.

7 The PT was in a funeral glide when Carey hit the silk, but later on, Smith, who was still a dodo, started giving him a lot of prop wash, and Carey told him to roll up his flaps.

—Cliff Macon

They bought sausages at the butcher's, along with a dozen or so pounds of liver and lungs for Deacon. Andrew insisted on stopping at a florist's, and they went upstairs with a load of peach-colored gladioli and huckleberry leaves.

Her parents were not in. Betty found a note her mother had left on the dining-room table and read it with a grimace of annoyance. Her mother was awfully coy about her Saturday-night date, she said. There was a lieutenant who came to see her, and her mother doted on him and managed to have the apartment cosily empty whenever Saturday evening came around.

Andrew told himself the lieutenant made things just right. Betty had her lieutenant, and he had his Virginia and there could be no possibility of a misunderstanding. . . .

The waffles dripped with butter and honey, and the sausages were crisp and salty. They did the dishes together while Deacon wolfed down his rations and then disappeared to sleep it off. Then they wandered into the living room.

Andrew asked what time the lieutenant was coming. Betty told him there was no need for him to get out of the way. "I'm never ready for him anyway. He's too punctual."

"That's the Army."

"No. It's Harry. He's a lawyer."

"What sort of a fellow is Harry?"

She frowned a little. "I don't know. You might call him clean-cut."

"Clean-cut."

"Dependable."

"Punctual," he added.

"Yes, punctual. Respectable."

"I know a girl named Virginia," he said.

"Pretty?"

"A translucent flower."

"What kind of flower?"

"Oh, I forgot the gladiolas!" he exclaimed. They were in the kitchen on the refrigerator where they had left them. Andrew said he used to wow them with his flower arrangements, as well as with his waffles and sausages, so Betty dug out an assortment of vases and curled up on the couch to watch him work.

He finished a peach-colored sunburst on the occasional table and stepped aside to judge it as a critic. His foot trod on what felt like a piece of rope coming out from under the table. The rope jerked, and the table heaved, teetered for a moment, then headed wildly for the door. The door stopped it with a crash, and the sunburst of flowers fell to the floor and smashed. A chair, nudged by one of the table legs, jammed against a lamp, which toppled over and broke the glass door of the bookcase.

Deacon waited for the last silvery tinkle of glass and crawled out from under the table. He stood in the doorway and stared at Andrew accusingly.

THERE was time, Andrew said, to clean up the damage and put new glass in the bookcase. It seemed he was quite a handy man, too. The hardware store two blocks away had some glass; Betty dressed for her lieutenant while Andrew was out getting it, and Andrew put through a phone call to Virginia to say he'd be a little late. Virginia was petulant.

Squatted on the floor in Betty's living room, Andrew worked over the dismantled bookcase door. "The thing about glass," he said to Betty, "is that you've got to be careful not to break it." Deacon watched him interestedly.

"Tricky stuff," Betty said. She had a flowered apron on over something green, and he could see that he had been right about the trimness of her figure.

"Do you do a lot of shopping?" he asked.

"I hate it."

"Girl I know does a lot of shopping. Buys things." He drove an experimental brad into the doorframe.

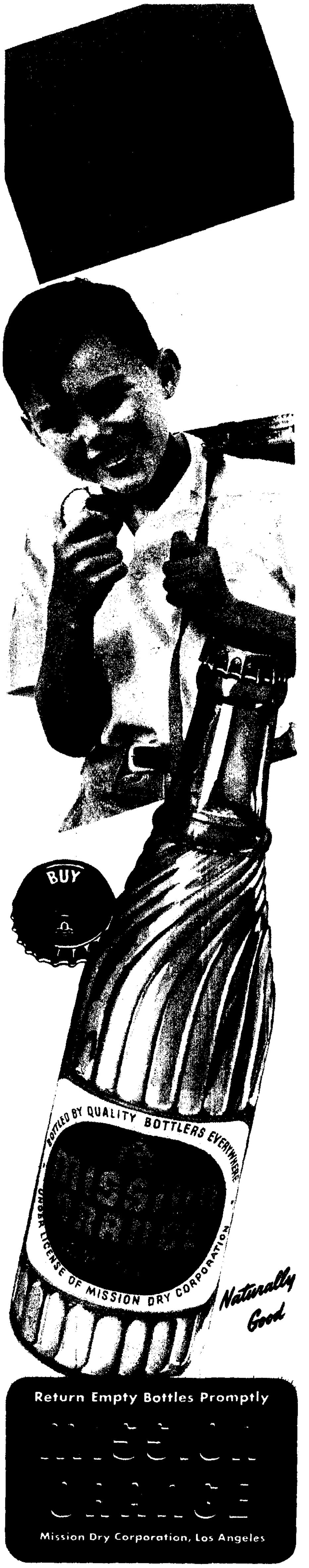
"The translucent flower?"

"Yes."

Deacon yawned, strolled over to the couch and lay down on it heavily. The hammer tapped busily, and his ears twitched at the sounds.

Andrew said, "Funny thing, Army life."

"Funny-peculiar?"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No power on earth can shake my faith in this land which is my home. Its beauty and its bounty are part of me. I have breathed the free wind that blows across its mountains and prairies, woods and farms. *It has given me liberty to make a life in my own way. To work, to build a home and raise my children, to worship God as I see fit.*

I am sick of all wars, and who is not? I am worried about my fighter sons, and discouraged by long-drawn months of uncertainty. But there is an inner depth of my spirit that has never faltered.

I will keep on and I will do my best. My job, my gifts of blood to the Red Cross, the money I lend to my Government are small things by themselves. But I am not alone. There are millions of others like me—quiet, unimportant people, *willing to give all they have to keep their country free.*

I am protecting my future as an American with every War Bond I can buy.

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"Funny-peculiar. You wish you were home, and when you get home it isn't what you thought it would be. You don't really belong there any more."

She studied him, understanding what lay under his casualness. He was very busy with the bookcase door.

"Not only home. People," he added. "You want to be with them—someone. And, when you are, it isn't right. She's different or you're different, or maybe everything is just the same and you've got a different slant on it. And you come to the conclusion that wanting to be with her was only part of the picture. What you really wanted was to belong somewhere, to have someone to return to. Anyone."

"Yes," Betty said quietly.

"It's confusing."

"Yes."

HE LOOKED at the glass in the frame critically. Deacon snorted and rolled over, waking himself up with a heavy sigh. Carefully turned away from Betty, Andrew said, "And sometimes something happens, you meet someone else, and you get the feeling you'd rather belong there."

Betty said, "We forgot that bump on your head." Hastily she got to her feet. "I'll get some arnica."

He stared at the empty doorframe and then at Deacon. He could hear her at the bathroom medicine cabinet. He bent his head for her when she came back and she tilted the bridge lamp to shine on him. Her dress and apron rustled as she knelt; her fingers rested lightly on his neck.

She said, "Holler if it hurts."

"Don't worry."

"Hold the bottle."

"Bottle."

"Cotton."

"Cotton."

"Here we go."

"Hey!"

"That didn't hurt. It couldn't," she said. "I was just testing."

"Hold still."

"Yes'm."

Deacon lent his most sympathetic interest.

"I think that will do it," she said.

"Was I brave?"

"You were very brave."

"Heroes usually get kissed."

"By generals."

"That's in France. I'm an American hero."

"I'm not a French general."

"I'll get at the bookcase." He squatted over the glass again and tapped the last three brads in. He heard her return from the bathroom and felt her looking at him. He did not get up.

She said to his bent head, "Andrew, you don't know what you want. Maybe you don't want Virginia. Maybe she isn't the girl for you. But that doesn't mean you've got to get involved with—with someone else. It isn't fair to you or to the other person. Whatever you feel may be temporary. You're lonely. Things like that happen when you're lonely."

"And, besides, there's Harry," he reminded her.

She turned away sharply. He heard her cross the room.

He said, "He'll be here. I'll put the door back and get out." He lifted the frame up carefully.

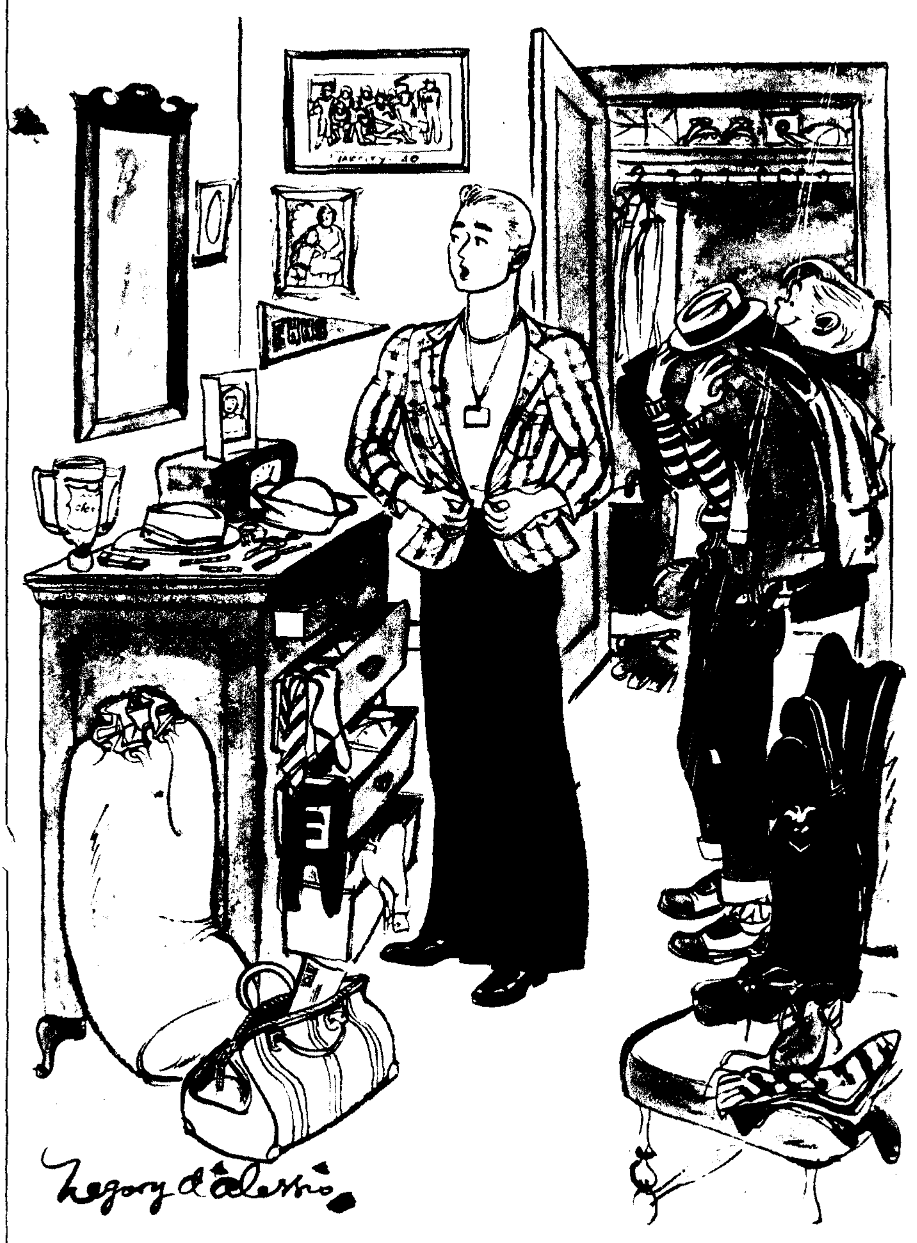
From the other side of the room she said, "You're being hurt."

"I'm not. You just brought me to my senses."

"You've got to be sensible."

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



COLLIER'S "... and here's a sport coat you can have, Junior"

He found the screwdriver and screws in his pocket and set the door in place. "You're right," he said. "I was lonely. I'd been thinking of Virginia at camps and wanting to see her, and then I spoke to her on the phone and got this date, and it didn't mean anything to me. I didn't know what was what." He drove a screw into the frame, concentrating on it. "Being with you was fun."

"Yes." Her answer was almost a whisper.

"And there's no point in starting something you can't see the end of. Particularly if there are complications."

"Harry's not a complication," she said.

He stared at her.

The doorbell rang. Deacon surged to his feet clumsily. Betty said, "Oh, good Lord!" and hurried past him to answer it. He heard their voices in the foyer. They came into the living room, the lieutenant clean-cut, immaculate, precise. Betty started an introduction. Andrew felt the cold questioning of the lieutenant's glance and saluted.

Deacon said, "Woof," loudly.

The lieutenant looked annoyed. "Betty, I don't want him slobbering over my uniform again. You said you'd lock him in the bedroom."

She said distractedly, "Oh, I forgot! Here, Deacon!"

"You know how I feel about him."

"Yes, I know."

Andrew said, "The bookcase is finished. Good night, Betty. Good night, sir."

Deacon ambled past him and breathed deeply of the lieutenant's pants. The lieutenant stepped away. Deacon cocked his head; then, clumsily, like an elephant doing a stand, heaved himself up, to rest his paws on the lieutenant's shoulders.

The lieutenant swayed, off balance, hit a chair and went down, with Deacon tenderly on top of him. The chair skidded to the lamp. The lamp leaned over and tapped the bookcase door. The door reacted as expected.

Deacon looked at the mess and licked the lieutenant's face to reassure him.

The lieutenant was sore. Ignoring Andrew and fighting off Deacon's advances, he brushed futilely at a large smear on his pink trousers. Then he asked Betty to excuse him, that he'd come back when Deacon was locked up as he ought to be. Betty made a few pointed remarks herself, about a man's sense of humor and his attitude toward dumb animals. Andrew pretended to be reading a book.

THE silence after the lieutenant's going was heavy. Betty sat on the couch, fuming, gripping Deacon by his collar. Andrew discovered he was holding the book upside down and restored it to the bookcase.

He sidestepped the wreckage and said, "This is where I came in."

She relaxed a little and giggled. "And you worked so hard on it."

"I can get another sheet of glass—"

"Oh, no—it's not fair."

"Why not?"

"You didn't do it."

"Deacon did."

"Deacon? Oh!" She looked down at Deacon and flushed. "I told you Harry was no complication."

"Deacon is my pal."

"Stop being silly."

"I would do anything for him. I love him. And I know this isn't temporary. It's not because I'm lonely, because I'm not lonely any more."

She said, "You're forgetting Virginia. It must be terribly late."

"Virginia. Virginia's no complication."

"You're not being very kind to her."

"Virginia has other eggs in her basket."

"Irons in the fire."

"Irons in the fire," he amended. "Peas in a pod. Straws in the wind. I'd like to ask a favor of you. I'd like to take Deacon to see her."

"Deacon?"

"Deacon is my pal."

"Does she have a bookcase?"

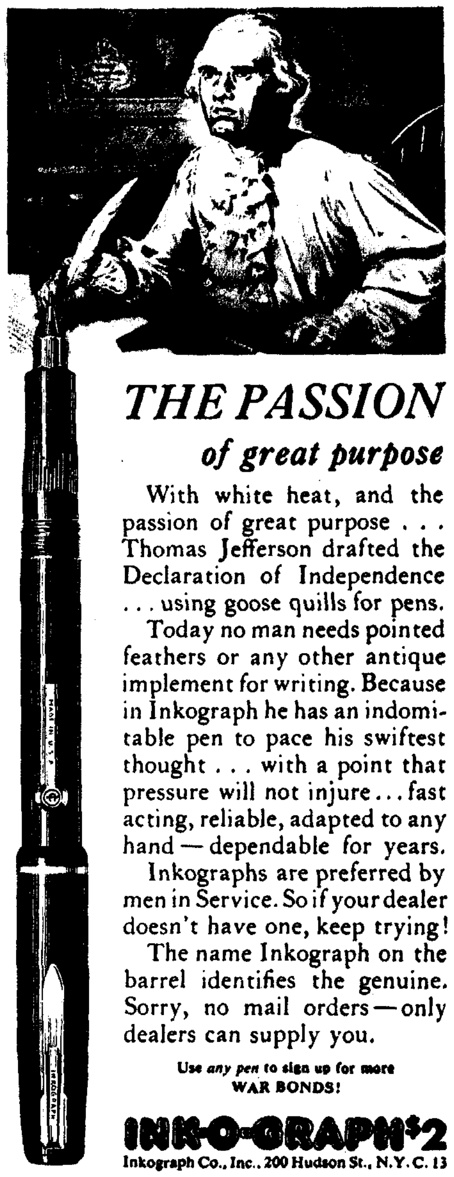
"There are other things, such as vases."

"Vases?"

"Yes. And then I'll come back to repair your bookcase."

"Yes," she whispered.

THE END



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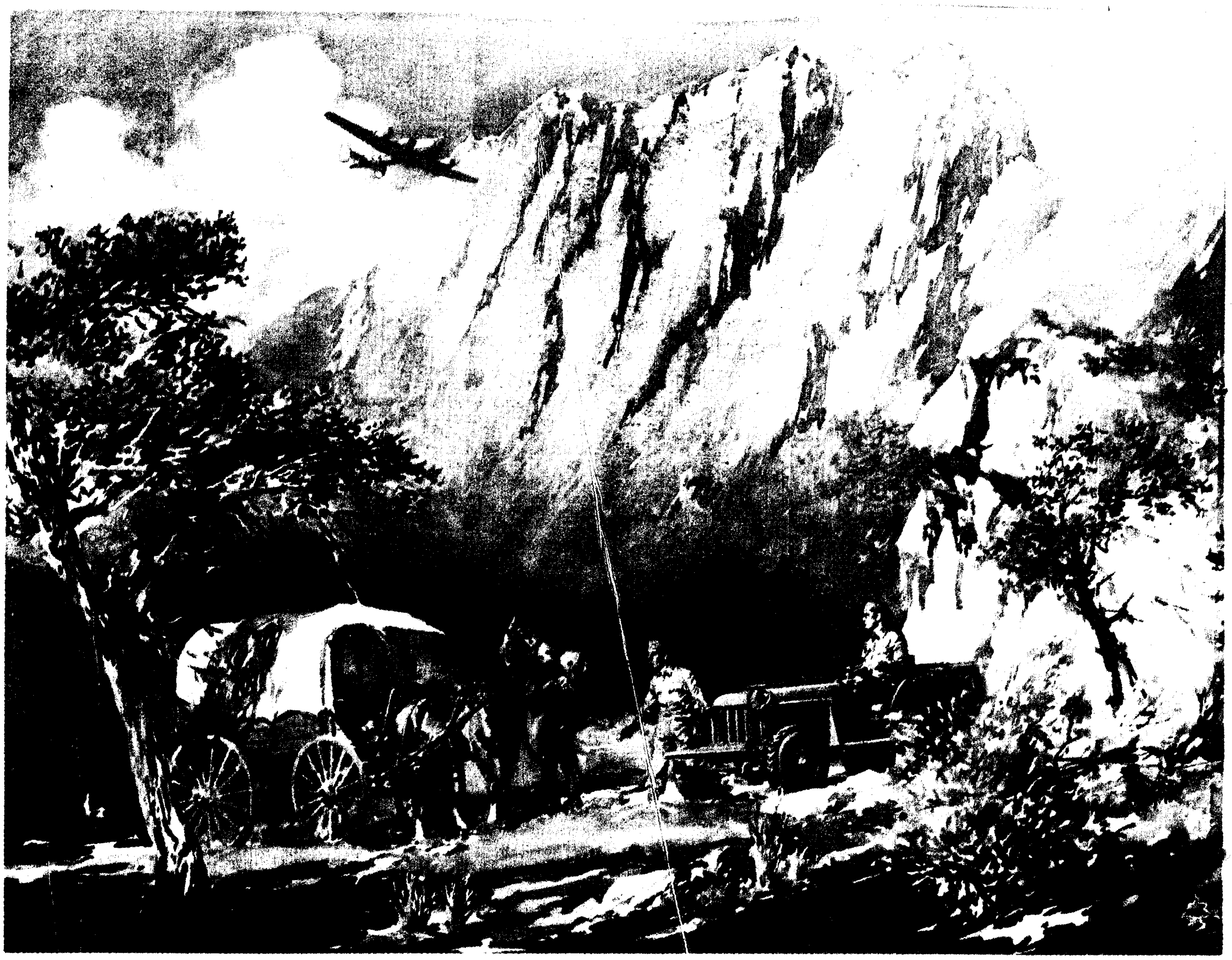


The soldier jumped out of the car. "Hold on, Gramp!" he shouted. "Where you headed for?" Ben buckled a trace over the horse's back. "Up to the Flats," he said

Timber Line

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Some people laugh at an old man who will not see that the times have changed. But when the bombers came roaring over the mountains, old Ben Paradise proved that the future must build upon the past

OLD Ben Paradise always went up to the Flats in the summer to dig out a couple of sacks of ore and pack it down to the assayer's office at Ute Springs. The assay never amounted to much—a few dollars for a few weeks' work; it was something else that took him up to that high country between the granite ridges, something like the sap in an old tree. Every spring he got restless again for the steep trail and the lonely campfire and the feel of gold-bearing gravel in his hands. Eleven months a year he could tend his little ranch, hoeing the sugar beets and forking alfalfa to his calves. But when the creek ran full of snow water and the cottonwoods twinkled in the warming wind, he would throw down his pitchfork and hunt up his pick and hand drill. A prospector can never really settle down on a farm.

"Better stay home this year," the storekeeper said when Ben drove up in his bed wagon with the water bag swinging from the axle and his battered pick lashed to the sideboard. "You know there's a war on."

A high droning came from the sky as an echelon of bombers headed back from the Rockies to Fort Gilpin.

Ben didn't look up. "Got to get my grubstake," he said.

"You'll make more tending to your sugar beets. Price will be up again this fall."

Ben didn't seem to hear him. His blue eyes stared off at the tumbled hills, toward the tawny front range and the dark-timbered slopes beyond and at last toward the cloud-white peaks of the Divide. He was a tall, gnarled man, lean as a tree at timber line, with a faded mustache and a brown face webbed with wrinkles. He reached under the wagon seat for a kerosene can and clumped into the store.

"I'll need some blasting powder."

The storekeeper followed him in, shaking his head. "There ain't any blasting powder. They're using all that stuff in the ammunition plant outside of Denver."

Ben set his spouted can on the counter. "Jest fill this up with coal oil, then."

"You got your ration stamp?"

Ben stared at him while the storekeeper nodded to a salesman who had come in with a bulging case of samples. "You mean I can't buy coal oil for my lantern?"

The storekeeper said patiently, "I told you there's a war on. It takes a ration stamp for any kind of oil."

Ben set the kerosene tin down. "I never had a lantern the first season I worked the Flats. Jest give me a sack of flour and a side of bacon, Wilbur."

The salesman stood in the doorway, watching him mount the wagon and pick up the reins. When the wagon rattled away he turned back to the storekeeper. "Don't often see those old-timers any more. Who is he?"

"That's Ben Paradise," the storekeeper said. His eyes strayed off toward the mountains. "There's a gulch up there named after him."

"Sure," the salesman said. "Paradise Flats. I always supposed it was just called that."

"You'd think so. But he was the first man in that country."

"Must have been a good many years ago."

"Yes, and he don't know times have changed. "Well," he pulled out a box of Red Eagle cigars, "how're things in Denver?" . . .

As he crossed the bridge over the creek, Ben chirked up his horse. Ahead, the road lay like a lariat over the swelling plain, dipping out of sight and then reappearing to curl up the grassy foothills. Then it dropped again, between the Table Mountains. Beyond, against the west, rose the broken wall of the Rockies. Ben's distance-narrowed eyes followed the snowy range—Mount Evans, Gray's Peak, Torrey's Peak, the jagged Jim Peak range, the hooded, humped Arapahoes and at last the square-towered height of Long's Peak and the fading blue summits toward Wyoming.

IT WAS a country to be moving in. The air was restless and in the tall blue sky, where a V of bombers roared faintly, the white clouds drifted like sheep. That thought pulled his eyes back to the west. He saw the saddle of Sheep Mountain and again he pictured the steep climb, the hidden notch, and the high, still, lonely flats framed in walls of granite. He had led the way into the country, years ago, with the pick-and-shovel miners scrambling after him. There were few left now who could find that hidden valley.

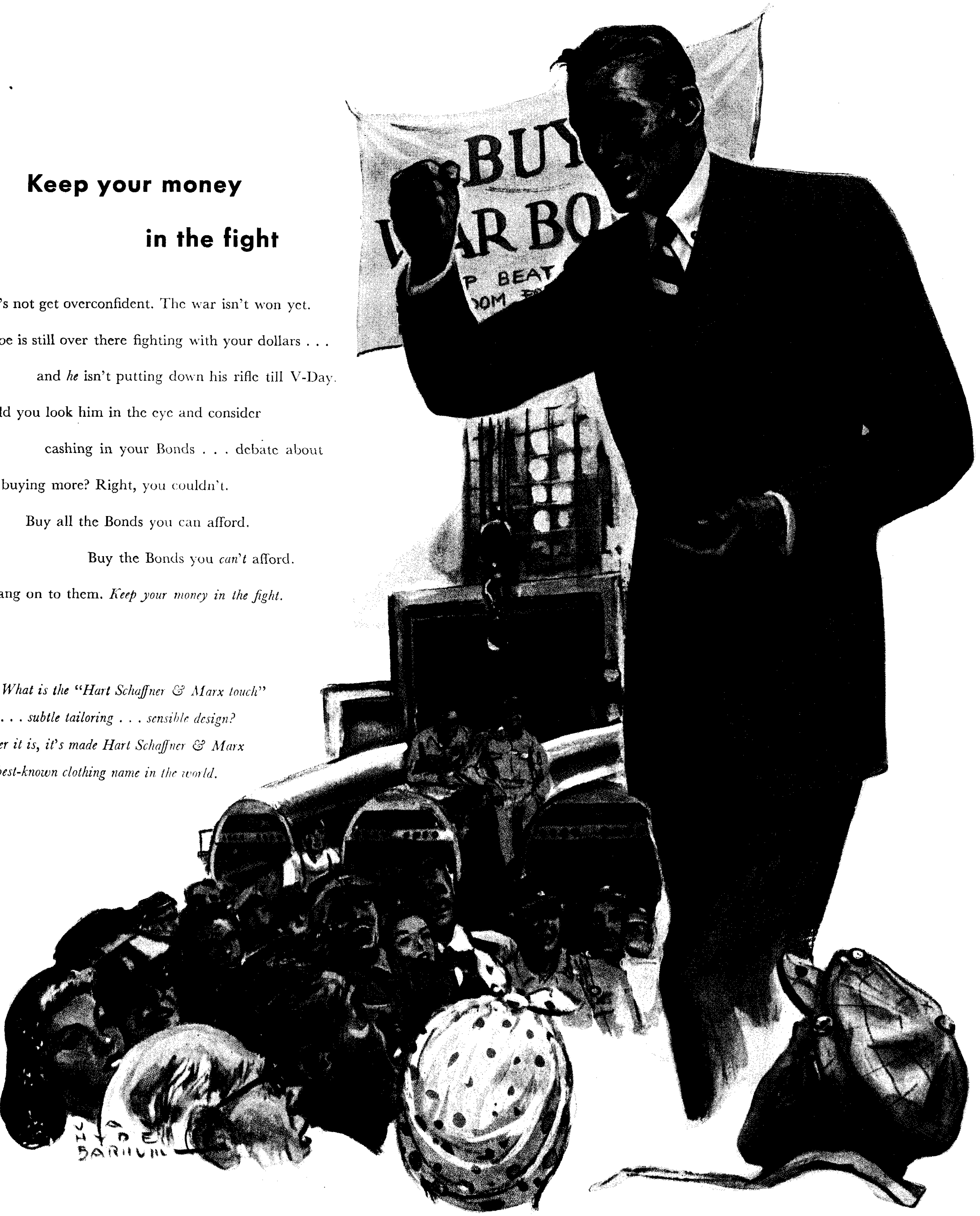
All the past was stirring in him. "Giddap, giddap," he urged. This was his country. He knew it by mind, by memory, by heart. Now he wasn't a sugar-beet farmer like the Swedes and Germans at Arena; he was a man whose name was on the map of Colorado, who in his time had driven ore wagons over the lurching road down Virginia Canyon, who had panned gravel where the Moffat Tunnel bores under the Divide, and had picked his way up the wild side of Sheep Mountain to find the hidden Flats.

"Giddap," he said. The horse leaned into his collar and the wheels grated on the steepening road. Above him the whole sky gathered in the roar of motors. A wide-winged shadow raced across the canyon. The bomber was swooping low. Just in time it veered upward, over the broken ridge. Unwillingly Ben's eyes followed. Up there was the long saddle of Sheep Mountain and under it the notch that opened on Paradise *(Continued on page 74)*

Keep your money in the fight

Let's not get overconfident. The war isn't won yet. G. I. Joe is still over there fighting with your dollars . . . and *he* isn't putting down his rifle till V-Day. Could you look him in the eye and consider cashing in your Bonds . . . debate about buying more? Right, you couldn't. Buy all the Bonds you can afford. Buy the Bonds you *can't* afford. And hang on to them. *Keep your money in the fight.*

What is the "Hart Schaffner & Marx touch" . . . subtle tailoring . . . sensible design? Whatever it is, it's made Hart Schaffner & Marx the best-known clothing name in the world.



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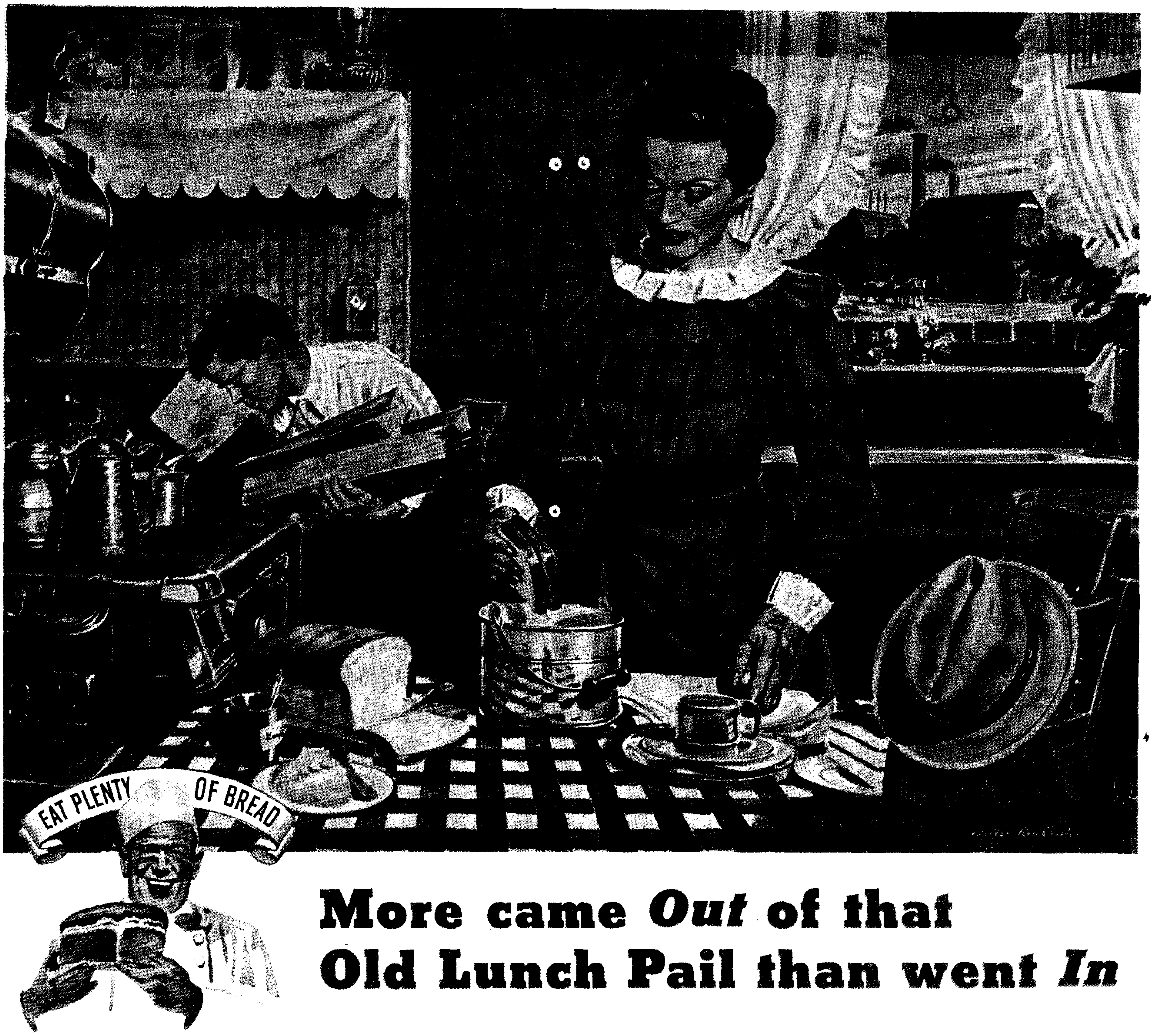

More came *Out* of that Old Lunch Pail than went *In*

Big sandwiches with thick slices of bread helped to build the brawn that built America's industrial might.

Wartime demands upon men and women, young and old, have brought us as a nation to a stern realization of the need for an adequate diet for all.

So today—in homes, in plant cafeterias and in restaurants large and small—America is wisely recognizing the nutritive importance of bread. Now enriched, it is the finest bread ever set before the human race . . . so good that our ancestors would have called it cake.

When you eat plenty of enriched bread, you improve your diet besides saving ration points for other good foods.

BUDWEISER BEER

In your own family circle or on evenings when good friends surround you, simple sandwiches become delicacies when served with golden, bubbling Budweiser . . . which accents the flavors of all good foods, yet never loses the identity of its own distinctive taste.

* * *

In addition to supplying the bakers of America with yeast, Anheuser-Busch manufactures glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs for the government, and produces other materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

Athletic Hart

Continued from page 50

from a double hernia. There followed operations and hospitalization, wheel chairs and another protracted period of inactivity.

And then brother Dick, or "Bud," who is now in the Navy, appeared with two tennis rackets.

"I got these from Slim Harbert, the pro at the Roney Plaza," he confessed. "One for me, one for you. Got some used tennis balls, too. We can use the courts next door. Come on!"

Dick was only twelve, but he had an adult idea about physiotherapy. He took it easy at first, but it wasn't long before he was slamming tennis balls at his little sister, and little Sis was slamming them back. They played alone until the day Slim Harbert came over to be a one-man gallery. Then he invited them over to the Roney Plaza during slow periods.

After that, came regular advice on strokes, grips and top spin. Both kids responded, and two years after she left the wheel chair, Doris Hart was winning juvenile tennis tournaments.

Tennis—or Nothing!

Tennis was everything, because without tennis, there would have been nothing. Of that, she is certain. Therefore, whatever happens in the game—good, bad or indifferent—it will be all right with Doris Hart.

Early this spring she was undisturbed by a defeat in the final of the National Clay Court Championship and declared emphatically that Mary Arnold was better. Then she went on to win the Eastern Intercollegiate title.

Oh, yes, she's a Florida college girl, a sophomore at Barry College, a tiny school run by the Dominican Sisters of Adrian, Mich. This gives her the added distinction of being the only woman tennis star in Florida who does not attend the fabulous Rollins College.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 49

IN YEARS gone by, we've viewed with alarm and pointed with scorn so often to the deplorable housing facilities in Washington for the nation's historic aircraft, only to be met with gross public and official indifference, that we've lost most of our punch, so we'll just report that it looks now as though something is going to be done about it.

Most of you know about the Smithsonian Institution in the Capital City, because annually, before the war, nearly three million of you were clocked as you crossed the threshold. But you certainly don't want to go back into that old tin shed that houses planes and equipment that put the United States so far out in front. Senator Kenneth S. Wherry of Nebraska thinks the same way. On D-Day plus 2, he introduced a resolution to correct this. It now is before the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

The senator, who is known back home as "Lightnin' Ken" because he works quickly, served in Naval Aviation during the last war. He has been a licensed embalmer and funeral director for the past twenty years.

The senator wants to protect "not only the priceless treasures already available and those which will in the future become available, but by all means we should provide a shrine for those now making flying history on the battle fronts."

Lots of people, we're told, want to see the planes and equipment about which they've read so much. The situation is sufficiently orderly now for the Army and Navy on occasion to grab a particularly famous plane like the Memphis Belle, put it in storage, and earmark it for display along with the ancient and honorable craft that were rescued from the junk pile by Smithsonian officials years ago when nobody cared.

THE END

Navy's Angel

By Rolfe Garrett

At 74, Mother Moore of Philadelphia is a one-woman service center, pal and matchmaker to the boys in blue

Doughnuts and coffee for Canadian service girls at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, Philadelphia. Seated: Lance Corporals Gladys Cowan (left) and Mary McKirwin. Standing (l to r) Mother Moore, Yeoman Dick Bender, Water Tender Elmer S. Cunningham

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

MOTHER MOORE, Philadelphia's most celebrated do-gooder, does good, mostly for Navy and Marine Corps men from 10:30 A.M. till midnight. From 5:30 A.M. to 10:30 A.M., she certainly doesn't do bad, being engaged during those five hours in her regular paid job: caring for Philadelphia's infant waifs at the Welfare Department's Children's Shelter.

Usually Mother Moore declines to work through the Red Cross, the USO or any other agency, preferring to perform her varied acts of charity, ranging from saving souls to sewing buttons on sailors' uniforms, when and as she pleases. If she does have occasion to work with some organization, she takes a puckish pleasure in circumventing its rules, which she regards as so much fiddle-faddle.

In 1938, Mother Moore was given the Gimbel Award of $1,000 as the Outstanding Woman of the Year. In 1939, former Governor George H. Earle presented her with the Meritorious Medal in recognition of her work. President Roosevelt knows about Mother Moore and once or twice a year sends her a mail sack full of personal post cards, which she uses in scrapbooks for hospitalized servicemen.

She is a spectacular money-raiser. She raised $28,000 to start a recreation center in the Philadelphia Navy Yard and has financed the furnishing of seventeen recreation rooms scattered through the city. She can, by means of a few phone calls, gather up such gifts as grand pianos, pool tables, sewing machines, rugs, any number of gallons of ice cream, hundreds of Christmas trees.

For a do-gooder, Mother Moore is a racy talker. She makes jokes even about the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which she is a national officer. "I know what the sailors think W.C.T.U. stands for, because they've told me," she says. "They think it means Women Constantly Tormenting Us. How do you like that?"

Mother Moore says she tries to torment them in the gentlest possible way and only for their own good, inveigling them to church services by promises of dinners and dates with pretty girls.

"But I never fool them," she says. "I tell them, 'Boys, you're going to a church service first, then a party. Okay?' They don't seem to mind."

She loves to play matchmaker. She is delighted when a sailor marries a girl to whom she has introduced him. She has witnessed hundreds of such weddings, and she has almost as many namesakes as President Roosevelt.

All a sailor in search of a date needs to do is get in touch with Mother Moore. She'll find him a girl as near to his specifications as possible. Her method of rounding up men is to cruise around the streets in a car and pick them up.

"City Hall is a good place to find them," she says. "They hang around there, bored to death. I say 'Come with me, and I'll get you a date,' and they come. I am not a pin-up girl myself, but I am Philadelphia's busiest pick-up woman."

A typical Mother Moore day will run something like this:

2 A.M.: Awakened by doorbell (she lives at the Children's Shelter, in a room next door to the nursery). Received abandoned baby from police.

2:10 to 3 A.M.: Bathed and fed baby, held it till it went to sleep.

5:30 to 10:30 A.M.: Bathed and fed nine infants. Took temperatures. Found one had temperature of 101, so called taxi and took baby to hospital. (The Shelter cares for well babies only.) Returned, washed bottles, tidied nursery, made up cribs, reported to nurse, who relieved her.

10:30 A.M. to 12 noon: Left in car with Mrs. Cox (Mrs. Alan P. Cox, a rooming-house proprietor, donates her car and her driving services to Mother Moore), drove to W.C.T.U. office to pick up collection of men's white shoes and some fracture pillows, then to a wholesale florist's to pick up flower donations, then to Coatesville Veterans' Hospital. Distributed shoes, pillows, flowers and good cheer. Noted that hospital needs afghans measuring about 40 by 40 instead of the longer ones they've been getting.

12 noon to 1 P.M.: Spoke at Eastern Star luncheon, urging women to join sewing clubs to mend servicemen's clothes. Asked for sewing machine. (Mother Moore clubs mended 13,000 garments last year.)

1 to 2 P.M.: Spoke at Y.M.H.A. luncheon, got promise of members to give party for Navy men. Asked for musical instruments to send to prisoners overseas.

3 to 4 P.M.: Dictated 23 letters (Mother Moore hires her own stenographer, at $1 an hour), to servicemen and others.

4 to 5 P.M.: Conference with chaplain at Navy Yard on sick-bay needs and on Sunday transportation to churches. Arranged for delivery of cakes to crew of destroyer just back from mission.

5 to 8 P.M.: Salvation Army dinner, with servicemen guests.

8 P.M. to 12 midnight: Concert with servicemen guests, taxiing them to and from auditorium.

"The Lord has blessed me with good health," says Mother Moore, shaking out a final diaper before setting out to the Navy Yard with medical kits for the sick bays of Navy vessels.

Mother Moore's fame dates back to the 1900s, when, almost singlehanded, she battled to bring religion into the Philadelphia Navy Yard, which at the time had not a single chaplain. Although she then had a husband and three small sons to care for, she spent every Sunday at the Navy Yard, conducting Sunday school classes and entertainments.

She was Mrs. Caroline Amelia Moore to the Navy at first, but within a few years, her beneficiaries had given her the name that has stuck ever since—Mother Moore. Now her husband is dead, and one son and four grandsons are in the Armed Forces.

"And there's nothing I can do for them," says Mother Moore, "except help other boys like them when they come to Philadelphia."

People all over the country send contributions for her work, and some seventy-five women furnish her with more money through the Mother Moore Service Club, dues $1 a month. But all this is not enough. The bulk of Mother Moore's $150 a month salary goes to her charities, too. She bought four pianos for naval vessels out of her own money last year.

"This year I'm going to live more economically and buy five," she says. ★★

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HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
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Do you feel headachy after eating?	☐	☐
Do you get sour or upset easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel tired—listless?	☐	☐

Now everyone knows that to get the good out of the food you eat—you must digest it properly. But what most people don't know is that Nature must produce about two pints of the digestive juice—liver bile—each day to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested, lie sour and heavy within you.

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Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's, taken as directed, aid digestion after Nature's own order. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today—only 25¢. You'll be glad you did.

Twilight in Germany

Continued from page 17

a book on Mussolini and Hitler when Mussolini fell. Schnack has been unable to pound his typewriter since then.

One intellectual gave the following opinion: "Our intellectuals are children with no political ability or sense of responsibility. Despite their astonishing intellectual pride, they suffer under herd instinct. Now they have become gradually exhausted, but have no better ideas than that of an unconquerable Fatherland."

A small minority of German intellectuals are filled with admiration for Russia. Many of these learned to admire Russia during the occupation of Russian territory. In Russia, Germans tried to introduce German Socialism but were surprised by the advanced education for workers there. Gauleiter Kube in Minsk captured a Moscow opera singer and made her sing for the workers.

"I guess you Russians are amazed at our cultural innovations for workers," he said to the singer.

"I sang in this same hall for workers twenty years ago," she answered. The "poor heathen" Russians often spoke perfect German, and students educated at the expense of the state were fanatically Bolshevist. They were also skilled at laying mines, which cost Kube his life when a girl student, employed as a maid, planted one under his bed.

A Moral Catastrophe

The "great" German middle class has suffered a moral catastrophe. Eight million of the middle class have been bombed out or have lost their houses, capital, businesses and places of work. They have lost much more: their class position, their traditions, their hope for a better future. Since the fall of Stalingrad, over three million have had their middle-class shops or jobs closed down by the government and have taken a lunch pail and joined workers in the factories. The German middle class will never arise again in its old forms. Those who belonged to the Nazi Party, or had contacts, escaped into a state job to avoid sinking into the proletariat.

The only revolution which these people want after the war is one which will put them back into their former middle-class "glory." They look with longing to America, the land of cheap production, and would like nothing better than to be dominated by America and flooded with cheap autos, refrigerators and radios, which they could sell at a neat profit.

How about Germany's big men of industry: Krupp, Kloeckner, Schuckert, Siemens, Roechling, Borbert, Bosch and the others who financed Hitler? These men have often placed the interests of their firms above those of their country. Now they have been forced to hide their plants in forests or to rebuild them underground or in small units among the hostile Czechs and Poles. When one of their bombed plants goes up in the air, thousands of persons go up with it. When the oil refineries of Missburg were hit, eardrums were smashed in a wide radius, windows shook and shattered, and the intense heat roasted people in cellars.

Germany's big industrialists, who helped put Hitler into power, would like to have a free hand again under a nontotalitarian system. Their prophet, Wilhelm Roepke, in Geneva, talks of "reformed capitalism in Germany." If Vansittart's plans to punish the Germans ripen, their factories will be destroyed or put under strict Allied control or go into Allied possession. If some American plans of cutthroat postwar competition ripen, they will be swamped by cheap American goods and modern American methods. At any rate, they presumably will not be the big lords they were before.

One of them recently went to Geneva to discuss Germany's future economic structure with Allied experts and if possible "to make a deal." He got the cold shoulder everywhere.

A priest in a large city told me about what Christians expect or hope from the coming German revolution: "We hope for conditions which will give us religious freedom again—'revolution'—back to the two-thousand-year tradition of Christianity, freeing us from the shackles of totalitarian thinking. You have no idea how the Nazis have defamed us, bullied us, tried to tear down our influence and prestige among the masses. It will take some time before the memory of the immorality trials and the scurrilous anti-Christian literature has died down. But already we can notice how the people are disillusioned with Nazism and are seeking the church as a counterbalance for bankrupt Nazism.

"The Nazis have persuaded some priests—and even some bishops—to back them on the basis of fear of Bolshevism, but the large majority are against the Nazis. Many have been intimidated and forced to repeat Nazi propaganda from the pulpits, against their better judgment. In Austria every village priest is the center of a small anti-Nazi group as is the case to a lesser extent in Germany.

"We have fewer theological students with eighty million population than Switzerland has with four million. The concordat with the Vatican has been systematically broken, and Gestapo agents attend all services. Priests are not allowed to visit the dying in some sections. The timid have been frightened away from church, so that, in many places, only old women attend. We hope these conditions will be removed by the Allies giving the church greater freedom."

Many Christians in the Catholic Rhineland are especially afraid of the SS. They are afraid that, in its nihilistic hatred after defeat, the SS will turn with violence against "the reactionary inner enemy," wipe out the clergy and dynamite the churches. Many of these people are in despair. I heard from some that America and England, too, are anti-Christian and had bombed the Vatican, due to hatred of Christianity.

I asked a priest about this, and he said, "I don't put much stock in it. The SS will be too busy defending its own life. At any rate, we hope that the American and English soldiers will penetrate quickly into Germany and prevent the SS from doing any harm. Most of our Christians look to the west for help in establishing religious freedom."

A large part of the German people are disillusioned with Nazism, but the big Nazi chiefs—Goering, Goebbels, Hitler, Himmler, a large block of SS men, many SA men and many fanatic Nazi-trained youth—can be depended on to fight "a last stand battle" and, after defeat, continue resistance in the woods or in the underground. The leaders have no choice other than to fight for their necks.

"Let no one think that after this war the young soldier will, as I did, return from the war and change the National Socialist system. I am more fanatical than ever before," said Hitler.

Threatening the World

Goebbels preaches total war "more radical and more total than what we can now imagine. If we are forced to quit the stage of history, we will smash the door behind us, so that the entire world will be amazed."

The people of Munich complained of an Allied suggestion that they revolt. "Hitler would level our city to the ground because it makes no difference to him if millions die," they said. At key points in Germany—the Harz Mountains, the Brenner Pass, the Bavarian Alps and Silesia—the Nazis are said to have huge forts "with food for seven years" for a last stand. Plans for evacuation of the Rhineland and continued resistance in the interior have been made. The chief hope of the Nazis is in secret weapons such as the V-3. Everyone is now talking about V-3. In a gray four-story building in Berlin, closely guarded by SS and with underground laboratories, final drawings and experiments are being made for V-2, V-3 and V-4.

The Nazi leaders know they have no choice other than to fight to the end. But among the people, there are shifting hopes and fears. There is chaos and confusion and an unbelievable reign of terror and propaganda.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

on his route, the horn of his ancient flivver used to roar when he arrived in the writers' neighborhood with large, bulky envelopes from publishers. Large, bulky envelopes must mean very good news for the addressee. Otherwise, why should an editor take so much trouble? But the writers took him aside and explained, as Mr. Foreman puts it, the facts of literary life. Today when large, bulky envelopes arrive he places them silently in the mailboxes. His horn is silent. He steals softly away, muttering curses on this fool of an editor. He is sad. But let a slim, flat envelope arrive. He holds it up to the revealing New Mexico sun. It is good news—acceptance, a check. His horn roars. He stands up in his car and sings the little song of thanksgiving that the Sisters taught him in school. He shakes all available hands. He drives away, still singing, his horn blaring a raucous accompaniment. He is happy. He puts a flower in his hat. Someday he will lose all control and read one of those stories.

A DOLEFUL note—political—is sounded by Mr. Adam Undersapp, Jr., of Wellington, Iowa. It is the purpose of Mr. Undersapp to vote again for Mr. Roosevelt. But he is not comfortable. "The Democratic Party is again back in the hands of the old frock-coat and string-tie school of states'-rights wahoos, who in the past have never failed to insure the election of Republican federal administrations. In spite of them, Mr. Roosevelt may win again this year, though it will be sheer genius on his part. But after that, relieved of the curse of party success represented by the President, it's going to be all Republican if the new Democratic Party control can possibly manage it."

AND Mr. Benjamin Harrison Dill of Toledo, Ohio, wishes it to be known that he is a candidate for Vice-President on the Non-Communistical Socialist Party, and that the nomination for the Presidency is wide open. . . . W. D.

Truman of Missouri

Continued from page 24

Pendergast himself, for that matter, was not regarded at one time as corrupt, for while his boys piled up astonishing majorities, he put in fairly able officials and gave clean government. His own "take," quite openly, came from the sale of ready-mixed concrete, and much of this "legitimate graft" was generously disbursed to the poor and needy. A boss, to be sure, but a good boss. Just when the change came cannot be determined exactly, but along about 1931, in all probability.

In that year the Missouri legislature failed to enact a redistricting law, and candidates for Congress were compelled to run at large. Tom Pendergast, with his huge block of votes all wrapped up for delivery, rose overnight to be boss of the whole state. As befitted the dignity of his new role, he left the river wards and established himself in a fashionable residential neighborhood, leaving the actual operation of the "machine" to lieutenants.

Soon owner of a racing stable, he began to follow the horses from track to track, staggering bookies by the size of his bets. That, unquestionably, was when he gave the signal for a wide-open town, but, on the surface, things were as they had been.

According to the story most widely accepted, Harry Truman went to the boss in 1934 and begged promotion from county judge to county assessor. "No," Pendergast is supposed to have rumbled. "That's already promised. But"—and he gave out a big belly laugh—"how would you like to be a United States senator?"

Senator Truman denies this tale in every particular. He says what he asked was the nomination for Congress in a brand-new district. When Pendergast told him that he was committed to Jasper Bell, no alternative was suggested. Some weeks later, while Truman was touring in support of a state bond issue, Pendergast's nephew and the Democratic state chairman located him in Sedalia. Two strong men were already in the race—Congressman John J. Cochran and Jacob Milligan—and the Kansas City pair urged Judge Truman to throw his hat in the ring.

Investigation supports his statement. Tom Pendergast did not initiate Truman's candidacy, but endorsed it after a strong movement had got under way. As for being an unknown, yanked out of obscurity to prove the boss' power, the facts show that Harry Truman had a good deal of strength in his own right. A high Mason and a Baptist, and a leader in the American Legion, for eight years he had figured prominently in the County Judges Association, one of the most powerful political organizations in the state. He won in the primary and again in the general election, and even Missouri Republicans admit that he was a help to the ticket.

It was after this election, with Harry Truman off to Washington, that the Pendergast order changed in Kansas City. Gambling opened up in every section, and rumors of vice syndicates and dope rings started to spread. Notorious criminals began to gather, and word went out to the underworld that K. C. was a "right place."

The cause did not stand clear until Tom Pendergast's trial in 1939, when it was revealed that the boss' betting mania had made the enlargement of his "take" imperative. In one year alone, according to his attorneys, Pendergast bet $2,000,000 on the ponies, and wound up with a net loss of $600,000. He had to have big money, no matter where it came from. As a result, the "machine" ran wild, and conditions worsened. Kansas City became the center for narcotic distribution in the West.

The election of 1936, however, found Pendergast's rule still unchallenged, and with no change in the local belief that the boss was giving "clean government." To him, as usual, came office seekers, begging support, for without it no Democrat had a chance. Not the least of these supplicants was Lloyd Stark, head of a famous nursery establishment, equally distinguished as a soldier and businessman. He wanted to be governor, and Pendergast, needing a candidate from the "sticks," gave Stark the royal nod. No question that he figured the nurseryman as one who would take orders, but it was a mistake in judgment for which he was to pay.

Overzealous at the Polls

With President Roosevelt running for a second term, and a state ticket to be elected, the boss sent out word that he wanted an even larger Democratic majority than ever before. Unhappily, the "boys" let zeal run away with their judgment, and the total vote was out of all proportion to the population. Ballot-box stuffing, in fact, was so open and shameless that United States District Attorney Maurice Milligan called in the F.B.I. and asked the impanelment of a federal grand jury. Indictments were ground out by the hundreds, and Pendergast, screaming "persecution," dug deep into his pocket for bail bonds and counsel fees.

It was at this point that Senator Truman came back into the picture. Mr. Milligan's term expired in the early months of 1938, and President Roosevelt renominated him and sent his name to the Senate for confirmation. Senator Truman fought it tooth and nail, branding Milligan as "personally obnoxious," and going so far as to intimate that his investigation of the election frauds in Kansas City was inspired by political animus. True, this was a full year before the indictment of Tom Pendergast, and only small fry

PIPE TYPES.... by Fred Price

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were involved, but the Senate majority regarded the attack as unfair and rebuked it by an overwhelming vote.

Mr. Milligan, getting back on his job, drove ahead with indictments, and at the end of his labors has won verdicts of guilty in 283 cases—this although only 43 precincts were investigated out of 496! In the meantime, Allen Southern, a courageous circuit judge, had summoned a grand jury of his own, and every day saw his courtroom packed with gamblers, eager for fines rather than prison penalties. Governor Stark, who had aided Mr. Milligan by appointing an honest election board, now came forward with a proposal to put the police department of Kansas City under state control.

First with a crack and then with a crash, the whole rotten Pendergast machine began to fall apart. The city manager, the head of the police, the county prosecutor and a host of other officials were indicted, and as if to show that greed stopped at no depravity, Treasury agents arrested seven men as heads of a dope ring, one of them a policeman.

Early in his administration, Governor Stark had heard ugly rumors in connection with the disbursement of a $10,000,000 insurance fund. Supposedly impounded for return to policyholders, 80 per cent had been handed back to the companies. Out of his investigations came the indictment of Tom Pendergast in April, 1939, not for taking a bribe of $315,000, but, as in the case of Al Capone, for failing to report the money in his income-tax return. Concealment of a million from other sources was also alleged.

Not the least serious charge against Senator Truman is that he rose to his feet at this juncture and defended the indicted boss on the floor of the Senate. He denies it, and the record bears him out. When Washington correspondents brought him the news and asked for comment, he made this statement: "I know nothing of the details, but Tom Pendergast was my friend when I needed friends. At no time did he ever ask me to do a dishonest thing. I am not one to desert a ship when it starts to go down."

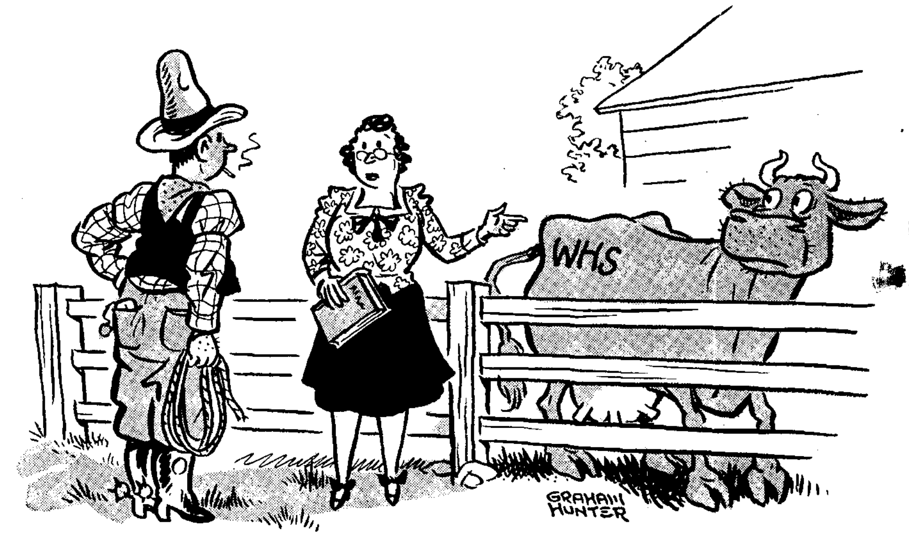
With his term expiring in 1940, Senate colleagues told Truman frankly that he had ruined any hope of re-election. Friends in Missouri took the same view. With the dethroned boss in the penitentiary, having pleaded guilty, they urged Truman to utter some word of condemnation that would dissociate him from the ill-smelling mess, but he refused. "I accepted his support when he was on top," he answered, "and I'm not going to kick him when he's down."

Very likely Truman would have been beaten but for another of his lucky breaks. Both Governor Stark and United States District Attorney Milligan entered the race for the Democratic nomination, each claiming credit for having wrecked the Pendergast machine. The warring two killed each other off, and Truman squeaked through by 8,000. At the general election, however, he won by 40,000, although the Republicans made his Pendergast affiliation a major issue.

Sincere and Honest Worker

The Truman record in the Senate is no less open than his political career in Missouri. A poll of his fellows develops that none of them regard him as an intellectual giant, but all respect his sincerity and industry. In his very first term, for example, he was almost solely responsible for the Civil Aeronautics bill, and partnered with Senator Wheeler in framing the Transportation Act that put American railroads on a firmer foundation.

The commencement of his second term found an Army and a Navy in the making and, having been an ardent advocate of preparedness, Senator Truman decided to see for himself just what was being done. Getting into a car, and traveling without fuss and feathers as a simple civilian, he covered some 30,000 miles and studied camp and cantonment construction with the keen eye of one who had spent eight years in the business. What he saw rocked his thrifty soul to the foundations, and his report to the Senate was sufficiently convincing to gain the creation of a special committee for the investigation of the national defense program, along with an appropriation of $15,000.



COLLIER'S "I suppose they bring a higher price autographed?" GRAHAM HUNTER

There can be no possible question as to the value of the Truman Committee, as it soon came to be called. In construction cuts alone its criticisms saved the taxpayers $250,000,000, and this by admission of none other than General Brehon Somervell. It forced the renegotiation of war contracts, exposed fake inspections of steel plate, attacked conflicts and duplications, and went deeply and intelligently into shipbuilding and shipping, aircraft, transportation, petroleum, etc.

A Bureaucratic Housecleaning

From the very first, the Committee insisted on the need for clear-cut authority, centered in single executives rather than multiheaded agencies, for the administration of the war program. The Office of Production Management, headed by William Knudsen and Sidney Hillman, was denounced as an abomination, and no less bitter was the attack on the Supply Priorities and Allocations Board, another makeshift organization that Mr. Baruch dismissed contemptuously as a "faltering step forward." This steady pounding, as much as anything else, forced the creation of the War Production Board with Donald Nelson in supreme control.

It will be argued, of course, that there were nine other senators on the committee, four of them Republicans. Nevertheless, the chairman is always the driving force in any such body, initiating the investigations, directing the hearings and entirely responsible for its harmonious operation. The fact that every report has been unanimous, without a single dissenting vote, must be accepted as proof of Senator Truman's ability to get team play, if nothing else.

The last chapter of the Truman life story—his nomination for the Vice-Presidency—offers no such plain record as that presented to the voter both by his Missouri years and his two terms in the Senate. Every columnist, correspondent and politician has his own pet theory as to how the "deal" was worked. The most widely circulated version centers around Bob Hannegan, ex-boss of St. Louis and Senator Truman's protégé. He is supposed to have been transferred from his post as Commissioner of Internal Revenue to the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee for the sole purpose of pushing his patron into Henry Wallace's place, and the story goes that he pulled it off by means of a secret understanding with Flynn, Kelly and Hague, his close friends.

Senator Truman brands this as utterly false, and unless the man is to be written down as a liar, his denial must be accepted. Not only was he doing a job he loved, and one that he deemed vastly important, but, with his usual ingrained humility, he felt that he did not possess the qualities necessary for high office.

As near as can be gathered by piecing together the confidences of those who took part in White House conferences on the Vice-Presidency, what happened was this: Party leaders convinced President Roosevelt that Henry Wallace was in no sense an asset but a distinct liability. They pointed out that his renomination would add to the fury of the South, and frighten off thousands of Democrats who had no stomach for Mr. Wallace's close tie-up with the party's extreme left wingers.

When it came to consideration of the strongest candidate, Sam Rayburn, Senator Barkley, Governor Broughton and Jimmie Byrnes were dismissed as Southerners who would lose the Negro vote and anger Sidney Hillman and his P.A.C. The President himself rejected Paul McNutt, and met with chill silence when he urged the name of Justice Douglas. By this process of elimination, the field narrowed down to Harry Truman, the son of Confederate parents but who had voted against the poll tax and for the antilynching law; a New Dealer but with conservative tendencies; a leader in the American Legion and nationally known by reason of the Truman Committee.

The President, after some further insistence on Douglas, finally yielded to the judgment of the party leaders and sat down to the painful task of writing a letter to Henry Wallace that would discharge the obligations of personal friendship, and at the same time leave the bosses a free hand in giving the Vice-President the works. Senator Truman, not informed of the decision until the delegates gathered in Chicago, went white, but "bowed to the will of the party."

To evaluate Harry Truman as a man is difficult, because there is little about him that a writer can get his teeth into; he's just an everyday sort, unexcitingly American. Although he has spent half of his sixty years in politics, he retains a well-nigh incredible simplicity. And while a man who has twice been elected to the Senate and gained a Vice-Presidential nomination can scarcely be regarded as a failure, he is modest to the point of self-depreciation. He has often described himself as "just a work horse." He certainly lives up to this self-characterization. He is rarely seen at social affairs in Washington, but he is the first to reach his office in the morning and the last to leave at night.

With his wife and young daughter, Senator Truman occupies a small apartment and, aside from the companionship of his family, finds almost his only relaxation in pounding the piano. He neither smokes nor drinks, and has no vices other than his addiction to the piano. His associates say that he is charitable in his judgments and kindly in his comments. He is probably the least quotable of all senators.

Out in Independence, the senator still lives in the roomy old frame house that belonged to his father. And when he is home he spends more time with his mother than mending his political fences. The old lady—now in her nineties—delights in her son's career.

Here, then, are the facts in the case of Harry Truman, Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, attacked as a stooge and upheld as a statesman. No great contribution to drama, but offering a better chance for fair judgment than partisan exaggeration.

THE END

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Eyes that plead for help !

They are warning you, Mother. Those distressed eyes are trying to explain that something is wrong.

That they ache, perhaps. Or that the words in the spelling book look blurry and queer. That they won't "stand still".

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On your guard, Mother. Don't take those precious young eyes for granted. Make sure about them. Free your struggling child from the hopelessness, bewilderment, fear—that school work brings.

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Understand, too, that vision is a *learned* function. It has to be developed. A child has to *learn to see* just as she has to learn to walk, run and swim. Perfecting a fine seeing pattern isn't always easy—especially when eyes are defective.

And 25% of all eyes of school age are at fault. These faults are of many kinds. They produce all sorts of stumbling blocks to clear, sharp, strain-free vision. Objects are made to appear double. Or blurred. Or distorted. Or not at all. . . . Obvious results are eye-strain, nervousness, headaches and other ills.

Learning becomes a torment. Failure results, naturally. A child is unfairly classed as dull, awkward. Behavior, personality, progress—all are bound to be affected—adversely.

So, you see, Mother, why eyes should be looked after early—and often—just as are teeth, heart, lungs. By a competent, professional man of course. The scientific services of the Ophthalmologist and Optometrist, and the technical skills of the Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician) can do wonders in freeing eager young minds from the shackles of poor vision and eye-strain.

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The Lavender Land

Continued from page 27

She didn't say anything. He always felt fine and loved the sun. She didn't care how he felt. Most of the time she pretended not to listen to him.

"Wonderful sky," he said. He pointed to a small cloud that lay at the tip of the big mountain. "Looks like a flying dog," he said. She looked at the cloud and could not see it. "Come into town with me," he said. He always said that.

"No, thanks," she said and rolled over on her stomach.

"Little ol' lazy girl," he said.

She didn't say anything, but lay there and waited for him to go away.

"You ought to see my town," he said. "We got a swell store there. Everyone in the country comes to our store. My old man can lick any guy I know—me, too. You know what? I bet you never saw a town like that. Streets and houses and hills and a big river with a bridge over it and the train goin' through about a mile a minute."

"No," she said.

He pursed up his mouth. She could see he was getting mad now. He always got mad because she wouldn't talk to him, and her mother and Uncle Dennis were on his side. She didn't care, though.

"Listen," he said. He sat up and looked hard at her. "You gonna waste all your life on this roof?"

"It's my affair," she said.

"Yeah?"

"Yes," she said. She gave a little yawn to show him she was bored.

He got up and bent down and took her wrists, pulling her up to her feet. She started to say something, but at that moment she was afraid. She didn't like the feeling, and the sun had suddenly gone behind the cloud.

"You got a big ache inside you," he said. Where her body touched his uniform there was a faint oil stain. "In these times everyone's got a big ache. They want to sit someplace and never talk. You just cry and cry, and then you'll be all right." He held her lightly but firmly and kissed her mouth. She didn't feel him there. She felt only a light, dizzy sensation inside her, and when he let her go, she sat down on the mat.

"All right," she said. "Go away."

He didn't say anything. He just looked at her with sad green eyes. His hair was very red in the sun, and he put on his jacket and went down the ladder. In a moment, she heard him talking to her mother, and then he and Alberto went down the road toward the town. She had never seen the town and had no desire to see it.

I'll get to be like Alberto, she thought; never saying anything. People will forget what my voice sounds like. Then she put her hand lightly on her mouth where he had kissed her. The sun came out and beat down on her and she began to think about Hal.

SHE could not remember a time when she had not known him. That was what made it even harder. Whenever they were transferred to Panama or the Philippines or Washington, she would write to him. Three times Hal's father had been in the same place, and then they had gone to school together. Later on, he had come from China to the university, and then he had lived in the same house with them.

She was used to him—but that part about falling in love had been sudden It made her want to cry when she thought about it. They had been swimming out a long way and coming back, she had grown tired. He put one arm around her, and they swam that way in a slow, strong fashion, kind of laughing about it—but scared, too.

Then, up on the beach, she turned to him and they began kissing each other. At first, it had been very exciting, but then it was more than exciting. It was the way they had always felt, only now, they knew it and understood it. He kept yelling things at her, he was so surprised, and afterward, they went home and sat in the kitchen to talk about it.

From that day, there was never any question in her mind. He seemed to think the same way. He told her everything he knew, and she depended on him to tell her even the simplest things, and other things, too—about the colors that looked good on her and *pleased him, and how to rumba, and the* difference between the Republican and Democratic platforms. He made long speeches to her, and she always listened—or at least watched him.

She could not understand what had happened when he went away to study at the Navy school at Columbia University. At first, the letters had come as usual, and then there was just the merest change in them that she could not understand—not that he was evasive, but only that the way he said things was different. A flatness that tortured her because she wanted to know what was happening, and she could not know.

She drove the car every night alone, but she could get no real answer to it. When the letter came, she read it and could not believe it. The other girl and the wedding were a joke, and she wanted to laugh about it. Only now, she did not want to laugh. She wanted to think about it, even if it were painful. But she didn't want her mother and Uncle Dennis to talk about it, and she did not want the sergeant to come up on the roof every day.

Toward sunset, the sergeant came back from town alone. He carried the mail in a canvas bag slung over one shoulder. She was sitting on the *romada* with her mother *and Uncle Dennis.* He did not turn in the drive but waved to them and Uncle Dennis stood up and went down to talk to him. The sergeant dismounted, and he and Uncle Dennis talked for a long time, and then he went up the canyon and out of sight.

"That guy's wonderful," Uncle Dennis said. "He's got a real sense of humor."

She didn't say anything. The sergeant had big ears and was always talking about his home town. She did not care about him. On the following afternoon when she was on the roof, he came down on a palomino that was new. She heard her mother come out and call to him, and the sergeant went inside and had a piece of pie. Then he came up on the roof again. She would not open her eyes.

"Hi!" he said.

"Go away," she said. She thought: Now Mother has been telling him, and he knows about it, too.

"So the guy jilted you," he said.

She felt something crack *inside her.* She hated the sound of those words that her friends had been saying about her.

"I hate you," she said, in a calm voice.

"Yeah?"

"Yes," she said.

"And you live in a lovely lavender land where giraffes have short necks and goats give champagne."

"Uncle Dennis talks too much," she said. She wanted to run away from him, but when finally she looked at him through half-closed eyes, he was not laughing at her or even smiling. He was just standing there without taking off his blouse; his eyes were serious.

THEN without saying anything, he went down the ladder and rode into town. [illegible] went very fast, in a cloud of dust, and she watched him as far as she could see. Then she got up and went into her room and put on her shirt and jeans.

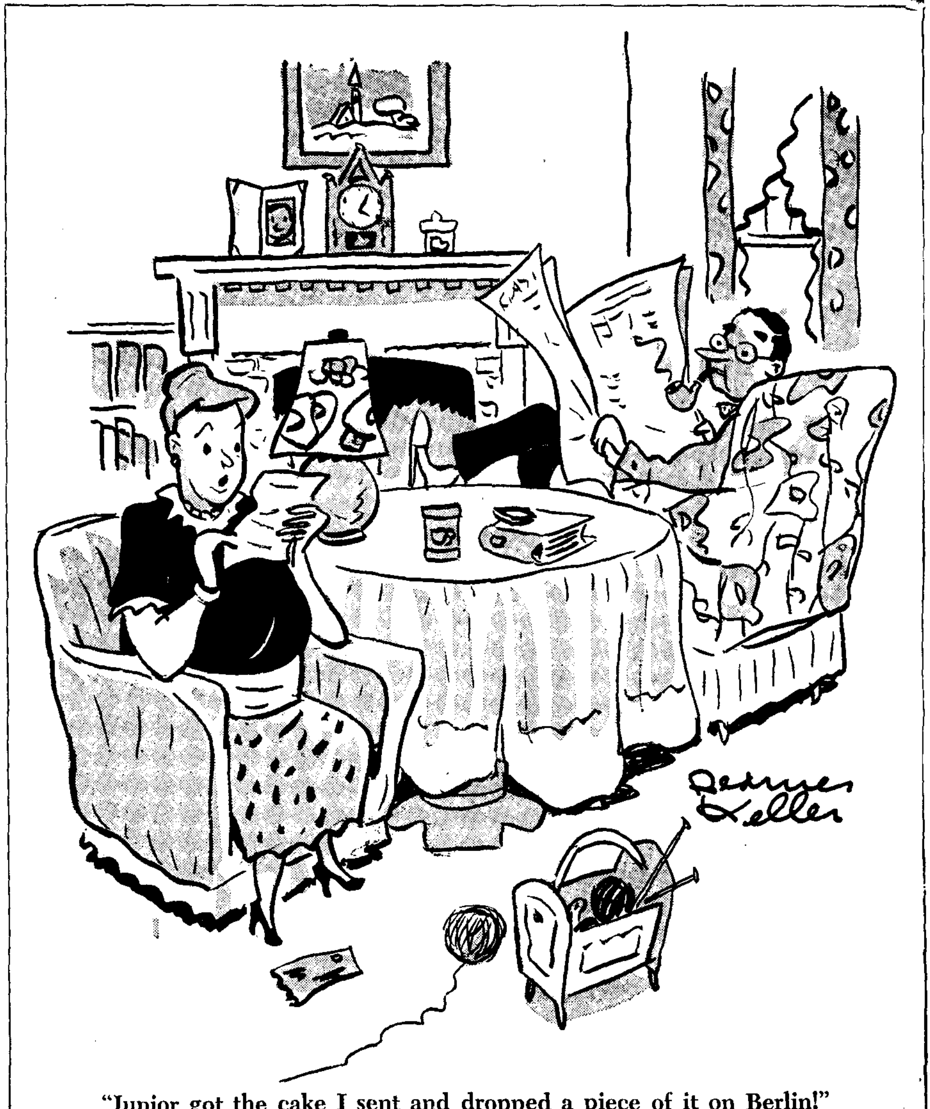
Outside, her mother and Uncle Dennis were talking. Joan was going up the mountains with Uncle Dennis to a barbecue he was giving for the boys up there. Changing clothes didn't help. She had no joy at the thought of the long mountain drive and the men up there and José, the sheepherder, singing his cheerful and sad songs. Everything was far away from her. She listened with little interest to the sound of her mother's voice and then her uncle's.

"She won't die, Ron," her uncle was saying. "Lot's of girls have this trouble and get over it."

"I know," her mother sighed. "But she grew up with Hal, and they wanted to be married two years ago, but we couldn't see it. Maybe—"

"I've been out here a long time, Ron. I've learned a lot from the mountains and the people and the young animals. Things pass."

Joan stood by the window. Now there was a slow, light mist drawing itself in about the huge bulk of the mountains. The mist was a pale, unreal lavender, cold and distant, and



"Junior got the cake I sent and dropped a piece of it on Berlin!"

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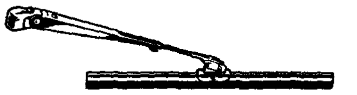

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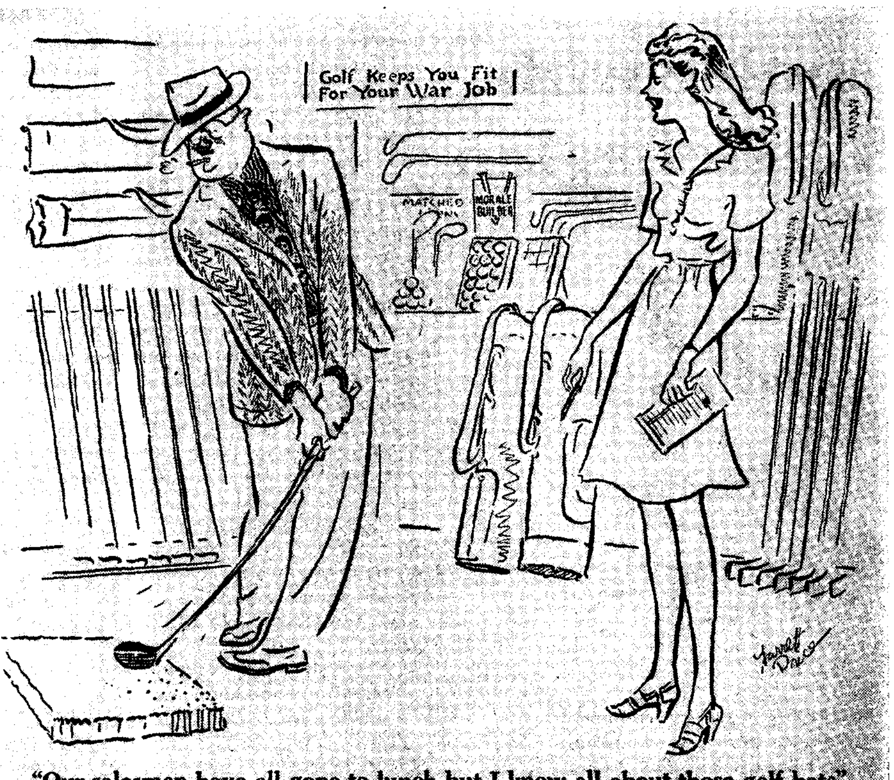

"Our salesmen have all gone to lunch but I know all about those golf bats"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

it was like the feeling inside of her. She sighed. No one could understand it, and she did not believe it would ever go away.

While she was brushing her hair, the sergeant rode up on the palomino, and Alberto went out and took it down to the pasture. Uncle Dennis started up the station wagon, and she hurried outside, kissed her mother and got in between him and the sergeant.

The sergeant did not speak. He pretended not to see her. José, the sheepherder, sat on the floor in back. He nodded and flashed his teeth. He was holding his guitar tenderly, close to him, and it was his fortune. He had a strong, sharp smell to him.

Uncle Dennis began to talk, and the sergeant listened. He sat very close to her, his arm over the back of the seat. Ahead of them, the chuck wagon moved slowly up the crude mountain road, and Uncle Dennis kept talking to the sergeant. After a while, the sergeant began to talk, too, and she was not in it. It was just between him and Uncle Dennis and not for her at all.

It made her feel queer, as if she would never be a part of a conversation again. She felt very lonely and shivered, and then the sergeant's hand came down on her shoulder. She pretended not to notice.

She looked at him in the dusk, and he was looking at her. She felt sorry about everything she had said to him. He was alone up here, too, doing some mysterious work which was known only as Project 568942. She thought about his home town, and everything he had ever said to her came back and had a sharp meaning for her. Even the kiss up there on the roof suddenly meant something to her. She was not sure what it meant except that she was glad he had done that.

They were going higher now, and as they came into a clearing on a kind of mesa, she could make out the outline of the chuck wagon and the shapes of men moving around a fire that was slowly growing larger. She got out when the sergeant did and stood near him.

José jumped nimbly from the wagon and went up to a rock and sat there holding his guitar. The men came and stood around the sergeant. There were ten of them, and they waited for the mail with a patient, wishing air. She had expected more men.

Uncle Dennis took her by the arm, and they moved toward the fire. An officer came out of a building and locked the door and put the key on a chain in his pocket.

"H'lo, Walt," Uncle Dennis said.

He introduced her to this officer who was a captain and looked like a Boy Scout. There were three lieutenants named Jack and Joe and Wimpy. Then José began to play, and the men read their letters in the low, uneven light. She could tell that they hated it up here. Only the sergeant ever went down into the town.

"He has a pull," one of the lieutenants explained.

They all laughed, and José sang a long, sad cowboy song about a lost love. At first, José was sad and long in the face, but then he was comical, and the men began to laugh. Uncle Dennis kept moving among them and talking.

She thought about how hard Uncle Dennis tried to understand about her and Hal, and then, in a flash, it came to her that perhaps he *did* understand, and she was the one who did not. Life was very long and wonderful for Uncle Dennis. You could tell it in the easy way he spoke and how he always laughed and how he had an answer for everything.

The sergeant came and sat down beside her. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," she said.

"Mad at me?"

"No."

"Okay," he said. He began to sing with José. It was a great pleasure to him, but he sang off key just the same.

AFTER that, they all began to eat. The sergeant brought her a tin plate piled high with ribs covered with a thick, spicy barbecue sauce. His face was smeared with it, and he kept looking at her quietly out of the corners of his eyes. The coffee was wonderful, and she drank all of it without anything else between swallows.

"I thought you were mad," he said.

"I was—then."

"A little ol' lazy girl," he said and laughed.

"You're laughing at me," she said.

He put his hand on her arm. "Don't get that idea," he said. "I just wanted you to forget about everything. Gee, up here, we all forget about everything except what we like to remember. The rest, we just let lie there. You get all hurt inside otherwise."

"Sure," she said.

Someone poked the fire, and it blew up, and in the light, his face seemed to move toward her, and she saw it clearly. She wanted to see it. It was the first thing she had seen clearly for a long time.

"Never seen the town?" he asked.

"No," she said.

The captain spoke to him. "Billy," he said, "I'll tell your mother if you don't mind your manners and let Miss Slade alone."

The sergeant laughed. "Don't mind them," he said. "They're always picking on me. I let 'em do it because up here there's no other indoor sport."

His last name was Carter. Most of the time, they called him Will. They all sat around the fire and sang, and she sang with them and thought that now her trouble had been put into words, it was better. He had said in a cold voice, "So the guy jilted you," and now it did not matter any more.

Slowly, as if she were coming from a long

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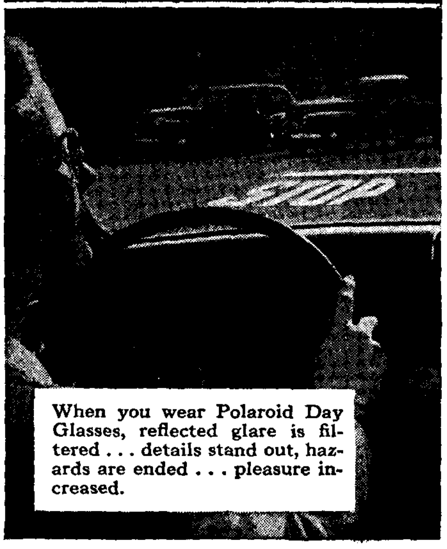

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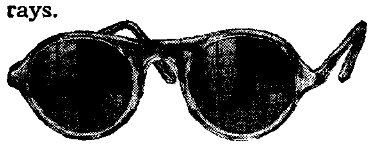

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The milder, better tasting cigarette!

way, she felt the heat of the fire and the vastness of the mountain night. All at once, everything seemed to crowd together and take on shapes and angles. The blood began to move inside her, pound in her ear, and under her, the earth was hard as granite. She pulled her knees tight to her and sang in a high voice along with them. The sergeant sat close to her and put his arm behind her, and she leaned against it.

At nine-thirty, the captain stood up and the men stood up, too. The one named Wimpy kept swiping things like oranges and candy bars from the chuck wagon. Everyone laughed at him, but he blushed and said a man got hungry. The sergeant walked over to the wagon with her.

"I'll drive," she said to Uncle Dennis. He liked to have her drive so he could lie back and close his eyes and sniff the night air.

"Okay," he said.

The men moved about the clearing, and then a few lights went on. Someone yelled at the sergeant, but he put his head into the station wagon and said. "I'm coming down again tomorrow. We could go into town together."

"Yes," she said. "Okay."

"Sure," Uncle Dennis said.

"Listen, you," the sergeant said to Joan. "You be home around noon, see, and I'll get down there early, and we'll see the town." His hand touched her cheek and then he was gone, stumbling a little in the darkness.

José, sitting on the floor in the back of the wagon, began to snore, and he did not wake up even when they went over all the bumps and turn. Behind them, the chuck wagon rumbled on, and occasionally the horses whinnied.

THE silence was gone. She had moved from it. She wondered how Uncle Dennis and the sergeant knew so much, and then she felt a slow flush creep up over her face because she had never sent Hal a wedding present. It seemed a small thing to do.

"Well," Uncle Dennis said, "the boys seemed to have a fine time of it."

"Swell," she said. It seemed a long time since she had come up the mountain. Even Uncle Dennis' face in the dim light of the dashboard looked different. "I had a wonderful time," she added.

That night she went right to sleep, and when it was morning, she lay in bed and looked out toward the mountains and smiled a small, delighted smile. Usually, she went up to the roof right away, but this morning she could not sit still. She switched on the radio and went out into the kitchen and washed lettuce for the salad. Then she rode up to the orchard and talked with Uncle Dennis, who did not seem surprised to see her.

"Better tear back to the house before the sergeant comes down," he said.

She looked at a point just beyond his head. "He probably won't come," she said.

She did not want to think he would come. Anything could happen. You should not count on a thing like that. Maybe he would go directly to the town. She was not going to plan that he would come. Purposely, she loitered a little and then she had to ride like mad toward the house for fear she would be late. When she turned in at the gate, he was not there.

"For goodness sake!" her mother said. "Have those vitamins begun to work of a sudden?"

Joan sank into a chair and put her feet on the wall in the spot where Uncle Dennis had made a mark. "Oh, well," she said, "I'm tired of sun bathing anyhow."

She kind of closed her eyes expecting the old feeling to come back, but there was nothing but darkness behind her eyes. She could hear José strumming the guitar in the woodhouse. The old feeling was gone forever. It frightened her a little. In a way, wasn't it better to stay in that place where nothing was real or had shape or meaning for her? She opened her eyes, and the sergeant was standing just inside the *romada* wall, looking at her.

"Hello, you lazy little girl," he said.

"Hello," she said. He looked different now. Not at all the way he did every day when he came up on the roof to pester her. Looking at him, her fears seemed foolish. He sat down and solemnly scratched his ear.

"Mosquito?" her mother asked.

"No, ma'am," he said. "The captain said he could throw me, and I said I could throw him, and we fought it out this morning. But that man bit me when he had me down. Said I tasted a mite like varnish."

Joan laughed. She could laugh all the time at his easy way. She watched him through half-closed eyes, but she was not asleep. She missed nothing. Her mother got up and went into the house, and he came over to her and sat on the floor. He took her hand and kept turning it over.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, what?"

"Well, it's kind of a nice day to go to town."

"Sure," she said. She was looking at his big ears.

"The better to hear with, grandmother," he said.

Then he stood up and put his hands on her head so that she could not move it. He kissed her on the mouth again, and it was marvelous. She blinked.

"Do that again," she said, and he did it. Something within her warned her and said, "Now it starts again," but she did not listen to it.

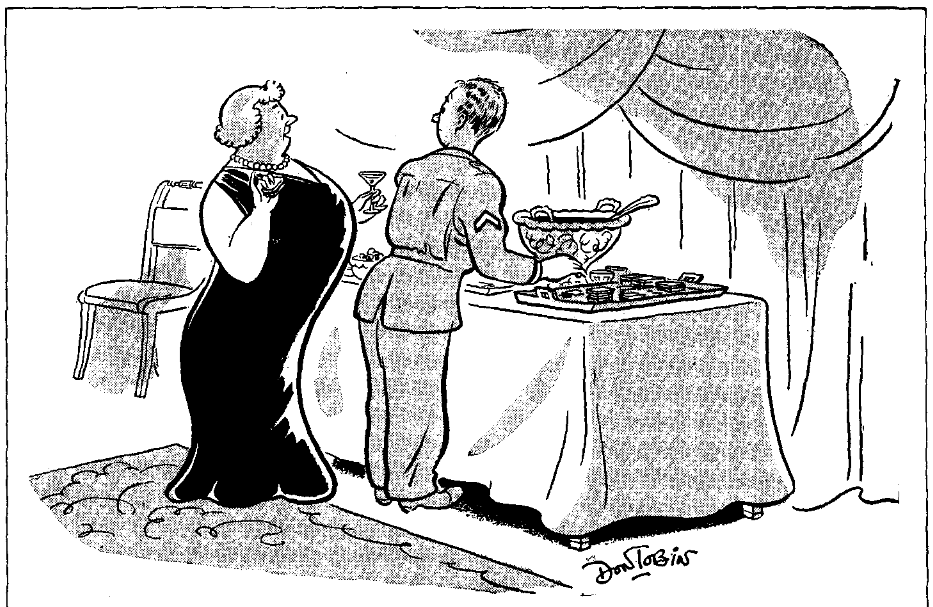
Alberto came silently around the corner of the house. He looked first at her and then at the sergeant. "Nice day," he said, and giggled and walked away.

She began to laugh very hard at the sound of Alberto's shy, unused voice.

"What's so funny?" the sergeant asked.

She shook her head. "I'll tell you later," she said, and the little, warning voice within her stirred and gave way to an overwhelming sense of exaltation.

THE END



"I suppose you boys are getting all the good pâté de fois gras these days!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Our $50,000,000 Base at Bermuda

Continued from page 20

without crossing U.S. government property.

The Greenslade committee was most sympathetic. The choice was changed. The engineers selected two islands which separate Great Sound from Port Royal Bay—Morgan's and Tucker's. They planned to join them with causeways and then fill in the rest with limestone and coral until the two joined the mainland at King's Point. This would have the effect of leaving the Bermuda "mainland" undisturbed as the Naval Base would be largely filled-in land extending out into the harbor.

The choice for an Army airport was just as sympathetic. The Greenslade committee went up to the other end of Bermuda and selected a site opposite the Castle Harbour Hotel. We leased Long Bird Island, St. David's Island and Cooper's Island, inhabited mostly by a peaceful hybrid people, and dredged the west end of Castle Harbour to fill in the eastern end. American newspapers have hinted that Bermuda perpetrated a real-estate swindle on us in both deals. Untrue. The Greenslade engineers selected both sites wisely. The Greenslade boys were motivated by two items: (1) What are the best locations for bases? (2) What is the cheapest way of building good ones?

Problem in Engineering

Bermuda is hilly. It has about eighteen inches of topsoil, and then the aeolian limestone begins. If they had stuck to the original choice of Southampton Parish, the problem of leveling large parts of it would have been heartbreaking. It was cheaper and more to the point to have a base of filled-in land jutting out into the harbor, just as it was more practicable to take chunks of several islands in Castle Harbour and pump 706 acres out of the shallow waters between (from a few inches in depth up to 8 feet) than to take solid, dry ground and cut and hack at the hills until they were level enough to sustain aircraft.

Today one of the concrete runways at Kindley Field measures two miles in length. But the limestone and coral fill between runways is so finely packed that pilots claim they no longer try to hit the runways. Anywhere on the airport will do. And this one operation has increased the total land area of Bermuda by one eleventh!

The Greenslade recommendations were made in November, 1940. A month later, the first U.S. Army dredge moved into Castle Harbour. Two months later, construction gangs began work on our naval base. Roberts & Company, headed by that amiable democrat, "Chip" Roberts, did the engineering. One year later, in January, 1942, the Naval Air Station began to scale its PBMs to the sky. A month later, the Navy base began to function, and warships flying the American flag began to stand in from sea, through the maze of reefs, past H.M.S. Dockyard and down to Great Sound to anchor. There was still much to be done.

The civilian contractors had 3,500 men working on the base, building, dredging, putting up barracks, painting the white limestone green, setting up concrete roads inside the base, unloading ships which sneaked warily up to the new tender pier without scraping bottom. A huge Canadian dredge, the D.M. 16, blasted the coral out of a channel deep enough to accommodate battleships. Deep enough, in fact, to accommodate anything except the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth.

That dredging job began in December, 1941, and wasn't completed until this summer. During that time, the contractors were paying $250,000 a week in salaries. This meant that Bermuda, with about 34,000 citizens, was getting a theoretical wartime transfusion of better than a million dollars a month in American coin. In reality, it didn't amount to that much. Some workmen sent money home to wives and folks in the States. But much of it was spent at the Trimminghams', the Smiths', and at Lightbourne's liquor store. If you ask the men what they spent their money on, they tell you these items in this order: "Cashmere sweaters, liquor, perfumes and British tweeds."

The American workmen do not like Bermuda, because the islands are guilty of almost all of the backward economic practices of which the United States was guilty fifty years ago. The rich get richer and the poor get poorer. Prices are inordinately high, and almost all of the money is controlled by a few dozen families. Women acquired the right to vote only last spring. A man, to vote, must own property worth $250 or more. If he is rich, he can buy a small amount of property in each of the nine parishes and vote nine times. If he owns no property, he cannot vote, even in his home parish.

Wages have gone up about 50 per cent. And yet pork, which used to cost 19 cents a pound, now costs 72. A can of evaporated milk used to retail for 6 cents and now costs 19. A good pair of shoes went for $5 in the old days. Now they cost $14. Bread sells for twenty cents a loaf. The average unskilled workman in Bermuda gets about $22 a week. His rent averages $22 a month. Light may cost $4. Food averages $60. Clothing for the family, $4.50. Doctor bills perhaps $3. So, if his salary comes to $95.34 a month, he has already spent $93.50 of it by living as meanly as he can. However, in many cases, one or more of the children are working, and thus income balances expenditures.

That is why, when the Americans came, the poor Bermudians rejoiced, and the rich ones studied us with distrust. It was at about that time that a Nazi radio announcer is said to have beamed a talk to Bermuda and, with much warning of Hitler acoming, cackled: "After all whom do you have down there but Sir Howard Trott and the Forty Thieves!" The term "Forty Thieves" was used to designate the old families who own the smart shops and the banks and who, quite zealously, control Bermuda and its economy and its property and its politics and its government. These are the Trimminghams, the Trotts, the Coxes, the Dills, the Pearmans, the Goslings, the Smiths, the Tuckers, the Norths and the Spurlings and several others.

Hardheaded Businessmen

The term has long since become familiar to these gentlemen. They don't like it. But they have learned to laugh at it. They know, and so do most of the islanders, that they are not thieves in the moral sense. They are what Americans call "hardheaded businessmen," and they can drive a beaut of a bargain when the chips are down.

Collier's asked these men what Bermuda would like America to do when the war is over. Legally, our lease will run for the next 96 years whether Bermuda likes it or not. But if Bermuda had her choice in the matter, now that all danger is past, what would she have us do? Pull up stakes and scram? Stay and be eternally welcome? Or stay and be damned? Would she, for instance, try to sue out condemnation proceedings to get the bases for herself?

The last question produced laughter. Sitting in the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, Kenneth Trimingham refrained from measuring a tablespoon of sherry for his fish chowder until his sides subsided. He is a tall, kindly, aging man.

"No," he said. "Definitely not." He poured the sherry and stirred the fish chowder.

His brother Eldon spoke from across the table. Eldon wears glasses and speaks directly and is inclined to ignore food when the conversation climbs to the high, narrow passes.

"No," he said. "We wouldn't want the Americans to leave. That is, not unless you want to leave that beautiful airfield behind and the fine hospital and some of the other things you brought here."

"Look!" said Kenneth, putting down his spoon and cupping his hands, "you have a beautiful estate on Long Island. You need protection. Soldiers come. You welcome them. Then, when the trouble is over, you

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CANADA DRY ***"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"***

do not need protection any more. Would you want the soldiers to leave?"

The answer seemed to be yes. But then, the moment the Americans even hint about leaving, the combined Army-Navy pay roll in Bermuda begins to raise its ugly head. It amounts to about $920,000 a month. Now, in a place with a population roughly about the same as Burbank, California, or Bloomington, Illinois, or Belleville, New Jersey, that is a great deal. At that moment, Bermuda begins to forget the things she doesn't like about the American: his jeeps ruining her atrocious roads; his penchant for buying his cigarettes at the base for a nickel a pack instead of getting them in Hamilton for thirty cents; the antiaircraft batteries spitting red crayons into the sky at dusk; the incessant roar of airplanes; the warships at anchor in the harbor; the sailors lounging on street corners; the by-passing of Bermuda customs; the hiring of Bermudian laborers to work on the bases.

Those things fade for the moment. The rich Bermudian becomes nostalgic. He says yes, he would like to see the Americans go, if they could restore the islands to their old serene beauty and remove all the scars of progress and industrialization. Yes, that would be fine. But, as that is impossible, the Americans (sigh) might just as well stay on.

On the other hand, if we keep the bases, the problems between Bermuda and our admirals and generals will go on forever. Most of these problems, thus far, seem to have been solved simply: The Americans capitulate. Bermuda disagrees. She claims that much of the plain and fancy capitulation is done by her. However, one of the few arguments we have won there has been the battle of the motorcar. The islands wanted to stick to horses and bicycles. They gave Bermuda an Old World atmosphere that American tourists found to be charming and which has been translated into many pounds sterling. The Navy, at one end of the island, and the Army at the other said that they couldn't possibly get their bases built and have liaison between them unless they had cars and trucks.

At the moment, the Navy has 400 motor vehicles at Bermuda. This is not enough, and many officers do not even rate a jeep. Some of the vehicles spend most of their time inside the confines of the base and seldom assail the narrow, crusty roads. Those which do reach Bermuda proper are stared at, frowned at, cursed at, and, in the case of saucer-eyed colored children, applauded with glee. Bermuda claims that the Navy trucks are pocking the roads. She wants the Navy to pay for their repair.

Ironically, the roads give the trucks and jeeps a terrific beating. And yet the Navy Department won't give the naval base a priority on trucks or jeeps or parts, so that, as time goes by, the base has 400 vehicles, 390, 380, 370, etc., which pleases old Bermuda no end.

Another thing which angers Bermuda is the labor situation. They claim we have spoiled the poorer people with high wages. A housemaid in the islands gets from $4.04 a week up to $14.40, depending upon the generosity of her employer. Out at the base she can stuff clothes into an automatic laundry and get a flat wage of, say, $25 a week. Result: No housemaids.

When the Americans first landed, the influential Bermudians set up a Bermuda Labor Board. Admiral Jules James and, since then, Admiral I. C. Sowell have discovered that it is easier to deal directly with the BLB rather than to read those long, angry cables from Washington. It started when Bermuda asked that American sailors and civilians on leave in the islands be paid off in pounds and shillings. The Naval Operating Base said no; it was a time-honored custom to pay Americans off in American money, and they had no mind to disturb that habit. Bermuda said that the dollars were bucking Bermuda pounds, which are pegged to the British pound sterling at $4.04.

Sorry. No dice. So Bermuda made it an offense for Bermudians, especially shopkeepers, to have more than $250 without declaring it. The next thing they worked on was the "prevailing wage" conflict. The Navy paid its civilian workers well, and when it began to hire Bermudians it paid them well, too. In no time, much of Bermuda was knocking at the base gates for a job.

Handling the Labor Situation

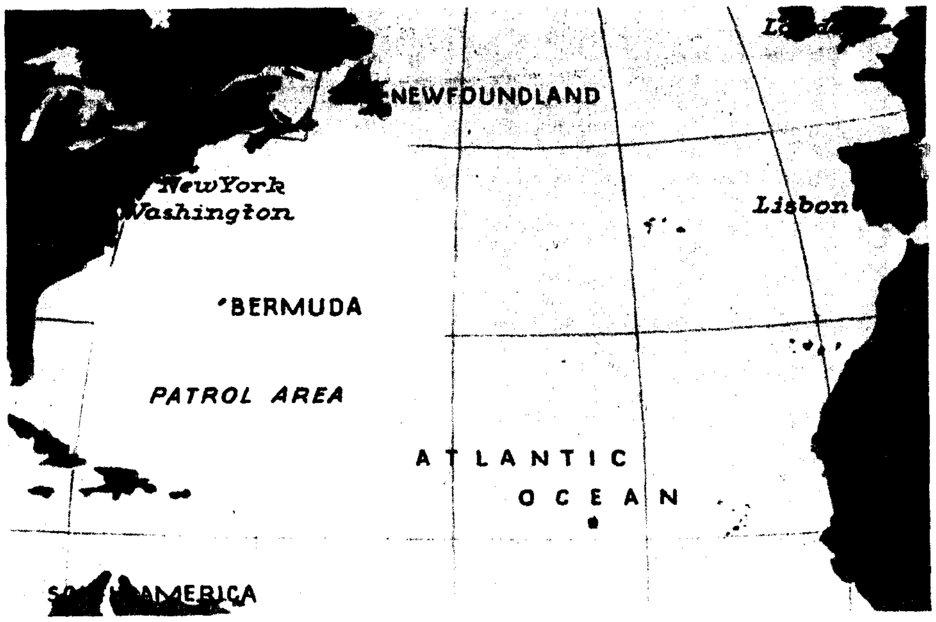
The islands appointed Roddy Williams, who operates the Lightbourne liquor store and is popular with Americans, to be chairman of the Bermuda Labor Board. Williams invited other members to represent the Navy, the Army, the contractors, the British, and Bermuda. The Navy said its policy is to pay prevailing wages to locally engaged labor.

The board has been functioning since 1941, and promptly issued a sheet called Minimum and Maximum Wages in Effect, and kept issuing new ones every time there was a change in wages. This lists the minimum and maximum pay of workers from accountants ($24.04 to $60.60 per week) through such as teamsters ($15.16 to $2[illegible]0 a week) down to the end of the list where spotters, who work on dry cleaning, get from $20.20 to $24.24.

Williams arrived at these figures after sampling employer opinions all over the islands. He thinks it is honest. But Admiral Sowell, who should have more important things to worry about, said: "The prevailing wage is not given correctly by the Bermuda Labor Board. We just can't find people who will work for wages as low as they want us to pay labor."

On June 19, 1944, a labor crisis hit the naval base. Bermuda had charged that the base was paying higher wages than the labor board had advised. The Navy Department in Washington was asked to *reduce* wages from three to eight cents an hour at a time when the cost of living in Bermuda was spiraling slowly toward insanity. The re-

Bermuda's true importance is that it bases our big flying boats 700 miles toward Europe. The white section shows the area they can patrol



MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

quest was granted. And Admiral Sowell, not Bermuda, had to worry about how loudly the Bermuda workers would growl and what they might try to do to show their resentment. They showed him. They promptly organized a union.

On the other hand, the British at H.M.S. Dockyard, finding themselves very short of labor, asked permission to import 50 natives from the Barbadoes. Permission was granted when the British agreed that, the moment the job was finished, they would deport the laborers and ship them back to their own islands. In the very next breath, Bermuda itself imported 50 laborers from the Portuguese Azores to work on farms and as domestics.

Samuel Seward Toddings is one of the most dynamic men on the islands. He is editor of the Mid-Ocean News, he is a member of parliament and he is coroner. He walks and talks and thinks fast. He was the only man in Bermuda who refused to answer questions orally. He wanted them in writing. And got them. "Do you think," one of the questions ran, "that the erection of the bases, both naval and air, has helped Bermuda?" To that he wrote: "I would say, generally speaking, yes." "Do you think," another question read, "that both bases should stay here for the full 99 years?" To that he wrote: "If an answer to this question is sought from a Bermuda point of view, I cannot see that the presence of these bases would do any harm. On the other hand, the fact that Americans have this leased area in a foreign country might influence tourists to come to Bermuda for an inspection of them."

The greatest problem of the islands has always been food and water. A few vegetables are grown. Fodder is scarce, and livestock become emaciated on the local grasses. Bermudians who have tried to dig artesian wells have come up with salt water. There is no natural watershed. Bermuda depends upon the United States to ship food, but all of the houses in Bermuda catch their own water. The roofs are built of terraced limestone, with the edging gutter so pitched that, when it rains, the water is cleansed by the limestone and then rolls down through pipes to a limestone tank under the house. The house tanks average about 10,000 to 12,000 gallons. From there it is pumped up into kitchens and bathrooms.

When Bermuda Was Thirsty

Sometimes, Bermuda gets awfully thirsty. It happened once since we started to build our bases.

The Navy had plastered a whole big hill with concrete as a cachement and built a gigantic underground tank for water. But the job was new and there wasn't enough water to help civilian Bermuda. At the time, our tankers were being torpedoed from Asbury Park south to the Gulf, and the United States was woefully short of tankers.

Yet Admiral Jules James, then commanding officer of the naval base, and really military boss of all Bermuda over our own Army, the British, the Bermuda Militia, the Royal Canadian Pictou Highlanders—in sum, "Commander of Combined Local Defense Forces"—asked the Navy Department to send some water. He put in a strong case. And, despite the shortage of tankers, three were sent to the islands loaded with fresh water.

They tied up at Hamilton dock and pumped the water and, in a sense, saved the day for Bermuda. No one who was there afterward is willing to quote what the admiral said when he got a bill from Bermuda for wharfage of the three tankers.

Of one thing you can be sure: The bill wasn't paid.

The naval officers regard Bermuda in the nature of a spoiled British brat, beautiful to look upon but hell on wheels to live with. In the exclusive Mid-Ocean Golf Course locker room, a U.S. naval captain yelled banteringly to a high-ranking Bermudian: "Hey, there! We need a good road from one end of the island to the other. Who's going to pay for it?" And he joined in the bedlam of laughter when the Bermudian hollered: "Why, you are, of course!"

The islands never tire of reminding the Navy that the lease is strictly military. That, when the war is done, the naval air station which is now under the command of Captain George D. Price, U.S.N. Retired, and the Army Air Base, which is under the command of Brigadier General Thomas Jones, cannot be used for commercial planes.

At Kindley Field, the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. are given free use of American facilities and are welcomed with open arms. However, most islanders do not trust the British any more than they trust us. They have fiercely guarded their independence from the mother country for three hundred years, and, if anything, they show a slight preference for Americans over Britons.

When the war came, Bermuda sent no great forces out for Empire duty. She didn't even pass a conscription law. If anyone wanted to volunteer for overseas duty, why, all right. Otherwise, no. She has a tiny group known as the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps (white) and the Bermuda Militia (Negroes).

Pygmies by Comparison

The latter does squad drill at stated intervals in thick-soled British shoes. But they look pathetically comic when you see the giant American naval guns on the cliffs, the warships outside the islands, the A.A. batteries, the carrier-based planes pouring into Kindley Field awaiting assignments, the thunder of the giant PBMs floating past Susie's back window like scaling hats, the Seabees building at the base, the smart U.S. Marines manning the gates and all approaches, the arsenal where the revetments for shells and ammunition look like hundreds of tiny mausoleums, the modern power plant, the thick concrete roofs, the docks and ships and the giant cranes and the blinker signals from ship-to-ship and from ship-to-shore, and that feeling of something very, very important going on all day and all night every day and every week.

It is difficult to define the caste system now in vogue, but the wealthy Bermudians—the Forty Thieves, if you will—are at the top of the ladder. Then come the rich and the military, British and American; a step lower come the Bermudian civilians of shop and civil service; below that are the Portuguese, and, at the bottom, the Negroes. Yet Bermudians point out that they probably have more colored doctors and members of parliament per capita than the United States has in medical circles and in Congress.

Besides furnishing the islands with much of its food, the Navy must import all of its own milk from the United States because Bermuda will not pasteurize milk under the high standards of the States. The Navy suspects that many of the native cows are tubercular and refuses to permit American sailors to drink Bermuda milk. The same goes for the native goats.

There is no income tax in Bermuda. That sounds fine to U.S. ears. But Bermuda pays its way by slapping an import duty on practically everything. The duty amounts, on the average, to a little under 20 per cent. And practically everything is imported. So that, if you wanted something from the States that cost $5, it would cost you $6 to get the item into the islands.

If you frequent any of the better drinking places in Bermuda—and that includes the 21 or the Ace of Clubs, or Cy Siegel's Saloon, which is the naval officers' recreation club, sooner or later you will hear someone sing the Trimingham and Trott song, which goes to the old tune of Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean:

Oh, Mr. Trimingham! Oh, Mr. Trimingham!
These Americans have made me bloody sore.
We've done everything we know
To relieve them of their dough,
But the blighters seem to still have plenty more!
Oh, Mr. Trott! Oh, Mr. Trott!
I don't really think we should take all they've got.
If we strip them to their peel,
They'll have nothing left to steal.
Absolutely, Mr. Trimingham!
Positively, Mr. Trott!

THE END

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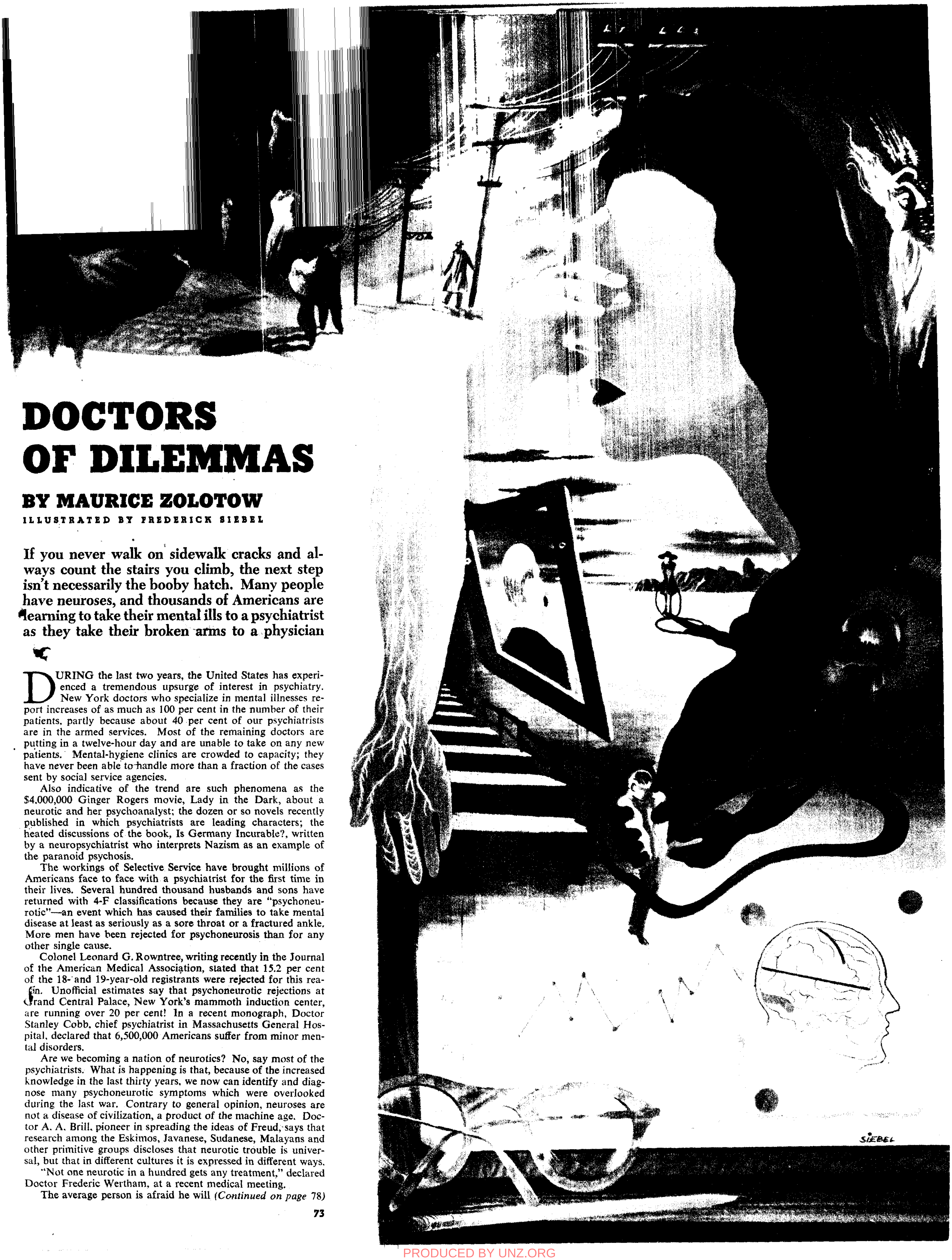

DOCTORS OF DILEMMAS

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

If you never walk on sidewalk cracks and always count the stairs you climb, the next step isn't necessarily the booby hatch. Many people have neuroses, and thousands of Americans are learning to take their mental ills to a psychiatrist as they take their broken arms to a physician

DURING the last two years, the United States has experienced a tremendous upsurge of interest in psychiatry. New York doctors who specialize in mental illnesses report increases of as much as 100 per cent in the number of their patients, partly because about 40 per cent of our psychiatrists are in the armed services. Most of the remaining doctors are putting in a twelve-hour day and are unable to take on any new patients. Mental-hygiene clinics are crowded to capacity; they have never been able to handle more than a fraction of the cases sent by social service agencies.

Also indicative of the trend are such phenomena as the $4,000,000 Ginger Rogers movie, Lady in the Dark, about a neurotic and her psychoanalyst; the dozen or so novels recently published in which psychiatrists are leading characters; the heated discussions of the book, Is Germany Incurable?, written by a neuropsychiatrist who interprets Nazism as an example of the paranoid psychosis.

The workings of Selective Service have brought millions of Americans face to face with a psychiatrist for the first time in their lives. Several hundred thousand husbands and sons have returned with 4-F classifications because they are "psychoneurotic"—an event which has caused their families to take mental disease at least as seriously as a sore throat or a fractured ankle. More men have been rejected for psychoneurosis than for any other single cause.

Colonel Leonard G. Rowntree, writing recently in the Journal of the American Medical Association, stated that 15.2 per cent of the 18- and 19-year-old registrants were rejected for this reason. Unofficial estimates say that psychoneurotic rejections at Grand Central Palace, New York's mammoth induction center, are running over 20 per cent! In a recent monograph, Doctor Stanley Cobb, chief psychiatrist in Massachusetts General Hospital, declared that 6,500,000 Americans suffer from minor mental disorders.

Are we becoming a nation of neurotics? No, say most of the psychiatrists. What is happening is that, because of the increased knowledge in the last thirty years, we now can identify and diagnose many psychoneurotic symptoms which were overlooked during the last war. Contrary to general opinion, neuroses are not a disease of civilization, a product of the machine age. Doctor A. A. Brill, pioneer in spreading the ideas of Freud, says that research among the Eskimos, Javanese, Sudanese, Malayans and other primitive groups discloses that neurotic trouble is universal, but that in different cultures it is expressed in different ways.

"Not one neurotic in a hundred gets any treatment," declared Doctor Frederic Wertham, at a recent medical meeting.

The average person is afraid he will *(Continued on page 78)*

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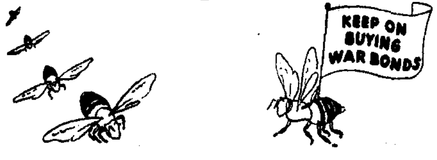

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE— AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

Timber Line

Continued from page 58

Flats. The bomber bored on, steeper than a magpie's flight. It mounted the saddle and then the sky was empty. There was only a faint roaring, like a wind in the twisted junipers at timber line.

Something dimmed the old man's eyes. Up there hidden beyond Sheep Mountain was his country, and those boys in a bomber shot into it without ever feeling the rough trail under their feet. What had cost him patience, toil and hazard was only the thrust of a throttle now. He felt robbed. If it hadn't been so fixed a habit, he would have turned back to his sugar beets.

The sun was slanting on the high slopes and the canyon had filled with shadow when he came to the turn-off. The wagon wheels were quiet on the grass. "Whoa!" he called. From here his horse would be a pack animal, following him up that steepening mountain wall.

He was unhitching the horse when an Army scout car bumped over the uneven ground. One soldier sat at the wheel and another jumped out, a heavy, swaggering fellow with a pair of chevrons on his arm.

"Hold on, Gramp!" he shouted. "Where you headed for?"

Ben buckled a trace over the horse's back. "Up to the Flats."

"What for?"

"Pan some gold."

The soldier stared at him with an amused grin and lighted a cigarette. "You can't go up there. It's out of bounds."

"Guess you don't know who I am," Ben said. "That's my location. I'm Ben Paradise."

The grin broadened, and the soldier winked back at his companion. "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Paradise. We're from the U.S. Army. I'm Corporal Punishment and this guy in the jeep is Private Lives." They both laughed.

Ben unhooked another trace.

The corporal stopped laughing. "Don't unhitch, Dad. They're bombing up there. Hear that?" A mutter of thunder rolled through the hills.

Ben looked bewildered. "There's nothing to bomb in the Flats. Nothing at all."

"Look, Dad," the corporal said in a patient, indulgent voice, "they've made a target range up there; the Air Corps is getting bombing practice for a mountain terrain, like they have to do in Italy and some of those Jap islands. So you can't go on up."

Ben scowled at him. "I prospected the Flats every year since '97. I was the first one in that country. I'm Ben Paradise."

"It don't matter. You might be Uncle Sam himself, and still it's out of bounds. See?"

BEN looked up the mountainside and his voice was mostly for himself. "Up the shoulder of Sheep Mountain and through the notch. Then it's mighty pretty country in the Flats. Like a park in there. It ain't an easy notch to find. I'm about the only one left that knows the way."

Overhead the drone of engines gathered. The corporal glanced up. "There's a guy that knows the way. He's making his bombing run now. Whitey Halvorsen—Major Halvorsen. He's just back from Italy, teaching the boys from the Field how to hit a target hid in the mountains. He shot down fourteen Krauts above Cassino. He knows the way anywhere he wants to go."

Ben said: "It's the notch, I mean. I found it first of all. It's the only way in there."

The corporal stamped out his cigarette. "Gramp," he said, "that don't mean a thing now-days. Those guys up there can go wherever they want to. They just point their plane and it takes them there."

The other soldier backed the jeep around.

The corporal's voice grew businesslike. "All right. Get moving, Dad, or we'll have to hitch your wagon to this jeep and haul it out for you."

"Where to?" the old man asked.

"Back down the canyon."

Silently Ben worked the horse between the shafts and hooked the traces to the singletree. He unbraided the lines and climbed into the wagon. "Come around," he said to the horse. "Giddap, now."

Dusk deepened quickly in the canyon. He drove a mile down the road and then pulled off into a grassy opening beside the brawling creek. There he made his camp, picketing his horse in a circle of grass and alder thickets. Over a pitch-pine fire he boiled his kettle. Up in the darkening sky the bombers passed, and each time the thunder echoed through the hills he felt more wronged and robbed. Once it was his country, now it was theirs. Once he found the way into that hidden, high-walled valley. Now the planes soared over it like carrion-seeking birds. He stared into his fire, an old man with an old man's bitterness and defeat.

He was rolled in his blanket when a pair of headlights swept the clearing. The jeep jerked to a stop and the burly corporal jumped out. He sprayed a searchlight on the old man lying beside his campfire.

"Listen, Grampa, you're supposed to be clear out of here. That fire of yours shows up like a whole town burning. It's crossing them up, up there. They drop some flares to steer by, and now you've got this blaze going. This canyon's got to be dark or we'll have bombs popping all around us."

Without waiting for Ben to crawl out of his blanket, he kicked the embers. The fire scattered in the grass. "Get some water," he said, "and douse it good. This canyon has got to be blacked out."

"I camped all through these mountains," Ben said softly. "I brought a party down here once in a snowstorm. Governor Gilpin's daughter was there. They'd have froze if I hadn't—"

"Tell that to your horse," the corporal said, "while you're hitching up."

The horse was restless and skittish. While Ben backed him into the shafts the animal's eyes rolled white. Overhead a bomber blared. "Whoa, boy, whoa!" Ben urged. "Back, now, easy."

The canyon rumbled with an echoing thunder. Ben swore softly, while his groping hands hooked a trace to the singletree. A second plane boomed over, the motors gunning. In the darkness the horse lurched. There was a quick, splintering sound.

"Whoa! Whoa!" Ben cried.

They heard a trampling in the alder and the splashing pound of hoofs.

"There," Ben said, straightening up, "he's broke his singletree. He's only a colt, and he gets nervous. Now I can't catch him till morning."

The corporal swore. "You've got to catch him."

Ben looked up. "You ever try to catch a black colt in the woods on a dark night, soldier?"

"Well—no fire here, you understand. Don't light your pipe, even."

When the jeep was gone Ben rolled up again in his blanket. The bombers passed over in waves of sound. The thunder boomed and echoed. But nearer was the steady rush of water, the rustle of aspens in the wind—good sounds, as old as the mountains, as familiar to him as the stars through shadowy crowns of pine.

He woke with the first vague light of day. The horse was there again, grazing quietly, with the harness still on him and the split singletree trailing in the grass. Ben caught him without trouble. The horse stood patiently while he mended the singletree, binding it with a halter strap.

IN HIS bitterness he paid no heed to the planes circling over the saddle of Sheep Mountain, and he was not aware that the bombing sounds had ceased. As he was packing his blanket roll in the wagon the jeep drove up again. Out leaped the excited corporal. At his side was an officer with a pair of silver bars on his shoulder.

"Here he is, sir," the corporal announced.

In the clearing three more jeeps bounced to a stop. In a minute a dozen men were swarming around the wagon.

"I'm going," Ben said. "I had to get that singletree patched up. That's all that's kept me."

The officer stepped up. "Your name is Paradise?"

"Yes," Ben said. "I'm going now."

"I'm Captain Haines, Mr. Paradise." His words were crisp, and there was a tautness in him as he spoke. "You know the way up to Paradise Flats? You know a trail from here?"

"Yes," Ben said, "but I'm leaving now. I'll get right—"

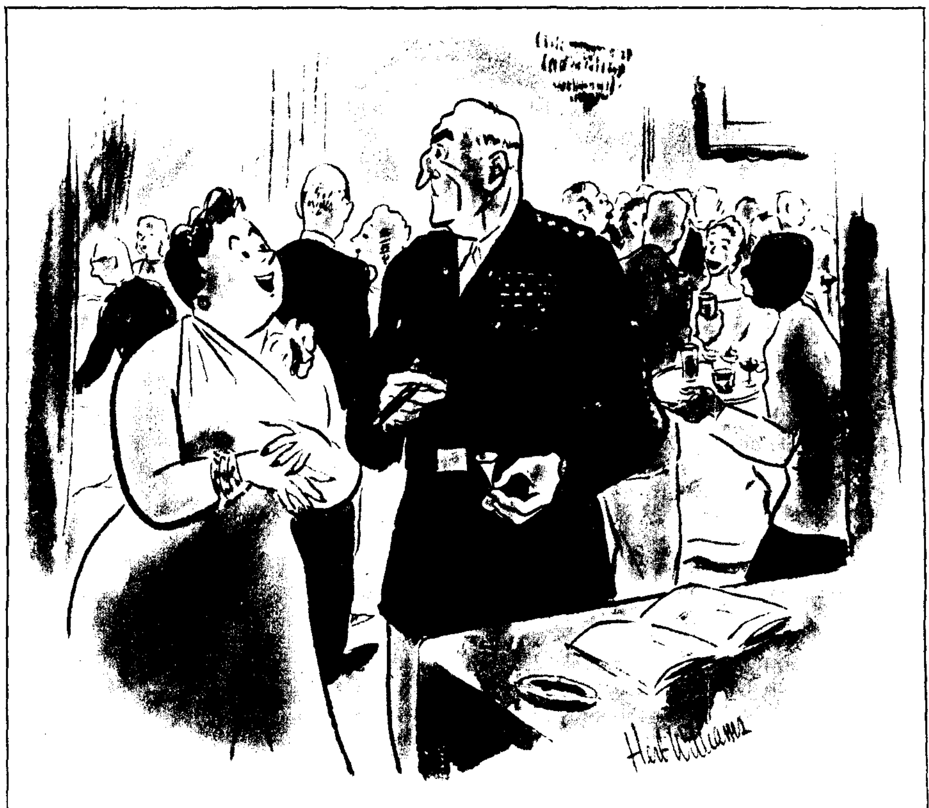
"Mr. Paradise," the captain's eyes swept swiftly up the mountainside and his voice held a ring of respect, "one of our planes crashed up there. Major Halvorsen's plane. They have it located from the air, but there's no landing possible. We've got to get in on foot. From the air that looks like a blind valley. You're sure there's a way in?"

"Yes," Ben said, and his sagged shoulders were beginning to straighten, "there's a way."

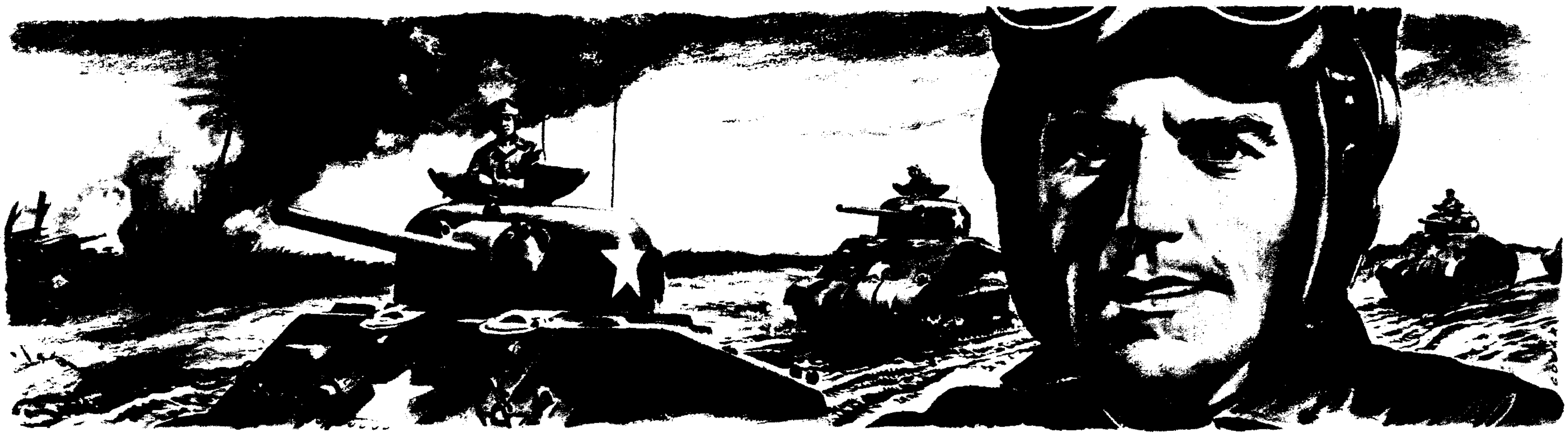
"Can you lead us in?" The captain's voice was brittle. "Those men are hurt. Maybe dying."

Ben's faded eyes looked out strong and steady. "Let's get started, then," he said.

Behind him he heard the captain giving orders. The men fell in, carrying medical kits, packs of provisions, and stretchers rolled on their twin poles. Beside Ben strode the



COLLIER'S "Are you what they call a brass pot, General?" HERB WILLIAMS



Sgt. Smith depends on five of them to keep his General Sherman tank rolling

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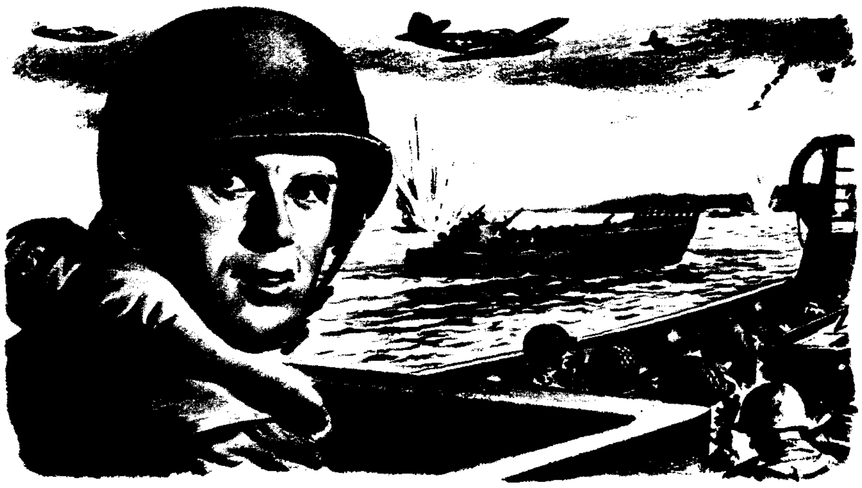

Seaman Jones depends on two of them to carry his landing craft through a curtain of fire straight for a beachhead...

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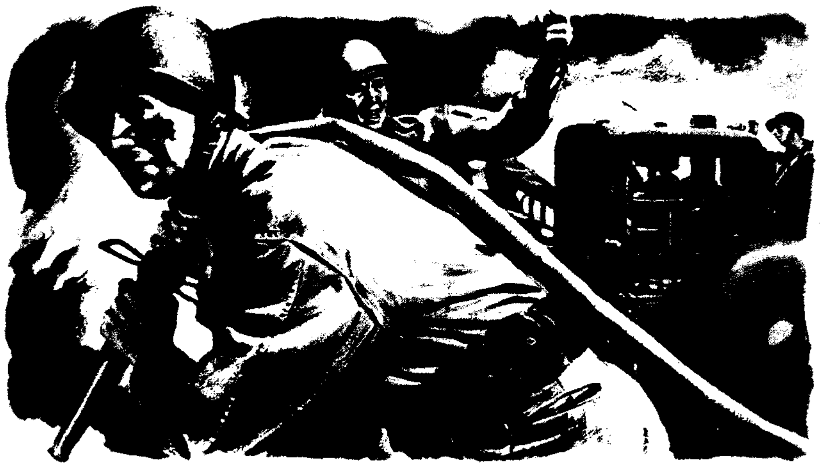

G. I. Joe depends on one to power his fire fighter...one to pump his drinking water ...one to keep his truck moving...

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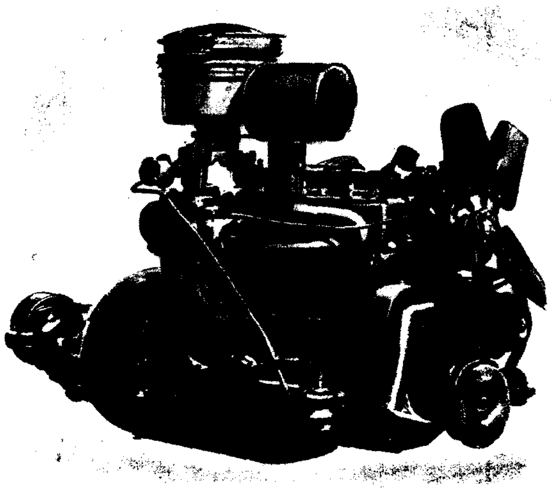

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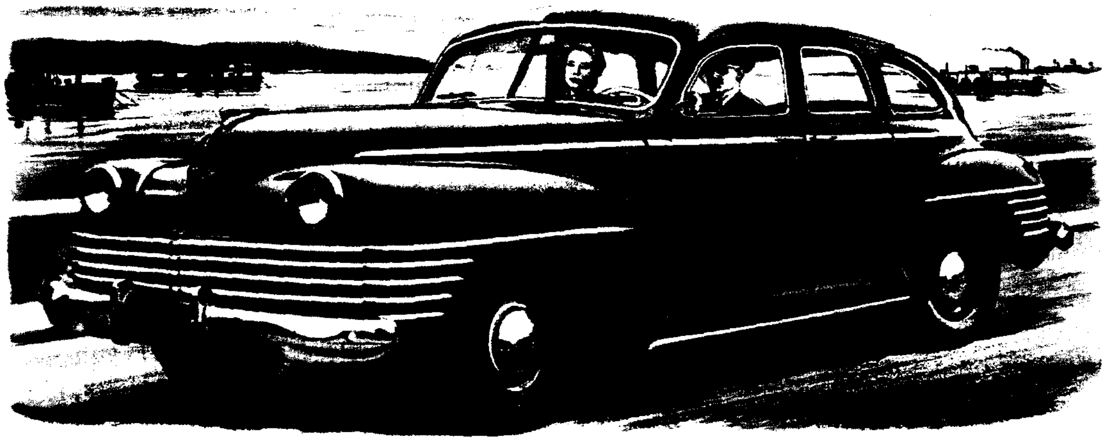

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corporal. "Think you can make it, Dad? Those guys are hurt, you know. Think you can make it fast?"

Under the mustache Ben's mouth twitched. "I can try, son."

They filed through a stand of hemlock and then the hill pitched upward. There was a sheep trail through a piñon grove. Soon Ben left the trail, picking his way over a steep slope where the stunted trees clung in veins of naked rock.

"What are you leaving the trail for?" the corporal grunted.

"Short cut," Ben said.

His legs felt at home on that rough slope. He was an old man, but a mountain man. He knew how to climb, keeping his knees bent and his back curved over. His eyes stayed on the ground, finding the good footing, and his feet planted squarely. Behind him the corporal slipped and stumbled. He got up, cursing. Ben climbed on. Above them rose the mountain wall.

At last Ben stopped. The men came abreast of him, breathing hard.

The captain spoke. "Relax men." They slumped down on the rocks. "Stiff climb," the captain said.

"Yes," Ben said. "And we're above nine thousand feet, so it's hard breathing. We've got the hardest climb ahead of us."

The corporal stopped mopping his red face and stared upward. "Looks to me like we're lost. There's no way through up there."

The captain looked sharply at him and then lifted a pair of field glasses, searching the mountain wall. When the glasses came down, his eyes questioned Ben.

"Just one way," the old man said. "It's there, unless a rock slide has closed it up"

"You don't think—" the captain said quickly.

"No. It's been open forty years." His faded eyes scanned the ridge above them. "Let's go."

It was a rugged way he led them over. Beside a creek that boiled past them in white cascades. Through a dense slope of hemlock, dark as twilight. Over a grassy ledge dotted with clumps of flagtail. From that open height the canyon curled below them. Above, Sheep Mountain lifted its long ridge against the sky and Rabbit Ear rose to a peak not broad enough to close the west where the white dome of James Peak stood hooded on the Divide.

"Fresh snow on Jim Peak," Ben said.

THE soldiers had no breath to talk. Ben's eyes, narrowed with light and distance, ranged over that familiar world. In his mind was reborn the excitement of the boom locations of the past—Russell Gulch, Silver Plume, Yankee Hill, Arapahoe Flats, Red Mountain.

Tirelessly, picking the way with his eyes and with his memory, he led them from shelf to shelf, through tumbled rocks and past stubborn tufts of juniper. Then, quite suddenly, the rocky passage opened and before them lay a valley floor, flat as a field, with a stream flashing through scattered groves of timber. They stopped, breathing sharply, their eyes ranging the Flats.

The captain raised his field glasses. "There," he said, pointing, "that white patch beyond the trees. It's the parachute they dropped with a medical kit. Come on—on the double."

Awkwardly, with the packs jerking on their shoulders, they ran down the slope, through carpets of wild anemone and columbine. The parachute lay rumpled on the ground, with the square white burden still attached.

"They couldn't get to it," the captain said grimly. "But where are they? That plane has to be somewhere near."

The stream babbled on its rust-stained stones and a magpie flew out of a grove of aspen. The whole high valley seemed as empty as the day when Ben Paradise had first found it. Slowly the captain swung his glasses over the valley floor. They stopped at a stand of hemlock.

"Come on," he said. His voice was hollow.

The swath of the bomber was marked clearly at the edge of that timber. The plane had almost missed it—almost. It had taken the tops out of a dozen trees; then it had hurtled clear, crashing on the open ground among the nodding stalks of columbine. It lay twisted and still, with one wing slanting up in the sunlight.

Ben heard the captain's breath suck in. Three men were in that mangled cabin. It took a while to get them out. The soldiers made an efficient crew. They worked quickly, silently, like a well-trained team. Old Ben wasn't on the team, and so he walked down to the creek and looked at the gravel. He dipped up a handful. There was color in it. A light began to burn in his faded eyes. He'd like to sieve this out. Might be—

There was a rumbling in the sky and a wing-shaped shadow raced across the Flats. Someone waved a signal at the wrecked bomber. Then the plane swung back, filling the valley with its throbbing roar, and the next minute it was over the saddle of Sheep Mountain and headed back toward Gilpin Field.

Ben stared at the gravel in his hand and his eyes fogged. That was all past, all over. He had found the way into a new country, but that was in '97. The gold had been taken out of it years ago. He knew that, and now he was ready to admit it. The gravel dropped from his hand.

When he stood in the shadow of that tilted wing, they had the three men on stretchers. One of them was covered up, another's face was hid in bandages, but from the third stretcher, a lean, brown face looked up. The man's helmet had been pulled off; his short-cropped hair was bleached white by the sun of a hotter country than Colorado. One leg was strapped tight, and his mouth was tense with pain. But his voice was quiet as he said, "I didn't think you'd find us, Captain. Not in country like this. How'd you find the way?"

He was young, Ben saw. Hardly more than a boy, even with the pain lining his face and the hard light in his eyes.

Captain Haines looked from the young man to the old one. "Major Halvorsen," he said, "Mr. Paradise. This place is named for him. He found it years ago, and he showed us the way."

The man on the stretcher looked at Ben. There was a flash of understanding. Something wordless and real passed between them.

"You know this country, sir?" he said.

"Yes," Ben said. "Since '97."

The head lifted impatiently from the stretcher. "The air currents over that mountain—are they always there?"

"That's right," Ben said. "I could show you the junipers all bent over up there at timber line."

HE SANK back on the stretcher. "Good. That's what I needed to know. Now I can find a new way to make that bombing run."

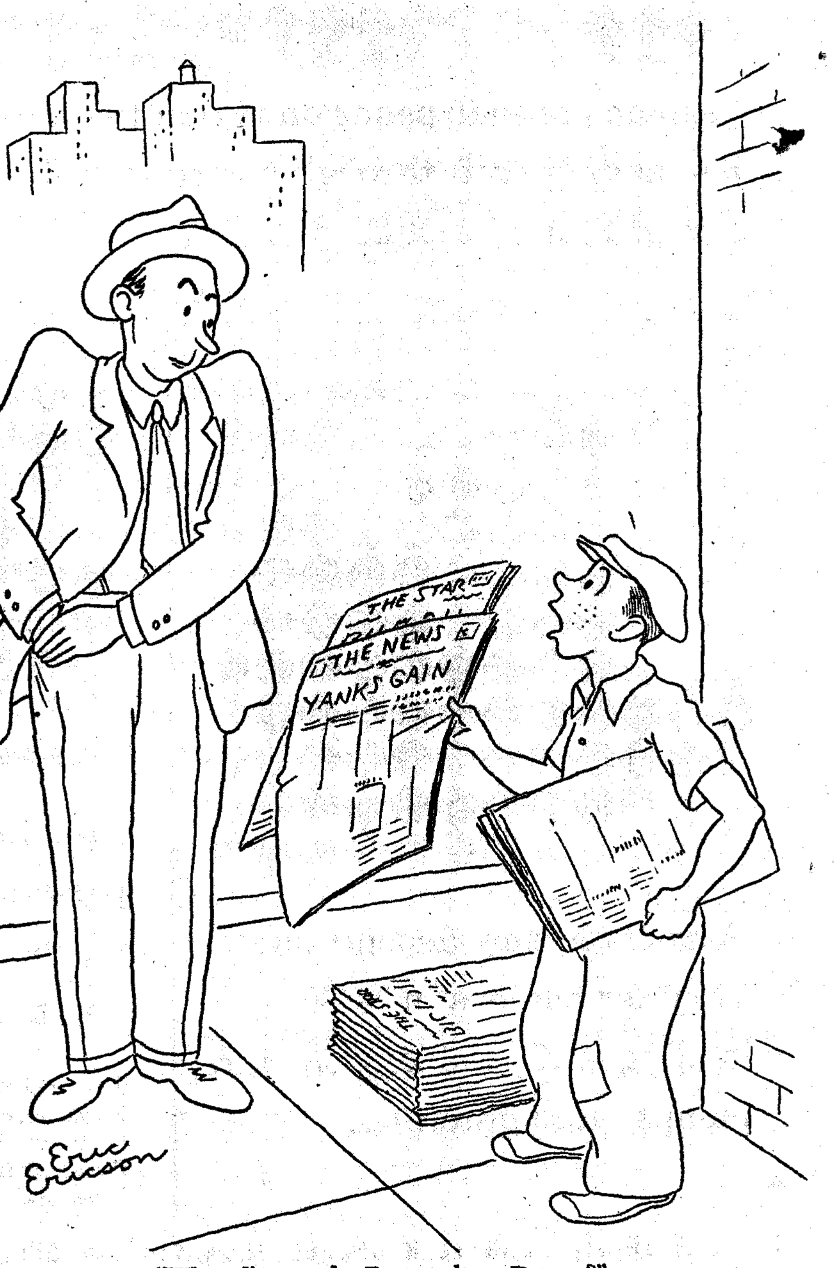
"You mean," Ben said, and his eyes were burning deeply, "you mean you have to find the right way, even with your planes to take you there? You mean you have to figure it out?"

"Yes, sir," the major said. "That's what I mean. We had trouble in Italy. We lost planes and we missed our targets because we couldn't judge the air pockets inside a valley like this. But I can do it now. I'll find a way."

Ben stared off at the snow peaks of the Divide. "That's the way it was," he said quietly, "back in '97." His eyes came back to the bomber's wreckage, and the stretchers lined beneath the tilted wing. "I don't mean we had a job like yours," he added. "I mean—we had to find the way—where no one had been before. I mean—" He hesitated. He wanted to explain it carefully; he wanted to be understood.

"Yes, sir," the major said. And when their eyes met again, Ben knew he didn't have to explain anything.

THE END



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Doctors of Dilemmas

Continued from page 73

be laced into a strait jacket and packed off to a padded cell if he goes for mental treatment. To be diagnosed as a psychoneurotic *does not mean a person is crazy or insane.* The neurotic is generally a maladjusted and oversensitive individual. Sometimes his only symptom is an all-pervading uneasiness and unhappiness, which he knows is irrational, and which he cannot drive away.

Sometimes the symptoms take a more definite form. The most common ones, according to Doctor Louis Berg, are those grouped under anxiety neuroses—a tremendous apprehension without any cause. A man is afraid he is going to die. He is afraid he is going to get cancer or heart disease or even a common cold. Very common in large cities is the fear of taking an elevator or the subway, of entering a theater, restaurant or any room in which strangers are present. When a neurotic is afraid to take the subway he is not being just "ornery." Doctor Berg tells of a young lawyer earning $70 a week who was so frightened of entering a subway that he was compelled to take a taxi to and from his downtown office, and thus spent half of his salary in cab fares.

Next most common are the compulsion neuroses, which compel a neurotic to repeat a meaningless act over and over again, such as hand-washing or counting coins or touching telephone poles. Other neuroses take the form of a physical disease—a migraine headache, a stomach or duodenal ulcer, a heart ailment.

The psychiatrist is not a problem solver along the lines of John J. Anthony, or a minor-league divinity who holds Buchmanite-style confessions in which you relate all your sins. The psychiatrist is not interested in sin; he is interested in sickness.

He is an M.D., whose qualifications have been examined by a licensing board set up by the American Medical Association and the American Psychiatric Association. He has taken three years of premedical training, attended a medical school four years, interned for two years, and then taken postgraduate work in psychiatry for another four years. Those who employ psychoanalysis *must themselves be analyzed by a trained* psychoanalyst.

The psychiatrist diagnoses and treats the neuroses with certain definite and proved weapons. These weapons, although invisible, are nonetheless as real as the emotion you feel when you watch your *child* or kiss your wife. He does not use the stethoscope or the scalpel. His weapons are subtle human characteristics—a sensitive intuition which aids him in feeling out the complicated unconscious conflicts of the neurotics; a knowledge of the symbols and secret meanings of the dream—the key to basic patterns of the personality; an understanding of family relationships and the emotional struggles within families; a knowledge of the relation of a person to his environment and his work. He employs these weapons as fully as he understands them.

A Retreat into Childhood

The psychiatrist has studied the mental and emotional life of the child and believes the root of many mental and emotional maladjustments is the attempt to return to the comfort and security of childhood—called infantile regression. Frequently a pattern set up in childhood endures indefinitely. For example, a psychiatrist traced an adult's stuttering to a childhood injustice in which the patient was slapped by his father for having mispronounced an innocent word so that it sounded like an obscene word. The father was unaware of the deep psychological scars he was leaving, but, from that moment on, the boy was unable to talk naturally. The original, or "traumatic" incident had been forgotten even by the patient.

Most important of all, the psychiatrist frequently takes the side of his patient. The neurotic is fighting a war against his environment or against certain desires in himself which his conscience refuses to let him satisfy. The psychiatrist may take his side against everyone and everything. He may pretend, say, to be in favor of crime. An intelligent judge *sent a juvenile delinquent,* arrested for stealing automobile tires, to a mental-hygiene clinic. The psychiatrist started out by telling the "criminal" that all boys "stole" things and that when he himself was a boy he had once stolen a horse.

The psychiatrist has human sympathy; he insists that nobody must throw a stone at the juvenile delinquent, the sex offender or the neurotic, because none of us is without sin. In studying the dreams and psychology of "normal" persons, psychiatry has discovered that all of us have criminal urges. Doctor Berg, a prison psychiatrist for many years, says that anybody might commit murder—if he thought he could get away with it.

Clues from the Unconscious

A glance at the roster of cases at a mental clinic will give you the idea:

The first case is an "exhibitionist," a 26-year-old chap, husky, nice-looking and very ashamed. He comes with his puzzled wife; he has been arrested for undressing himself in a public place and has been sent by the Court of Special Sessions. Next is a woman who has pains in her breast and complains of a choking sensation in her throat; the doctors had found nothing physically wrong. A riveter at a war plant states that he wishes an examination to determine if he is a homosexual, because he has developed a morbid fear that he is, as he puts it, "on the wrong side of the fence," and he wants reassurance.

A married couple fear their marriage may break up because they are unable to have emotionally satisfying sexual relations. A twelve-year-old girl, already labeled with the stigma of "juvenile delinquent," is sent by the probation officers of Children's Court.

Answers to Jogging Your Jargon (Page 55)

I

1. In spite of all his currying favor with his officers, Shorty was in charge of quarters that night, so he couldn't go out chasing girls, but had to spend a dull evening with the cook and a couple of *recruits.* (G.I. talk)
2. After being conductor of an orchestra for so many years, Antonio was a little upset when he had to work at playing records for broadcasting on the Green network. (Radio music)
3. The left-handed pitcher was a guy who lost his temper easily and pitched a fast ball all the time, never mixing in a slow one, so the heavy hitters knocked him out of the game and spoiled his earned-run average. (Baseball)
4. It looked like an easy mission, but somebody made a mistake, and the antiaircraft forced four Lancasters to crash. (R.A.F.)
5. "I'd sure like to put my brand (the Western cowman's sign of ownership) on that little wild mare (in other words, I'd like to marry that girl)," said Cactus Joe, guiding his horse with his knees to move closer to the Spanish-Indian girl on the creamy buckskin horse. (Western cowboy)
6. The old safeblower tried a comeback after escaping from prison, but he couldn't open the modern safes with nitroglycerin and a safe-opening tool. (Criminals)
7. The pilot trainer plane was out of control when Carey parachuted out, but later on, Smith, a flying cadet who still had not made a solo flight, started giving him a lot of dumb advice, and Carey told him to shut up. (Flying Cadets)

She is a habitual truant from school and has been arrested several times while loitering aimlessly about Times Square. A young wife whose husband is in the service and who cannot stand the separation has developed serious symptoms of anxiety neurosis: palpitations of the heart, long crying spells, insomnia, inability to keep her food down.

Most psychiatrists agree with Freud, founder of psychoanalysis, that neurotic symptoms are usually caused by some infantile urge which is repressed in the unconscious and which takes an indirect and symbolic form in later life, under the pressure of an experience which the adult is unable to assimilate. To find this infantile urge, to search out the traumatic experience, the psychiatrist may dig around in his patient's unconscious by exploring his dreams.

During sleep our civilized brain, which has pushed our antisocial and primitive urges out of our attention, is lulled, and the repressed images, instincts and urges force themselves up into dream scenes. The forbidden urges are concealed in an elaborate pattern of symbols. The textbooks and case studies used by psychiatrists contain detailed explanations of these symbols. The most common dreams are those of falling, flying, coming too late, tooth dreams and exhibition dreams.

The common dream in which a person sees himself standing naked in a crowd generally signifies the fear of being exposed for a wrong the dreamer thinks he has done. The coming-too-late dream means, according to Doctor Emil Gutheil, that the dreamer fears the passing of time which will not allow him to fulfill his desires: "His fear really means: Time will pass, and I shall not find my proper connection with life or my proper satisfaction in life. The most frequent picture is the one of missing a train (missing opportunities)."

The most common symbols in the dream are father-and-mother symbols. The father may appear in the dream as a priest, minister, the President, teacher, orchestra conductor, engineer, policeman, or anyone else representing authority. The mother may be represented as a woman teacher, a queen, an older lady, an island or the patient's birthplace. Water symbols (lakes, rivers, oceans) are also common and stand for rebirth.

These interpretations are very general, and although dreams and dream symbols are universal, yet each dream has a special meaning for the individual, which is tied in with his own life history. After the patient tells the details of a dream, the doctor will select its key points and ask him to give the spontaneous associations that he has for each. By this process, called free association, the doctor attempts to learn the specific connotation a dream symbol has for the individual.

The study of dreams has enabled psychiatrists to penetrate many neurotic disguises. For instance, the most common perversion—as far as the police calendar is concerned—is exhibitionism. The exhibitionist likes to exhibit himself before strangers of the opposite sex. But actually, he does not want to exhibit. What he wants is to see.

This was discovered by analyzing the dreams of exhibitionists; they are apt to dream of nude women. The exhibitionist does himself what he wants somebody else to do after identifying himself with the other person. He, of course, is not aware of this. In a treatment that takes from six months to a year, this perversion sometimes may be permanently cured. Such men are not criminals. They are not vicious. They can be treated and returned safely to the community.

Therapy by Confidence

About one third of the patients at mental clinics today are juvenile delinquents. Their treatment is not difficult. First, the child is taken out of the law's hands and handed over to the clinic, which assumes full responsibility. Then the child's confidence is won. Usually he is suspicious of every adult who is a symbol of authority and punishment.

Sometimes the psychiatrist introduces the delinquent to a corrected boy, and in this way the delinquent may come to trust him. The *last* thing a psychiatrist ever talks about is the specific crime for which the boy has been arrested. The boy begins to confide in the doctor, learns to talk over his problems and worries, his fears and ambitions.

"Usually," Doctor Wertham remarks, "the parents are as much to blame as the delinquent, and one has to lecture the parents." These are the parents whose only method of teaching right from wrong is to shout at a child or give him a beating. A social service worker may be sent to the home to explore the family setup, for a frequent cause of juvenile delinquency is tension between the parents.

Sometimes the boy, who may be too old and tall for his class, is taken out of school, given working papers and found a job which fits his talents. A staff psychologist, attached to the clinic, has given the boy psychometric and other tests which determine his intelligence quotient and occupational aptitudes.

In juvenile delinquency, as in other cases of social maladjustment, the psychiatrist does not rely so much on analysis of the subconscious as on guidance, constructive suggestion and reorientation of the patient to his environment.

Fixated in Childhood

In a more serious neurosis, where there is, for instance, an irrational fear of the elevator cage, or the urge to touch every telephone pole, the treatment is longer, and the psychiatrist attempts to bring the repressed experiences into the open, to make the patient live the traumatic experience over again. When this happens, the patient's fears and compulsions may sometimes disappear, and he is cured. What actually brings about the cure is a certain subconscious emotional readjustment, about which medical science at present is not too certain. To put it simply, certain grown-up persons have remained partially fixated in their childhood. By means of analysis, this backward phase of a personality is usually revealed.

Probably the average psychoneurotic 4-F does not suffer from anything so serious as an anxiety—or compulsion—neurosis. This doesn't mean that an Army rejection on psychiatric grounds is to be lightly tossed aside. A person calls the doctor when he has the grippe, even though this is not as serious a respiratory ailment as pneumonia. Being a psychoneurotic 4-F doesn't mean you're a candidate for an insane asylum. It does mean that, even though you may get along passably well in civilian life, you are handicapped by a mental ailment—perhaps an inability to make up your mind about even small problems, an inability to get along with your family, a morbid tendency to lose your temper, a tendency to worry more than the facts warrant.

Some well-meaning friends may even tell you to "be glad you're neurotic," that this makes you an unusual person, and that all poets and men of genius have been neurotic. This is similar to saying, "Be glad you have a broken leg." A psychoneurosis is a handicap in living and enjoying life. Modern medicine has developed techniques of curing these ailments, yet very few take advantage of them.

This is not entirely the fault of the neurotics. Treatment is long and expensive. You go to the doctor perhaps five times a week for an hour's consultation. The average fee is $10 a visit.

Possibly the most hopeful advance in shortening and cutting down expensive psychiatric treatment has been the development of group therapy, in which ten persons, who have the same neurotic pattern, are treated as a group, and not only take guidance from the doctor but help one another gain insight into their unconscious repressions. Experiments in group therapy were interrupted by the war, but will be resumed in Boston, Chicago and New York when peace comes. As the general public learns the facts of mental disease, as the stigma attached to neuroses disappears, psychiatry will stop being a luxury only for the wealthy.

Many individual and social tragedies, many crimes and divorces which society now takes for granted will be prevented when poorly adjusted persons are treated by private psychiatrists or in clinics as soon as their symptoms become apparent.

THE END

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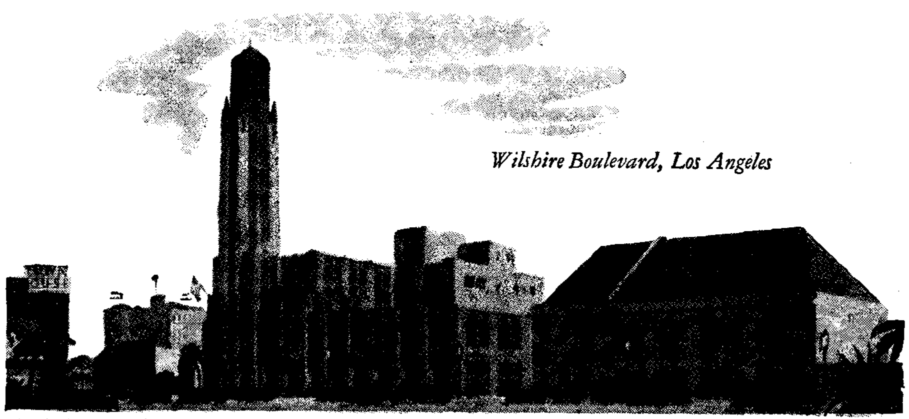
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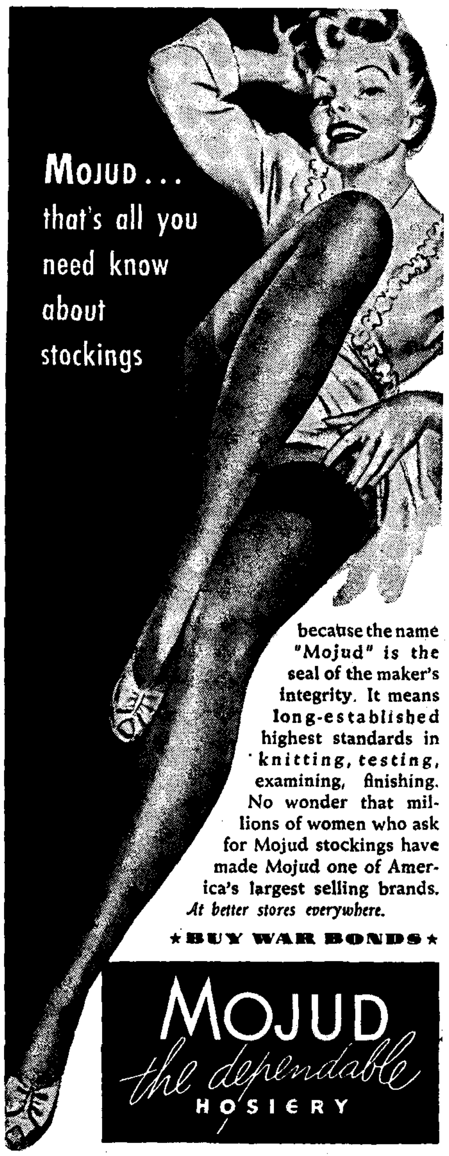

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Rome Lives Again

Continued from page 11

things tell you so and would escape your notice unless you knew Rome under the pall of Fascism. You couldn't sound your auto horn in the Fascist days. Mussolini forbade it. Now the streets resound to honking, and the city has an animate quality it had not known for nearly a quarter of a century.

The regimentation of the Roman pedestrians had reached a point where they were required to use one-way streets and to cross only at designated points, often having to walk blocks out of their way to reach their destinations and to avoid fines. Now the Romans wander all over the streets and the piazzas, dodging jeeps and trucks, and snaking through traffic on bicycles and having a wonderful time.

It's strange to hear the Romans talk again. They even laugh, and once—but only once—I heard them sing. They don't laugh much yet, and for this, there are many reasons. The Romans didn't talk under Fascism. They whispered. Now they gather in cafés on the sidewalks and in public squares and talk—about politics, of black-market iniquities, of past difficulties, of the present, and of the terrors of the future. All restraints are gone and they even "sass" Allied officials in the multitudinous bureaus of the Allied Control Commission out of the sheer joy of being able to talk back.

Romans never walked in threes—only in twos. If three friends went for a walk in the evening, they would rig an alibi for being together, in the event that they were stopped by an OVRA agent and questioned separately later at police headquarters. Now they freely express their gregarious natures, and places like the Galleria Colonna and the Piazza Venezia, where they never dared meet, have become public forums where men gather to talk politics in loud voices and look about them challengingly, or inviting approval—where before they whispered and looked about fearfully, seeing betrayal in every face.

Perhaps the city's many newspapers are the best index of Rome's and Italy's political regeneration. There were only four or five worthy of the name. Each was a carbon copy of all of the others. Now there are a dozen dailies, each expressing its particular bias, attacking one another or the government of the aging Ivanoe Bonomi and the Allies.

The papers have vigorous names and use vigorous language and are bellwethers of what may turn out to be Italy's second *risorgiménto*. Most symptomatic of the rebirth of democracy in Italy is the rebirth of the satiric weekly, one of the fixtures of the Italian cultural life of pre-Fascist days. There is only one on the newsstands now—Cantachiaro, which means to "sing clearly." A two-page two-cent newspaper, it lampoons Musso and sizzles those Fascist hangers-on of the past who have all become good democrats now, and make Italians laugh at others and at themselves.

Crusade Against the Collar

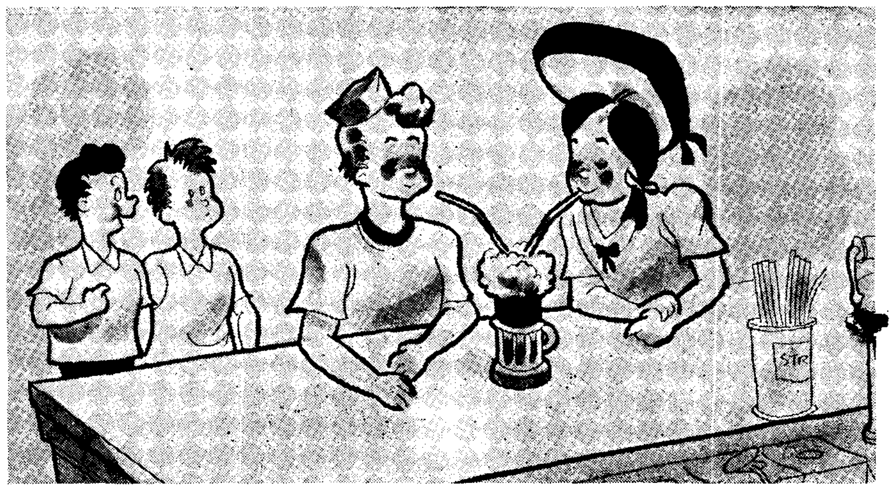
Mussolini's apostle of the lugubrious was Doctor Virginio Gayda, a mousy little man who edited Rome's Giornale D'Italia. He was Italy's most humorless man. Once he wrote a 3,000-word editorial, urging the abolition of hard collars for men. Such neckwear, Gayda maintained, constricted the neck, prevented the free flow of blood to the brain, and thus impeded the fullest possible appreciation of "the poetry and spirituality of Fascism."

At first, the Romans tittered, but Gayda ended up finally by evoking only bitter behind-the-hand laughter. He did cause a city-wide guffaw a few months before his death by insisting that body and soul could be comfortably kept together by living on the rationed quantities of food without buying in the black market. He provided the Romans with the last laugh when he was killed by an American bomb while he was taking one of a course of English lessons from a lady friend, in preparation for the arrival of the Allies. With his knowledge of English, he might have been able to convince the Allied officials—as so many former Fascists already have—that he wasn't Fascist at all, but merely an unfortunate victim of circumstances.

With all this, you must not think for a moment that Rome is a gay place. The old café life which managed to keep alive during Fascism is gone. There are only a few movies, and the theater is dead. There is no transportation except military, and bicycling up and down the hilly streets of Rome isn't fun, so people largely stay at home evenings. The cafés must close between 1 P.M. and 5 P.M. by order of the Allied authorities.

The people seldom go to cafés in the morning, and the few hours between 5 P.M. and darkness, when all cafés must close because there is no city-wide electric light, are not conducive to that leisurely sipping of an apéritif and reading of newspapers which was one of the charms of Roman and European life. The cocktail time between 5 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. is made a scramble for a quick one before undertaking a long walk or a bike ride home to a gasless, lightless, and sometimes waterless home, and a black-market supper of beans and greens boiled over an expensive charcoal fire.

What fun exists in Rome is for the Allied troops, which may be as it should or should not be, depending on whether we came to Italy as conquerors or liberators. The Café Aragno, for instance, has been taken over as a mess. The café, for thirty years before Fascism, was the rococo meeting place of equally rococo parliament members, journalists, artists and lawyers who taught the meaning of freedom to the young generations. Even during Fascism, it was so.



"I think he loves her. He's letting her drink most of it"

COLLIER'S

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Fascism brought new faces—those of spies, but those with faces that always needed a shave, with tightly wound umbrellas and unpressed suits, were a part of the landscape, like the mediocre paintings, marble-topped tables and flat-footed, white-coated waiters of the place. Rome's café intelligentsia have had to find somewhere else to go, which may not seem very sad to you, but it does to them. Our mess could have found equally good quarters in a dozen places near by.

Places like the Ambasciatori, where an uncertain orchestra played Strauss waltzes and indifferent rumbas, are boarded up. The Café Ulpia, near Trajan's Forum, where Alfredo Del Pelo sang his sentimental first World War songs with an anti-Fascist accent in a yellow-lighted grotto below the street level, while the customers sipped a liquid gold liqueur called *aurum*, is open only for lunch, and Alfredo doesn't sing any more. He used to wear shirt studs that bore miniature pictures of his lovely, fat wife.

In the old Grand Hotel, half of which is reserved for the Italian aristocracy, lunch costs five dollars a plate in occupation money, and twenty-five dollars by Italian monetary standards. The Afamo Bar, once the rendezvous of Rome's slicker and more cynical and least appetizing aristocracy, has been taken over by American officers. One of its features was girls—lovely Roman ladies renowned for their expensive immorality. These remain, and life is gay indeed at the old stand.

A hotel renowned to millions of American tourists as a quaint little family hotel has been reserved for the Allied press. It is not far from a famous park where the wind breathes in the tops of the umbrella pines in the evening, and the sunset view of St. Peter's and the crazy-quilt pattern of Rome's rooftops is magnificent. When there is water, we get hot baths, and the food isn't what you remember, but strictly officers' mess, which means several cuts below G.I. standards. Even the Italians wonder why we eat the stuff.

Corso Umberto (Rome's Madison Avenue) and Via Veneto (the city's Park Avenue) haven't changed much, except that the maples lining the sidewalk of the latter are taller and sturdier by five years, and their branches nearly meet over the broad roadway.

No Lack of Luxury Goods

Corso's luxury shops, like those along Via Condotti, have reopened, and behind the plate-glass windows there is an array of silverware, pottery, fine lace, handbags, leather goods, jewelry and *objets d'art* at fantastic prices. In one shop, you could have bought a game set in a fine, hardwood box containing cards, roulette wheel and chips for all—nearly as many games of chance as are described in Herbert Asbury's treatise on the subject—for five hundred dollars—50,000 phony lire.

From what you see in the shops, you can deduce several things. They show that the Italian war effort, in spite of Fascism's huffing and puffing about total war, was pitiful. Manufacturers continued to make beautiful merchandise, useless in helping to win the war. A walk in the midtown streets discloses that tons of steel and cement were going into public works of doubtful utility during the war itself. One building occupies nearly a city block and is four stories high and must have cost millions. It was built for an insurance company on a newly cut street named Via Ventitre Marzo (March 23d), that being the anniversary of the foundation of the Fascist Party. The name of the street has been changed, of course, to Via Quattro Giugno (June 4th), that being the day the Germans withdrew, which is a neat Roman shading in the use of anniversaries. We came on June 5th.

Via Veneto is still a favorite route for afternoon promenades, but the promenaders are no longer those monocled sissies in expensive English clothes with leashed dogs, or those sleek French-heeled upper-class chippies who managed always to look like last year's Hollywood favorite. There are G.I.s with warm-lipped, big-eyed girls on their arms, girls from the wrong side of the Tiber, from the ghettos and Bowerys and Mulberry streets of Trastevere.

They don't smile any more. Some have had their hair shaved off by their brothers, to punish them for associating with lads who love and leave. Most of them have reddish-brown hair, and many have been able to afford their first permanent and their first silk stockings at 700 occupation lire a pair, and high-heeled shoes at three thousand.

Prostitution has become a major industry

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here, although not in the proportions known in less respectable Naples. The traffic stems from dire poverty. The impoverishment of the country began with Fascism's expensive whims for monuments and arms and graft. It cost seventeen lire to collect one hundred lire in taxes.

The Nazis finished the process. They carried away everything the Romans couldn't nail down or hide, including the streetcars now being used in German cities.

By the time we entered Rome, the little people and even some of the bourgeois class had been reduced to rags. They sold everything they owned, often including their beds, in order to buy food. Those beggars, who constituted social problems which Musso solved by making begging illegal, are back on the streets in droves.

Side by side with prostitution marches the black market. They ride the same horse of the Apocalypse. One is traceable to poverty, and the other to avarice and the law of supply and demand. Both exist principally, however, because of the gradual moral degeneration of the Italians during a great hiatus in their history. It is difficult to say which causes the Romans greater shame.

The black market is patronized by those who can afford it. It is operated by those underpaid members of the civil-servant class, doorkeepers and police, who always grafted a little; and it is helped by servants, butchers and bakers, and their delivery boys. Without a black market, there is no doubt that a large section of Rome's population would starve.

The most despised of the black-marketeers are the *portinai,* or doorkeepers of the apartment houses and *palazzi.* During Fascism, they spied on tenants and grafted and blackmailed on the side. They lived in basement rooms, usually windowless. Now, many of them are rich with black-market profits. I know of one who has made a fortune of a half-million lire, and it is a bitter joke among the Romans that the doorkeepers are moving up out of their cellars into the well-lighted apartments upstairs, renting their own quarters to former well-to-do tenants.

Allied authorities have been able to stabilize the prices of fruits and vegetables and to provide two hundred grams of bread daily per person, twice the amount they received under the Germans. According to the official figures, the cost of these items, which do not include the common staples of Italian diet, such as olive oil, butter, flour, sugar, meat, eggs and wine, has risen by 751 per cent since November, 1940, when prices were already abnormally high.

Wages haven't kept pace. These were increased by only ninety per cent by the Germans, and the Allied Military Government brought them up sharply to 230 per cent by June. The cost of living, therefore, is still 521 per cent higher than are wages. The average wage of an ordinary worker or civil servant is three thousand lire per month. To keep himself and his family alive, he must buy his meat, fats and wine in the black market.

The Unbalanced Budget

Bearing in mind that the lira has been pegged at one hundred to the dollar, representing an inflation of 500 per cent over the normal relationship between the two currencies, you can obtain some idea as to how far three thousand lire (or 3,000 cents) per month go toward feeding an average family of five, from the following figures:

Eggs cost 35 lire each; meat 350 lire per kilo; wine is at 100 lire per liter; flour at 180 lire per kilo; sugar 500; olive oil 500; butter 750. A suit of clothes costs 20,000 lire; a pair of mediocre shoes 2,000 lire. A chocolate bar comes at 150 lire, and black-market American cigarettes are eighty-five cents a package; Italian cigs are sixty.

The most expensive item of all is charcoal, the only means the Romans have at present—and probably for a long time to come—for cooking. A kilo of charcoal costs 35 lire; at least five kilos are required to cook one meal, and it often turns out that more is spent for fuel than for the food cooked.

I dined with the Duchess Colonna Di Cesaro the other night, with her daughter Amita, and her daughter's fiancé, Umberto Corti. The meal was plain and contained some bits of meat. It cost the duchess about 5,000 lire, exclusive of candles, of which we burned two during the evening—at an additional cost of 70 lire.

The small upper class is well off. They have sold jewels, furniture and gold at enormous prices, and they have hoarded cured hams, chocolate and small luxuries. They survived Fascism and Nazi occupation and they will weather the present difficulties somehow. They can sell their automobiles for from 120,000 to 500,000 lire each, if they can't afford to run them with gasoline at 75 lire for a pint.

That other special aristocracy Fascism created of already rich persons who became richer under Mussolini's graftism do very well indeed. They have opened their homes to Allied officers and entertain them as lavishly as yesterday they entertained the hierarchy of the Wehrmacht and the Storm Troopers. These two classes of people present no problem. They constitute approximately ten per cent of the city population, which has swollen now to double what it was, or nearly two million. But the little people are getting it in the neck.

Facing a Bad Winter

The rich can afford candles and charcoal and black-market food and goodies. The poor cannot. They live in the dark, eat raw food, and there is a small epidemic of intestinal disorders well under way. Rome won't have light or transportation for months. The power plants which supplied the city with current are in the north in the vicinity of Terni, and the Germans dynamited them. There is coal in Sardinia, but the Allies need every bit of shipping available for military purposes, otherwise fuel could be brought to Rome to manufacture gas and some electric power. The Romans face, therefore, the most dismal winter in a long history of dismalness.

The great mass of people don't complain. They are aware that they must pay the price for having failed to fight when they could have—as in 1924 when the Fascists outraged public opinion with the murder of Matteoti—and that Italy's place among the world powers is gone, perhaps for half a century or more.

The only complaints I have heard come from the upper-middle-class people, who complain that they can afford only one servant now, instead of three, and fire the other two because it costs too much to feed the poor devils. These bend your ear for hours, justifying their submission to the Fascist Party, their supine acceptance of Fascist favors, and telling you how they were really good democrats all along. Didn't they take the trouble to learn English? Too many Allied Authorities have fallen for their line. There are still plenty of Fascists in high places and, worse still, plenty of Musso's thieving gang of petty bureaucrats in low places.

To the decent bulk of Rome's—and Italy's—people, what is happening is the inevitable result of twenty-two years of Fascism. They only ask to be permitted to bring to justice the black-marketeers and the former Fascist racketeers in their own way, and their way is a violent one. This the Allies won't permit because it would—or might—interfere with the conduct of the war. And so those who have waited for twenty-two years for democracy to return (unlike those who waited only nine months merely to make the switch from Fascism to democracy) say they can wait a few more months, even a few more years, to rectify matters, in what will be as bloody a purge as the one experienced in France in 1793 and for the same ends.

As matters stand, and until such a purge occurs, the Romans and the Italians will have realized only two of the Four Freedoms—Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Religion. They are still in fear—although now it is a healthy fear of not realizing their democratic ideals within their own lifetime, instead of a fear of espionage and suppression and the cells of the political prison. For a long time there won't be Freedom from Want, and this they know and are prepared to face.

THE END

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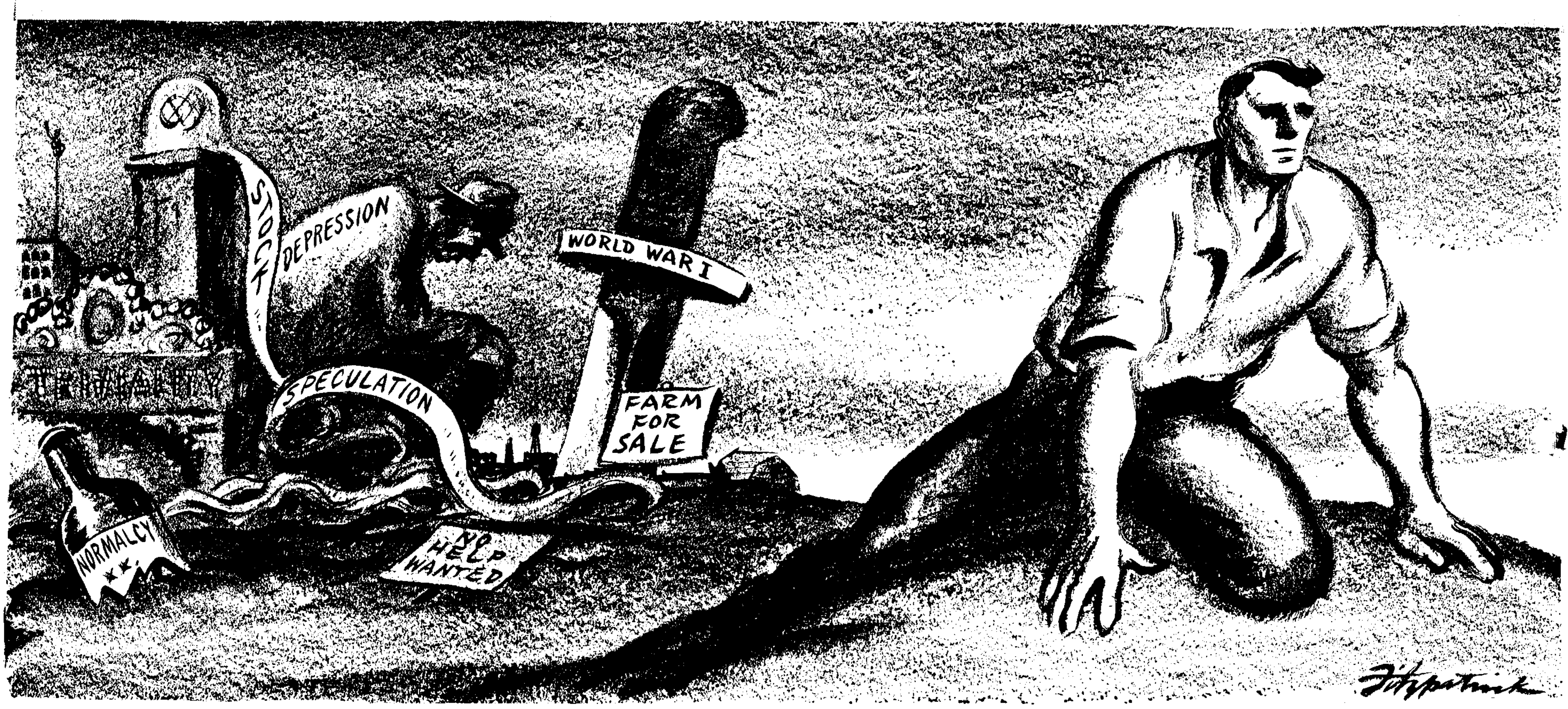

-and After This Victory?

WE WOULD like to point out that in the summer of 1918, as now, we knew that we were going to win a great war. We knew then, or thought we knew, what we were going to do when it was over. Then, as now, we had blueprints. Maybe these were not quite right; maybe those we have now are not quite right. But when the first World War was over, we quit thinking about them altogether.

The whistles of the armistice had hardly died away when we plunged into what someone has called an era of "unconsidered joy." We forgot the blueprints—imperfect though they may have been—and permitted ourselves to be beguiled by a word that, ungrammatical and meaningless, nevertheless was probably the greatest single reason for the election of Warren Gamaliel Harding as President of the United States.

That word was "normalcy." We were exhorted in the campaign of 1920 to go "back to normalcy," but we did not stop to consider what, if anything, "normalcy" was. Certainly it was not what happened during the 1914-1918 era; certainly it could not be—because of the enormous technical advances made during the war—what had existed prior to 1914. What was it, then? We did not know, but we did not, in fact, care.

We permitted ourselves the luxury of doing nothing at all, with the result that the trivial, the irrelevant, the immaterial became of first importance in our casual lives. There was, for example, the question of prohibition.

While we snarled and bickered over whether an individual had the right to take a drink of liquor, the League of Nations began its tragic existence without us. This is not to say that the League of Nations was the most desirable of systems or that we should have joined it; neither is it to say that the fight against the 18th Amendment was not a good fight; it is only that it was absurd that the fight against prohibition had to be made at all. Few will argue that the question of a world system to guarantee peace and prosperity is not more important than the question of whether a person should take a drink of whisky. Yet, from our behavior after our return to "normalcy," it would seem that we believed it was not.

This curious sublimation of the trivial, this emphasis of incredibly unimportant matters paralyzed our national thinking during the twenties. During the twenties, Mussolini marched on Rome, Hitler emerged and set in motion the diabolical force of Nazism, Japan fortified the Pacific islands that we are now wresting from her at great cost of blood and treasure. Despite superficial prosperity in the United States, the world economic system even then was tottering, inevitably to crash in the greatest disaster of its sort in history.

And while all these and other things were taking place, what were we doing? We were, besides working up sweat over prohibition, vastly concerned over whether it literally was true that the whale swallowed Jonah, as witness the famous trial in Dayton, Tenn., when William Jennings Bryan debated the subject from the witness stand with Clarence Darrow. We were concerned with flagpole sitters; with so-called "bunion derbies," in which people contested to see who could walk across the continent the fastest; with whether a dance called the Charleston or a dance called the Black Bottom was more immoral; with something called "companionate marriage"; with, in short, the greatest variety of nonsense imaginable.

We looked at the stock market and played it enthusiastically, with all the forethought of a man playing a roulette wheel, and it didn't matter at all if the farmers in the Great Plains states were going broke and if unemployment even then was climbing. Nothing mattered, in fact. The market was high—for what reason didn't count—and the bootlegger and the speakeasy were accessible.

The depression came and put a stop to the nonsense, all right, and we were aghast, but sometimes [illegible] wonder. We wonder if, after the defeat of the Axis and after the sirens of jubilation are silent; if, after the dancing in the streets is over and the litter of torn telephone books is swept up and the hang-overs are slept off, we may not once again go on that thoughtless joy ride of self-indulgence that was our life for ten years after the last world struggle.

We don't, as a matter of fact, think we will. We are more knowledgeable now than then; we have had experience. Perhaps it was inevitable experience, like that of the youngster who must go through the ordeal of childhood diseases and adolescence before reaching maturity, and perhaps, as it is with the youngster, so will it be with our young, vigorous nation.

The new generation, at any rate, would seem to know more than their elders did. They have looked upon the behavior of their elders and found it not so good, and it is likely that they will not make the same mistakes.

But we must be wary. We must not allow the trivial and the unimportant to becloud our thinking again, and we must be mindful of what our world neighbors are doing, so that never again will we have to die to make men free.

Dying, especially when those who are dying are young and hopeful and just ready for the full life that should be their birthright, is not at all trivial.

BABY THAT CAR AND THOSE TIRES

THE American Automobile Association recently sent two road cars around the country to see how well, or otherwise, Americans were conserving cars and rubber by holding down to 35 miles per hour or less. The AAA observers found that most motorists were paying little heed to the 35 m.p.h. advisory speed limit, and were bowling over the roads as if new cars and plenty of tires were just around the corner. They aren't. By all present indications, they are around an alarmingly faraway corner regardless of war developments.

Here are some of the figures in the case: At the time of Pearl Harbor, there were about 140,000,000 tires on passenger cars in this country. Each tire had a life expectancy of about three years. For replacements, about 45,000,000 tires a year were necessary. But no civilian tires were made in 1942, and only about 7,000,000 were made in 1943. Synthetic rubber is coming along well now, and so are synthetic rubber tires, but tire production for civilians in 1944 can hardly go above 20,000,000. Plenty by mid-1945, maybe, but not before.

Automobiles, too, are wearing out at an alarming clip—about 150,000 a month—and we cannot look for quantity auto production for civilians any time soon. The ominous fact is, therefore, that we can run into a serious motor-transport breakdown on the home front, if we don't baby our cars and tires along as carefully as we can. A motor-transport breakdown could have the most serious effects on our Armed Forces all over the world. If you have a car and enough tires to roll on, you have no more urgent patriotic duty than the duty to conserve that rubber by driving slowly and carefully, and to conserve that car by keeping it at all times lubricated, tuned up, and in repair.

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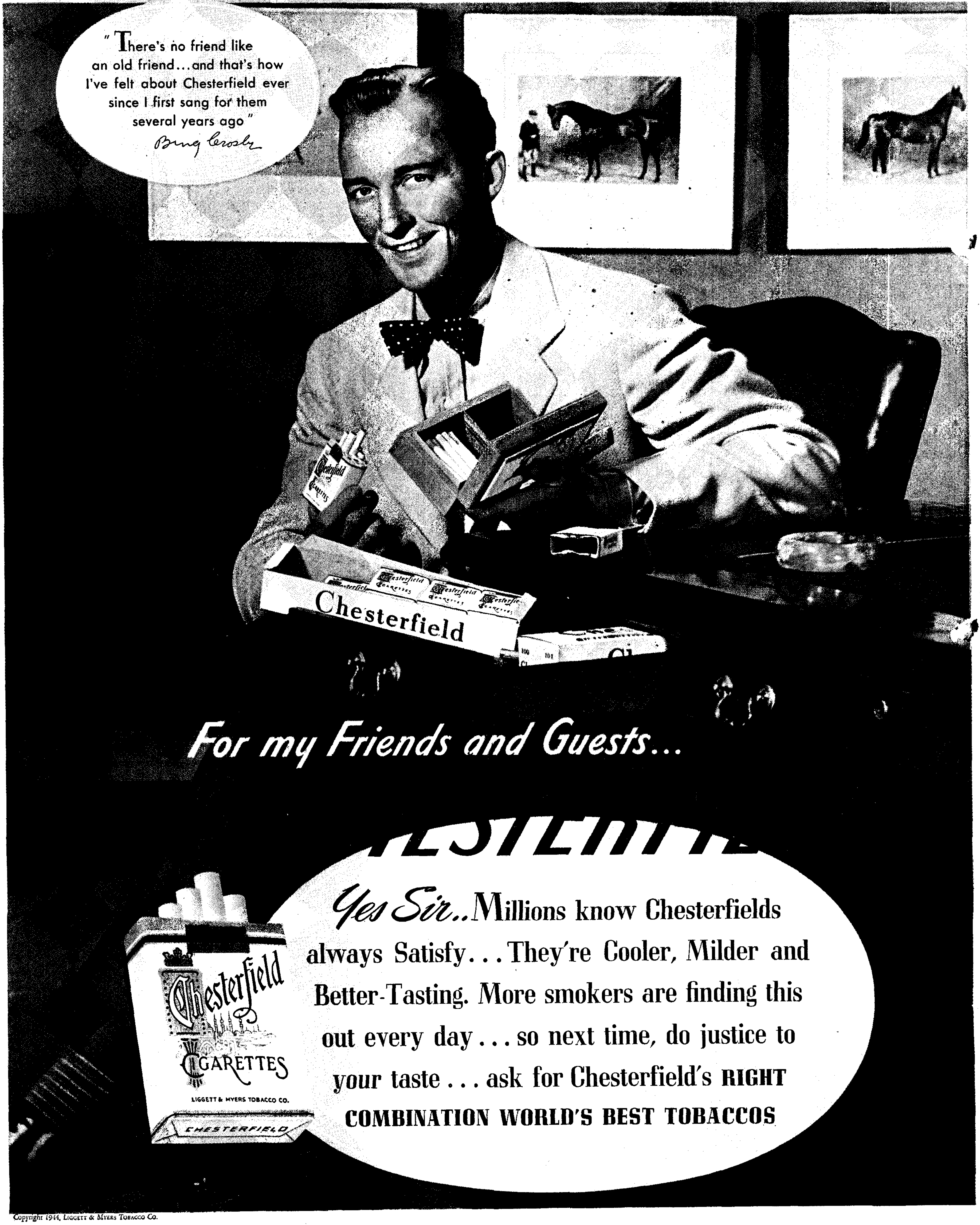
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